THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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*Author of "The Care of the Skin and Hair"

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In Praise of James Carabine

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IF YOU were to meet him on the roads about Destiny Bay, or in Dublin, whither he goes as body servant sometimes to my Aunt Jenepher, who is blind, with his black clothes, with his erect carriage, with his suspicion of side whiskers, you might take Carabine for a minister. There is something so honest, so clear about his gray eyes.

Of course, if you notice his broken nose, his heavy hands, you might say: "This man has been a prize fighter in his youth."

We who know the race course and the ring recognize his craft from the hunched left shoulder, the eye that moves while the head does not.

We who know his name recognize him as James Carabine, former champion, the last of the giants of the London Prize Ring, the conqueror of Simon Kennedy; and Diamond, the Black Man; McCoy, the Glasgow Plasterer; and that most terrible of fighters who was called the Bristol Lamb.

I know the modern glove mongers; they are rather a sordid lot. They are not the thugs and monsters some people would have us believe; indeed, one wishes often they were, watching a fumbling match of men stalling through a ten-round bout. Nor are they the romanticists certain journalists would have us think. Good journeymen athletes with a knack of their hands. The Prize Ring bred better, braver men, the men of the bare knuckles and the finish fights—Tom Cribb, who fought and conquered the negro Molyneux; Tom Sayers, who fought Heenan, the Benicia Boy, in a battle thought the most terrific of the ring; that Gully, whom the Game Chicken conquered, whose aspiration it was in early life to be champion of England, owner of the Derby winner, and Member of Parliament, and achieved all three; Sir Daniel Donelly, our great Irish champion, who was knighted by the Prince Regent after his defeat of the gigantic Captain Cooper at the Curragh of Kildare; Bendigo, who gave his name to a great race horse and to an Australian city; that Gentleman Jackson, winner over Mendoza, who was friend to Byron and to our own overrated and greatly loved Tom Moore; the Tipton Slasher, that terrific hitter, who succumbed to great Sayers. Great men these, lion-hearted, proud of their craft; and the last of these was Carabine.

"'I Wish You'd Forbid Me to See Him,' Said Marcelina"

James Carabine is nearer sixty than fifty. His own age he doesn't know exactly, for he can neither read nor write. When he wants to date a matter he will say it occurred in the spring of the year of So-and-So's Derby, and such a horse's Grand National, or the year that Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan for the championship of America. He has a prodigious memory, and a gift for selecting the outstanding features of comparatives such as we literates with our science of filing by numbers can hardly conceive. There is none who knows the moods of the sea better than Carabine, or the approaching changes of the weather. He knows the name of each bird and flower and small animal in our land; and such strength of mind has Nature given him, such innate kindliness, such broad fearless wisdom, that I have come to think very little of the teaching of books.

James Carabine is half Gypsy and half Irish, speaking English, Irish and the Gypsy tongue. His father was Zezil Carabine, a Gypsy chief of the tribes that visit us at Destiny Bay, and his mother was a MacSorley, an Irish clan that is disappearing, but was once great in Northern annals. James Carabine's father was notable for three things—for his mastery of horses, his immense kindness to them, and his knowledge of their temperaments and diseases. Also for his strength and agility. He was a smith by trade, and once for a bet of ten pounds with a traveling strong man, he slung his huge sledge hammer, like a golfer's pitch shot, over the spire of St. Columba's in Paganry, and running like a deer around the church caught it before it could touch the ground. The third matter for which Zezil Carabine was noted I have from my Uncle Valentine, who had it from my grandfather. The big Gypsy blacksmith was a Mason, though of which rite is not evident, and most deeply versed in the mystery. I shall say nothing further about this but that it was most notable. Carabine's mother was a beautiful timid girl, who could not summon up courage to follow the patrin to Persia or Brazil, so the smith left her a roll of English and French and Russian notes, and a chamois bag filled with gold coin, and kissed her and the child, and went his way as Gypsies must.

I am all for this "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith," and what not. But I am too close a student of race horses and gamecocks, and know too well the chivalry of great-hearted, splendidly bred dogs not to believe in blood, and to recognize the strain royal when I see it. And for me there is something in James Carabine of the dignity of forgotten Pharaohs and the stubborn Ulster fighting spirit of that dour old baron who was called the Yellow MacSorley—MacSorley Boy.

II

THOUGH they have been together now for nearly forty years, yet this close companionship will not explain to my mind the bond there is between James Carabine and my Uncle Valentine, whose valet he is. It goes deeper than friendship. You would think they were the earth and its moon, created from the beginning and to last as long as the Creator wishes. They are both part of a natural order, each in his exact place. Some Easterner or person versed in Eastern beliefs once said of a man we were discussing—a statesman of great mold and high-minded chivalry, but who had no intimates—that he was an old soul who had come back to us, but that none of his friends had come over with him. Now this is going deeper into the maze of religion than I care to follow, but if it be possible, then it is possible that my Uncle Valentine and James Carabine are intimates out of a shadow world.

I think James Carabine is wiser in affairs of the head than my Uncle Valentine, but in his great heart and fearless soul my uncle is peerless. If my Uncle Valentine were to ask Carabine tomorrow as to the possibility of finding Hy Brasil, the Gaelic Heaven, on

the high seas, James Carabine would naturally sum up against it. But if my Uncle Valentine were to tell James Carabine that tomorrow morning he was setting out for Hy Brasil in a thirty-foot sloop, James Carabine would collect his own gear naturally and go through my uncle's things for flannel trousers and double-breasted jackets and caps with the insignia of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

So if you come to Destiny Bay for the hunting or the shooting or the fishing, and are taken in hand by the huge dignified butler, you will notice that his ways are strangely at variance with the customs of butlers you have known. You will note that during dinner when he feels like it he will mingle casually in the conversation, contradicting often in a gentle way my Uncle Valentine, hovering solicitously around my Aunt Jenepher, or passing a dry comment on a question of the day that is being discussed. When you return to London or Dublin or New York, I hope you will not boast that in Destiny Bay you were waited on at dinner by the last star of the old Prize Ring. We would much rather you said that you made friends with our friend, James Carabine.

III

MY COUSIN by marriage, Ann-Dolly, has a little daughter of three years who is very dear to all of us in Destiny Bay. She has hair that is butter-colored, and eyes blue as a blue river. Ann-Dolly herself is very much a boy with her boyish hair and her cigarettes, but her small daughter is very much a woman and a lady, and in her eyes is so much seriousness that one might think it was for her that Lionel Johnson wrote his poem:

Dear cousin: to be three years old
Is to have found the Age of Gold.

Small Jenepher likes Destiny Bay more, I think, than her home at Spanish Men's Rest, and Destiny Bay adores her—my Uncle Valentine and her namesake, my Aunt Jenepher. Me, I flatter myself, she likes, but James Carabine is her hero. To see her walk beside the great fighter, herself like some Little Person of the Hills, her honeysuckle fingers clasping the iron hand that broke the Black Man Diamond's jaw, and lifted Simon Kennedy with an uppercut clear out of the ring—well, to see them coming like that makes me wish I had a harp to express it, if you know what I mean.

Ann-Dolly accuses myself and Carabine of stealing the child away when we get the chance, and swears we will poison it, what with our gifts of apples and dark-red strawberries and gooseberries like topazes. But there are few vets can tell me anything about handling a blood horse, and a horse is a delicate feeder; and to see James Carabine nurse a foxhound puppy through distemper is a treat for sore eyes. Also is it likely we'd let anything happen to a child we're both so fond of?

I had taken James Carabine out to the ten-acre field to have a look at an old oak that had been struck by lightning. I hoped something could be done for it, and I wanted Carabine's opinion. Small Jenepher came with us, her arms filled with bluebells and buttercups. And then under the shadow of the oak tree she said she was sleepy. It was a drowsy June afternoon when even the bees were quiet. And James Carabine sat down against the bole of the oak tree and took Shinafor Veg Voy, small golden Jenepher, in his arms. There was a rugged beauty in the way he made the darling comfortable.

"I know what you're thinking, Mr. Kerry," he said.

Everybody does. I have none of your poker faces.

"Oh, sure; what harm?" said James Carabine, seeing me uncomfortable. "And sure, wouldn't I be happy with one of my own in my arms? But the days in America," said he, "put that out of the question."

"I never knew you were in America, Carabine," I said.

"There's few knows it," said Carabine, "barring your uncle, Sir Valentine. But I was there the better part of a year, and I might be there yet, a corpse, or a broken old beggar, but for him.

"It was this way, Mr. Kerry," he said. "It was after the great coursing meeting at Altcar, when Sir Malachi Doyle's dog, the Rapparee, won the cup, that I fought Shadrach Jones, the Welsh Miner, for two hundred pounds a side and a purse of gold. He was a stout fellow, and a great hitter, but he hadn't the wrestling, and the cross-buttock did for him finally. Your Uncle Valentine was in Italy that time with your grandmother—God rest her!—and it was one of my fights that he didn't see. But myself and the Swimmer McGeehan, him that swam the crossing between Ireland and Scotland—Larne and Stranraer—were going along the quays of Liverpool looking for the Belfast packet, when we saw a boat ready to take the sea. She was a sailboat with an engine in the middle of her and two side wheels, and there was a power of Irish on board, and a fiddler fiddling, and four people, two men and two girls, dancing a reel on the deck.

"'Is it for Australia you are?' asked McGeehan.

"'Tis not,' they answered, 'but for the town of New York and the green fields of America.'

"'Come on,' said McGeehan; 'we've money in our pockets and neither chick nor child at home. Let's see the world,' said the Swimmer.

"Mr. Kerry, as I stood there on the stones of Liverpool and looked at the deck, and thought of all those people going to see new sights, I couldn't resist it. It seemed to me I'd have a wasting sickness if I didn't go. Can you understand that, Mr. Kerry?"

"'I was living a most enjoyable life,'" I quoted from Sindbad, "'until one day my mind became possessed with the thought of traveling about the world of men and seeing their cities and islands; and a longing seized me to traffic and to make money by trade.'"

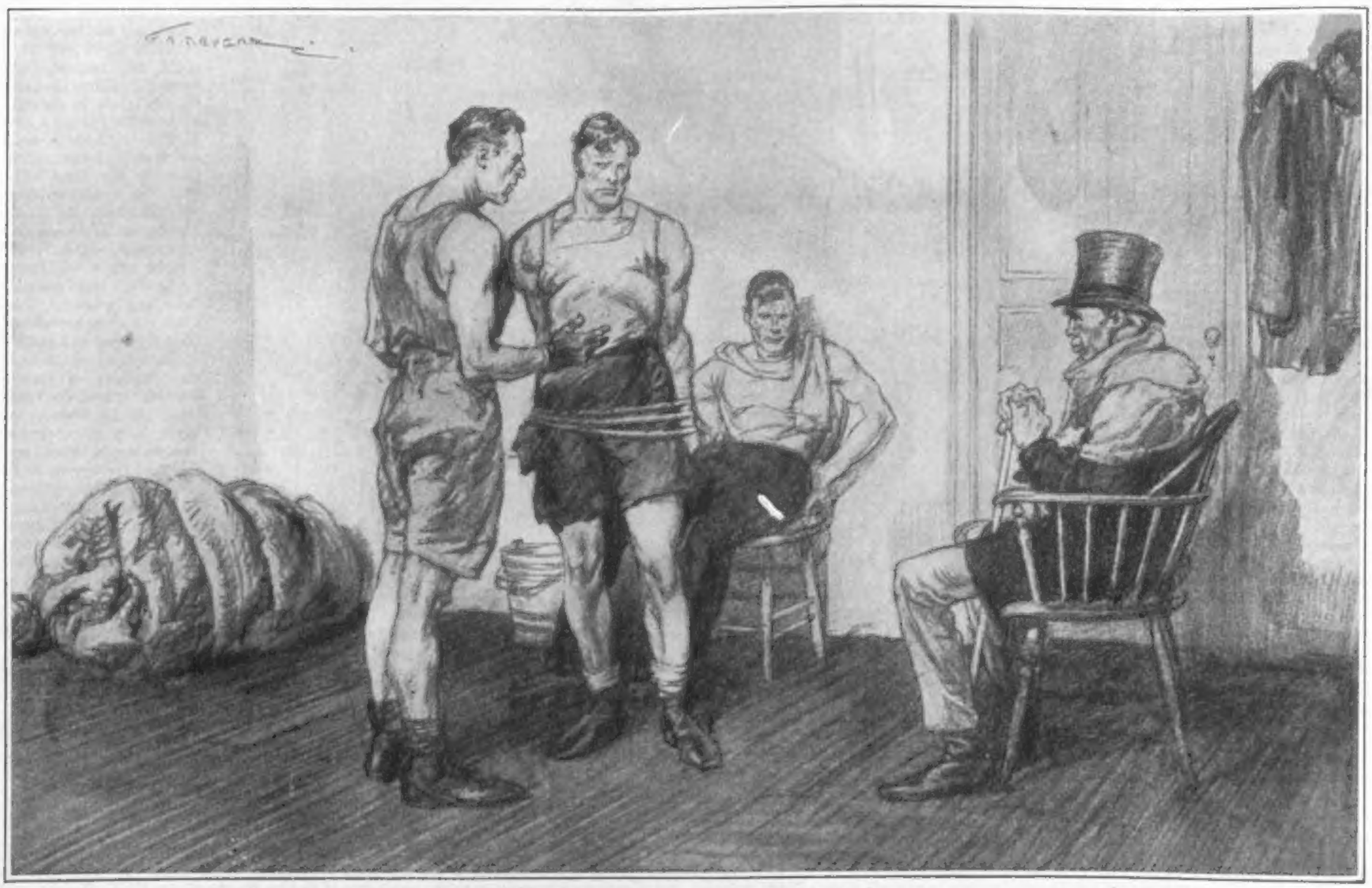
"There was no thought of money in my mind at all," said James Carabine.

"Now, Mr. Kerry," he went on, "once we were on the great green sea the fiddling finished and there was an end to the dancing. And many's a man wished he were back in Ireland, so great is the heaviness of heart under the seasickness. It was a bad spring for crossing, and the waves were tumbling, and sliding, and bumping each other as if the sea were unsteady on its feet. But blow high, blow low, the one man that was never troubled was the Swimmer McGeehan. Now this was the way of the Swimmer: the Swimmer would start drinking and all but drink himself into a madhouse, so that in the end his friends would have to get him locked up. He was one of those that don't get drunk but go off their heads. From the day he went aboard the boat he never took a bite of nourishment, but drank, drank, drank all the time. And he would come out on the afterdeck and walk up and down it.

"'I'm the Swimmer McGeehan,' he would shout. 'Is there any man here that's the equal of the Swimmer McGeehan in swimming on the water, under the water, diving, floating, or fancy strokes? If such there be, let him put down his money and put off his clothes. I'm the Swimmer McGeehan, the Swan of Ireland, the Marine Marvel, the Aquatic Nonpareil'—for this is the way he was billed, Mr. Kerry, in the circus where he used to perform.

"'Will you keep quiet, Bartley?' I asked him, and I promised myself that when I got him in New York I'd give him a clip on the jaw on a place I know, and lock him up until he was himself again.

"Then he'd lie down on the deck, his face to the heavens, and do his great feat. He'd spring from that position with



"'I'll Hit No Man That Can't Put His Hands Up'"

"We Signed Our Names to the Articles, I Making My Mark, and He Writing Like a Schoolmaster. He Was a Nonpareil"

one flirt of his legs, his hands never touching the boards, and turning high in the air, he'd dive forward as into water, but save himself with his hands, for he was a good acrobat. This was the Salmon Leap.

"'Beat that,' he'd say, 'and you beat me.'

"And of course nobody could beat that.

"The sea captain was a jolly red-faced chap with the habit of fooling. He came up to McGeehan on the after-deck. 'McGeehan,' said he, 'I never heard a man boast a lot that was worth a damn.'

"'Didn't I swim between Ireland and Scotland,' said McGeehan, 'over the stormy waters of Moyle?'

"'On a summer's day, maybe,' said the sea captain; 'not on a day like this.' And he points to where the big waves were curling and hissing. 'And maybe,' he smiled, for he was a great joker, 'there was a rope from the boat.'

"'Captain,' said McGeehan, 'I tell you this: I'm the greatest swimmer of modern or ancient time. Not even the Grecian hero that swum Hell's Pontoon was equal to me.'

"'So I hear you say,' said the sea captain.

"'We're two days out of New York,' said McGeehan, and there was a queer light in his eye. 'I'll wager a hundred pounds I'll beat you to the landing post.'

"'Done,' said the sea captain, thinking McGeehan was a joker like himself.

"Before I could get to him, he had shied his brown bowler hat into the sea, just as I would pitch my hat into a ring, and 'So long, Shamus!' he called to me, and vaulted over the rail. A great green wave swept him onward. Of course there were boats got out, but there was no sign of Swimmer McGeehan. I saw the last of him, Mr. Kerry. The plunge in the water must have sobered him, and the strength of the waves told him where he was. But he didn't throw up his hands or call for help. He just bored in. God be good to the Swimmer McGeehan," said James Carabine; "himself was his only enemy! God be good to the Swimmer McGeehan; he died game!

"The sea captain came up to me later and his face was white. 'That was a madman,' he said.

"'Madman or not,' said I, 'we shared the same bed for a year, and when there was only a crust between us we shared it. He was my dear friend.'

"'I'm sorry,' said the sea captain. And he went and shut himself up in his cabin and I saw no more of him until we came to Castle Garden. Then I went to him to pay the bet my friend had lost. The big man broke down and cried, and wouldn't touch a penny of the money, so that I had to put it back in my pocket. He was a decent fellow," said James Carabine, "but I wished he hadn't tried his joking on my poor friend."

IV

"SO THAT I came into New York with a cloud in my heart, Mr. Kerry," said Carabine, "and what I saw there didn't lift it any. From all I had heard tell of New York, it was a golden city, rich as Jerusalem. It is a great city, young and strong, and like everything that is young and strong, and cruel.

"At home here when the sun goes down you can go into a place that is quiet and orderly, order your pot of beer, smoke your pipe, and talk about the weather and the crops, and play a game of five hundred up. But over there you've got to stand against a bar and drink quick and drink often, or they don't want your custom at all. In the latter end I got very tired of it, Mr. Kerry, for I'm not by temperament a drinking man. I got weary of being introduced as James Carabine, the great fighter, and 'What'll you have, Mr. Carabine?' and the Irish in drink are a noisy tumultuous people. One minute a man will be hanging around your neck, all but kissing you, and trying to prove you're a relation of his, and the next minute when his heart is heightened with liquor, he'll be shouting: 'Are you James Carabine, the fighter? Well, I'm Mick Murphy, the Holy Terror. Put your dukes up or I'll knock the greasy mush off you.' So that it takes all the restraint you've learned in your trade to keep your hands from him.

"It was drink, drink, drink, and never a word of getting a fight for me. So that I decided I'd drop the whole thing and get back to Ulster. The old ring had nearly gone in America; the glove men, the tap-and-run fellows, were coming along and talking about scientific fighting. People are always for listening to a new thing. So I said: 'I'll go back to the old country where the old things are in honor.'

"I was lodging in New York in Fifteenth Street near Fourth Avenue with a widow woman, a very decent body, a Dane. I was all right in the daytime, wandering around, but at night, never having had my letters taught me, I couldn't read. The other lodgers were shy with me, on account of my being a fighting man, and the woman of the house had little English at her, so that for amusement and passing the time I had to go out at night. There were ten days to go before I could get a boat for Derry city. It was then I found the beer hall on Third Avenue, that was known as Nate's, and the woman with the green eyes."

V

"IT WAS a queer wee place, Mr. Kerry. You went down steps into it, and with every new person that came in, the people in the beer hall turned and looked at him, looked at him long, sizing him up. There were never more than a dozen or twenty people in the place. There were no glaring lights, like in the saloons, but quietlike. There was a little platform for concerts, and one fellow at the piano, and another played the harp and another played the violin. The man that owned it, Nate, was a tall thin fellow, bald, and a taker of drugs, Mr. Kerry, but decent at heart. If he took a liking to you he was your friend. If he didn't—well, he didn't want you in his place. He was an Italian, he told me, and his name was Grimaldi, Nathan Grimaldi, but Italy he did not remember. They had good beer there, but the waiters were broken-down and slovenly. One waiter instead of a shirt had a piece of white cardboard with pencil marks for studs. The harpist, Peter, was a wonder, and he would play By Killarney's Lakes and Fells, in a way that would make you see home. There were singers there, Mr. Kerry, but in the main they weren't good.

"Now the way of this pub, Mr. Kerry, was this: There was a lot behind it. God only knows what happened in the upstairs rooms; maybe it was drugs, maybe it was drink, but whatever it was was not wholesome. The women who came into that place had a trade that was not pretty, though they let people in the beer hall alone; that was Nate's direction.

"But there were fellows there would kill a man for a five-dollar fee; or kidnap; or do anything. That was their trade. They were gunmen, and they had a woman or small boy with them to carry their gun. These men didn't drink. Nobody there bothered me, on account of Nate's orders, Nate having taken a great fancy to me.

"Everybody there had something wrong with them. They had made a mistake one time or the other. Peter, the harpist, was once a great musician. Nate himself was a clever man. He would sit and talk to me about religion,

(Continued on Page 133)

OLD TOWPATHS—By Alvin F. Harlow

The Rise and Fall of American Canals

HERE and there in Ohio, Indiana and the Eastern states the pedestrian—for nobody else would be apt to see such inconspicuous remains—may sometimes notice the faint indication of an embankment or a shallow depression, weed-grown, but stretching away with such regularity of line as to arouse his belief that it may be an artificial work. He may even find a bit of crumbling stone wall and—what is less probable—shreds of decaying timber still weakly attached to the wall by bits of rusty iron. Surely it is of human origin—perhaps prehistoric! But if he will inquire in the neighborhood he may find some white-bearded ancient who remembers that these poor ruins are all that is left of what was once a great internal improvement, the pride of the locality and the state—a canal.

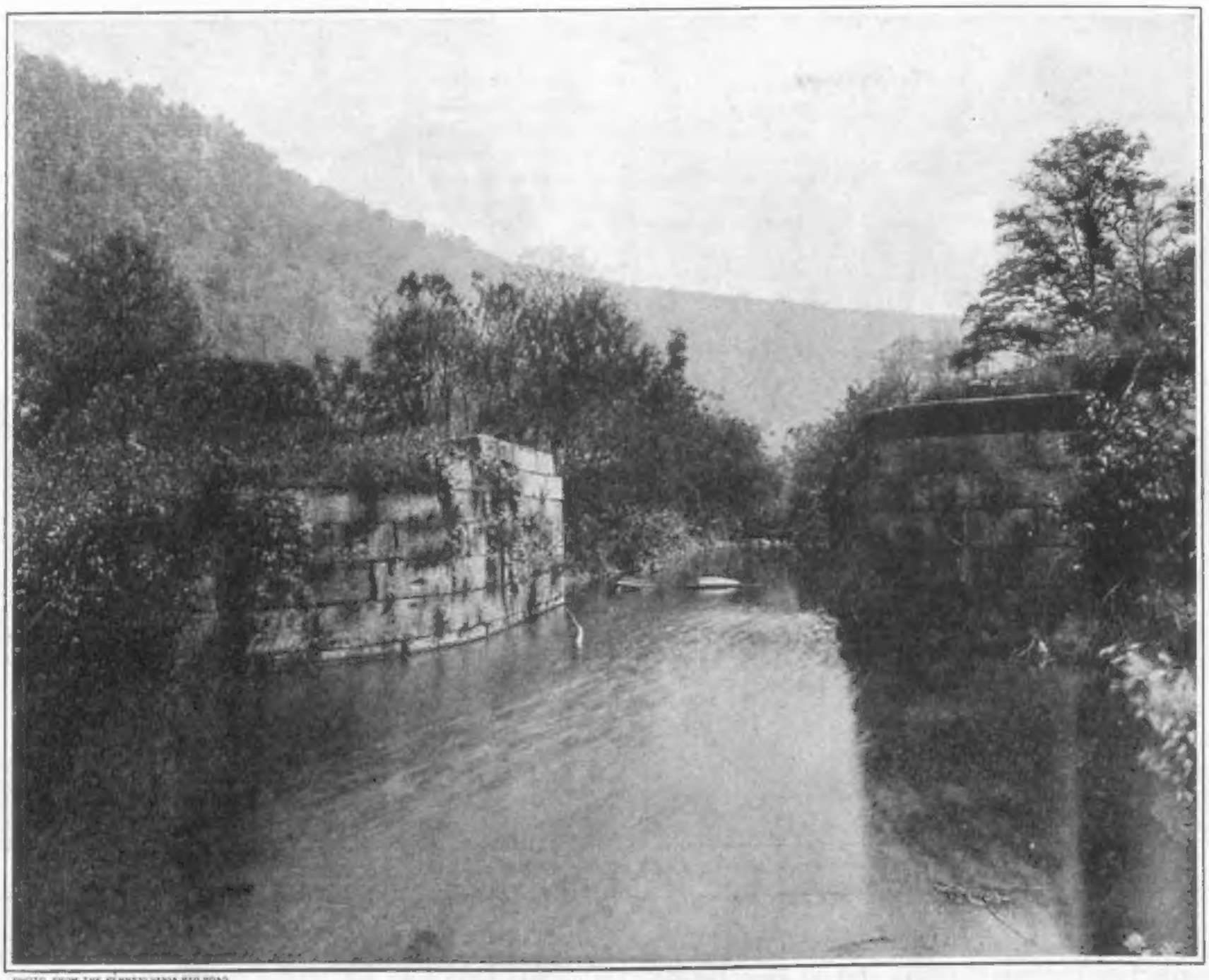


PHOTO. FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Old Portage Lock Near Blairsville

During the past year I have seen the breaking of another one of the links—steadily growing fewer—between us and that interesting sector of time which embraced the infancy of our nation. I have witnessed the death—at the ripe age, as American canals go, of nearly 100 years—of the Morris Canal. It was already suffering from anæmia, but its death was immediately induced by thirst; it died because water could no longer be spared to keep it alive. For the problem of water in upper New Jersey, as around all great cities, is becoming a serious one. The northeastern quarter of that state has become almost one solid city, and the more than 2,000,000 people there must all drink and use a bit of water for other purposes too. It is true that some in the coast cities don't drink water and some don't even bathe in it, but others do, and their number is increasing. Furthermore, there are automobiles and dogs to be washed and lawns and gardens to be irrigated. In certain summers lately the dogs, cars and lawns have had to get along as best they could, unlaved and unaffused.

Our Earliest Canals

THE story of the rise and fall of the Morris Canal is the story of canals in general in America, though it endured longer than most of them. And the history of our canals is a significant commentary upon American life and character—restless, eager for change, tearing down as soon as we have built, tossing away a tool because another has been invented which is a split second faster.

The Erie Canal, which this year celebrates the centenary of its completion, is, with its branches—although greatly changed, and even rechristened as the New York State Barge Canal—the only one of the great waterways built in our earlier expansion days still in serious use; and even it is used far below capacity. A few boats pass through the Chesapeake and Delaware, the Delaware and Raritan, the Lehigh, the Schuylkill and the Delaware Division canals; but more than two-thirds of the Lehigh has been abandoned, and the great Chesapeake and Ohio was so cruelly torn by a flood last year that it will never be repaired. Of the more than 3000 miles of other canals built during those halcyon days of young America, practically all have been totally abandoned.

It is believed that as early as 1750 Cadwallader Colden, afterward lieutenant governor of New York, dug a short canal in Orange County to transport stone. The earliest canal survey in this country was that of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna, extending from the Schuylkill at Reading to the Susquehanna at Middletown. This waterway was talked of even before 1700. It was surveyed in 1762, but for lack of money actual work did not begin on it for nearly thirty years; and then only four miles of it had been built when poverty halted it, and it lay dormant for almost another thirty years.

FROM PICTURESQUE AMERICA, BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. COPYRIGHT BY D. APPLETON & CO.

The Miami Canal, Cincinnati, About 1870

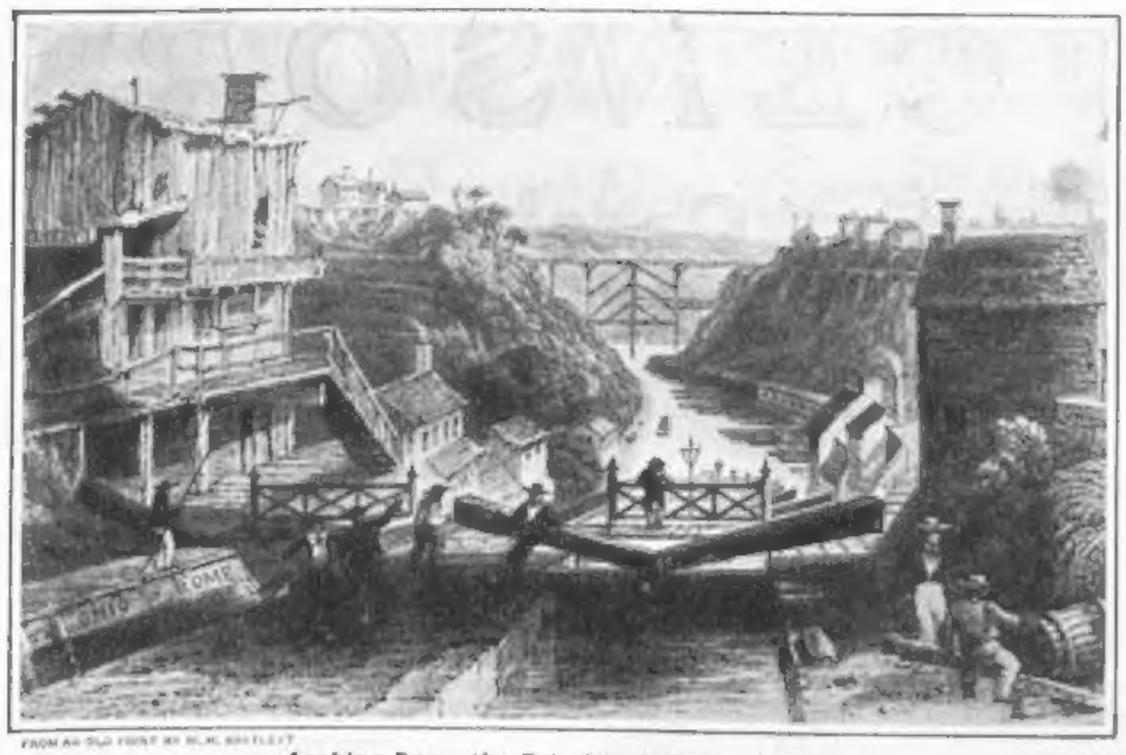
Slow Work

MEANWHILE three other short waterways had been built—the Dismal Swamp Canal, begun in 1787 and completed in 1794, which connected the mouth of the James with the North Carolina sounds; the little two-mile channel around the South Hadley Falls in the Connecticut River, begun in 1793 and finished the following year; and the seven-mile cut around the rapids of the James from Richmond up to Westham.

The James River and Kanawha Canal system, of which this last-named was really only a part, was, next to the Schuylkill, probably the oldest American canal project. Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, is said to have conceived the idea in 1716 of uniting the coast with the western wilderness by digging a canal from the lower James to the navigable part of the Kanawha. George Washington pushed through the Virginia legislature in 1785 a bill authorizing its construction. He was much more enthusiastic, however, over his idea of canalizing the Potomac and connecting it with the Monongahela and thence with the Ohio. He induced Virginia to approve the latter work and helped to organize the Patowmack Company, which undertook the job. He was elected president of both this and the James River and Kanawha corporation. Thurlow Weed declares that Washington was also first to envision the Erie Canal.

That first little canal around the lower rapids of the James was sufficiently navigable for an inspection party to pass through it in a boat in December, 1789; but because of lack of money, it was not put into shape so that cargo boats might actually load and unload at Richmond until six years later. Ah, the poverty of the country! The South Hadley Falls promoters were compelled to go to Holland, then a great world money center, for funds with which to dig their little ditch, though it cost less than $100,000. In those days $500,000 was a sum such as one read about in books like the Arabian Nights, but nobody in America had had any personal experience with any such phenomenon.

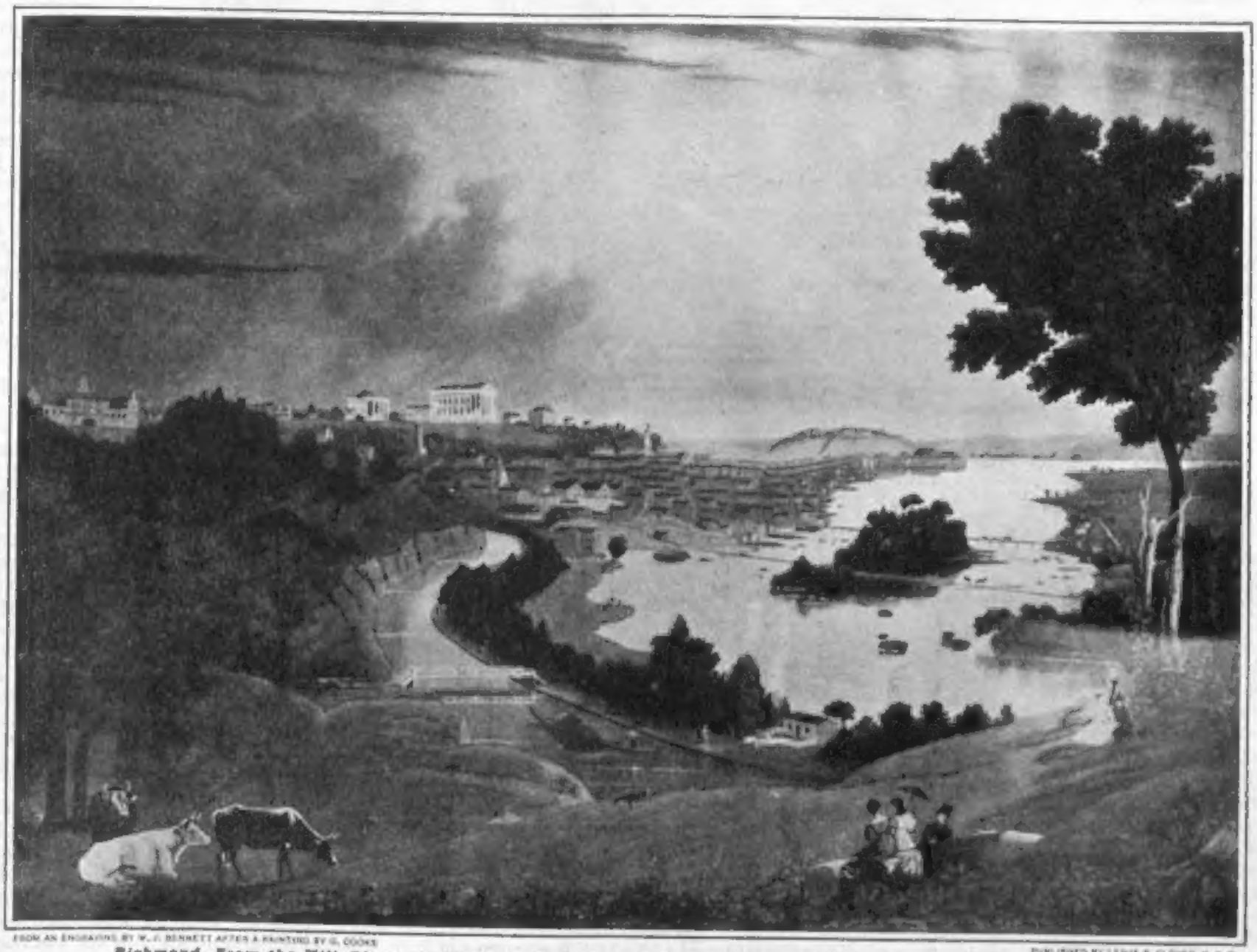
Several other short canals were now dug in New England and the South, the latter largely with slave labor. Then came the most important waterway yet constructed in America—the Middlesex Canal, which ran from Boston Harbor



Looking Down the Erie Canal, Lockport, 1830

to the Merrimac River at Lowell. Governor John Hancock signed its charter in 1793 and the canal was opened in 1803. Although only twenty-seven miles long, and though laborers in that day received only eight dollars a month wages, and carpenters ten to fifteen dollars, yet the slow progress of the work brought its cost up to nearly $600,000. That was so terrific a bill for those days that the canal could not begin paying dividends for sixteen years thereafter.

The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal was a worthy project which was held back a weary while by the national poverty. Possibly no other artificial waterway was so sadly needed by our early coastwise trade as a short cut between the Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay. But though first surveyed in 1764, the work was delayed again and again by lack of money; and the canal, only a little more than thirteen miles in length, was finally completed in 1829, sixty-five years after the first surveyor's line had been run.



Richmond, From the Hill Above the Waterworks, 1835. The James River and Kanawha Canal in the Foreground

A Time-Table for 1805

TIMES had changed when the Chesapeake and Delaware at last became a reality. With the advent of the nineteenth century came the real awakening of the American nation. In the first three or four decades after 1800 the young giant stretched his limbs, discovered something of his power and began to grow.

It was during those decades that practically all our greater canals were built. And it was within the span of those few brief years that the railroad came in turn and dealt the death blow to the canals.

Even before the War of 1812 the pioneers were hewing their way into the western wilderness, the territories far back from the seaboard were beginning to pour forth their products, and the desperate need for better communication was felt in every quarter of the land. Of good roads there were none, and sailing vessels furnished the only water transportation. The President's inauguration was set for four months after his election in order that he might be sure to reach the capital on time.

If you wished to go from New York City to the Great Lakes in 1805, you waited perhaps several days until there was a sailing vessel leaving for Albany; and then, after making a deal with the captain for your passage, you spent from two to five days on the trip. From Albany you went by carriage or wagon to Schenectady, seventeen miles; then took a sailboat on the winding Mohawk for the 104-mile journey to Utica, which might occupy a week. From Utica you went partly overland and partly by water to Oswego—eight or ten days more. From Oswego a boat sailed now and then for Lewiston, at the mouth of the Niagara River; and thence you must go overland again to Buffalo. Think of the transfers that freight must undergo! You paid about $50 a ton to get it hauled over this route from New York to Oswego, and $100 to Buffalo. Much freight was actually wagoned overland at a lower cost than by water.

As against this, Robert Fulton, a lifelong enthusiast for water transportation, declared in a congressional report that a bushel of salt, which it was then costing $2.50 to haul 300 miles, could be carried that distance by canal—including the handling—for seven and a half cents. He calculated that one man, one boy and one horse could move a boat carrying twenty-five tons twenty miles a day at the following cost:

1 Man	$1.00
1 Boy	.50
1 Horse	1.00
Tolls	2.00
Interest on the Wear of the Boat	.50
Total	$5.00

One cent per ton per mile!

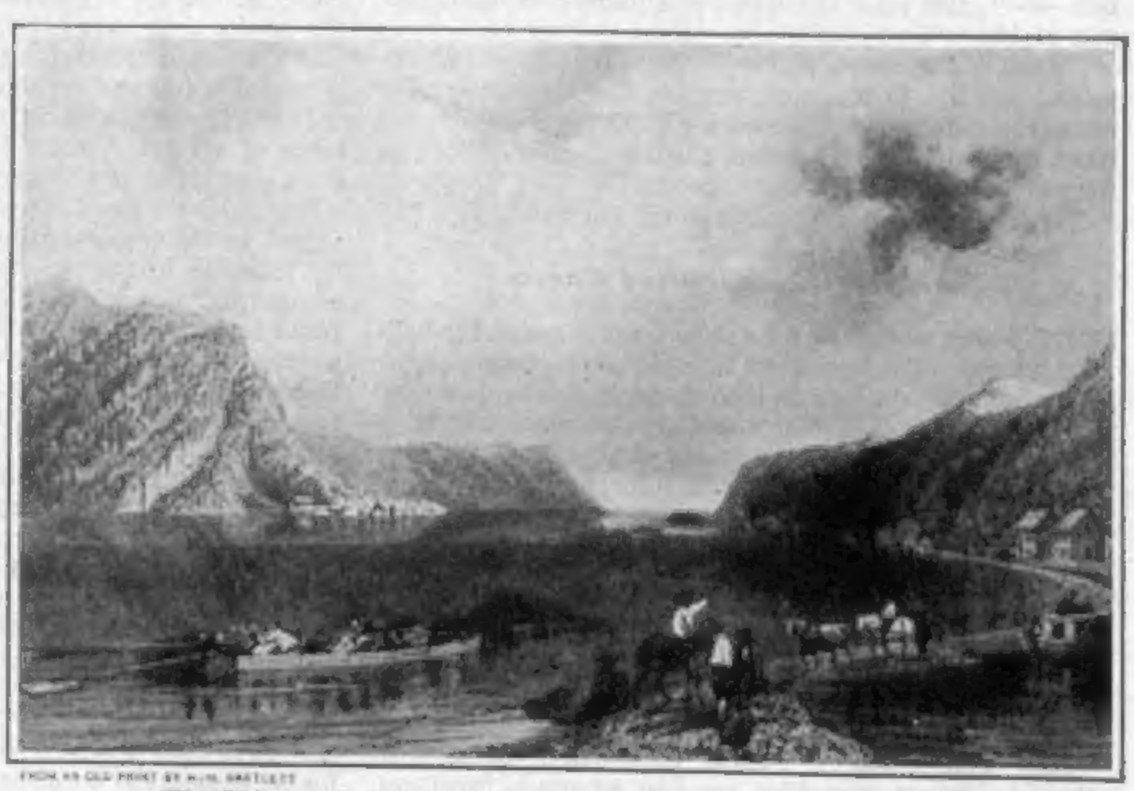
Only a few months previous to the date of this report, Fulton's steamboat had made its first trip on the Hudson. The signs of a new era were in the sky. The Louisiana Territory, with its marvelous resources, had been added to our domain in 1803. Pennsylvanians were discovering that anthracite coal would really burn.

Prohibitive Freight Rates

THEN came the War of 1812, which stimulated business, introducing us more thoroughly to our interior wilderness, and gave us a feeling of confidence in ourselves. Many new citizens were coming to us from the British Isles, and there was a corresponding movement into the new territories of the Middle West. Traders and trappers pushed still farther on, across the mountains and even to the Pacific, while our sea captains were carrying our commerce around the world.

The need for better avenues of communication was desperate. The roads of the period were little better than a series of rocks and mud holes, while the streams—all save the largest, and even some of those—were obstructed by rocks, sand bars, shallows, snags and fallen trees. During the War of 1812 the Government spent many futile millions for haulage over those terrible roads. We paid $400 for the making of a certain type of cannon, and from $1500 to $2000 more to haul it to Lake Erie. Flour delivered at Fort Meigs during the Northwestern campaign cost the Government $100 a barrel, and oats

(Continued on Page 50)



The Old and the New: Flatboats and the Canal Along the Upper Susquehanna, 1835

SOCIETY'S CENSORS

Barring the Gates Against Crashers

THE thickly carpeted approach to the ballroom on the second floor of the restaurant establishment in Park Avenue contained a barricade, a small table at which a young woman was seated.

Behind the table, in the ballroom, a company of women and young men, dancing to the jerky cadences of Red Hot Mamma, swirled in an ellipse that took its outline from the dinner-jacketed men without partners clustered in the center of the floor as the unmated males of a colony of seals, the holluschickie, might huddle together on a rock.

Frequently one of these men would detach himself from his fellows, plunge in among the dancers with his eyes fixed on some couple that he had marked from the sidelines, touch the girl's partner on the shoulder and speedily replace him while the supplanted one returned to the base of masculine supply in the middle of the waxed floor. The affair was what passes in New York today as a coming-out party.

Out in the corridor were half a dozen fresh arrivals. Furs and coats and other impedimenta of street travel checked out of the way, they were whispering together and now and again lifting their heads, as wild horses scenting a trap, to survey the young woman at the slender barricade.

The young woman was a social sentry. She had been placed there to make sure that none but invited guests danced or ate or otherwise participated in the debutante's party. She was an employe of a social secretary-at-large for the fashionable hostesses of New York. The typewritten list that lay on the small oaken table before her bore the names in neat columns of those who had been invited to this affair. That such precautions have become necessary tells volumes about the state in which New York society has found itself.

Presently a dark-haired girl among the half dozen in the corridor left these companions and approached the table, a cunning ambassadress. Sewn on her scant and uncorseted frock were enough glass beads of peacock shades to have satisfied the needs of old John Jacob Astor when going off into the wilderness on a fur-trading expedition among the Indians.

"Pa'don me," she said, "I'm Miss ——" and she mumbled a name. "I believe this is the affair I was coming to, but ——" Her voice faded out as a radio does on a summer night.

"What is the name, please?" requested the girl at the table. She was in a modest evening dress, and her pink nails grew white as she gripped her black fountain pen and lifted the typewritten sheets of the list of guests. "If you were invited here your name is on this list."

"Whose party is it?" countered the applicant.

Speeding the Uninvited Guests

THE young woman at the table glancing inside the ballroom caught a signal from her employer. One eyebrow had raised perhaps half an inch above its fellow, in a code message which ordered delay, and then the social secretary-at-large emerged to take command of this situation.

"You always come to Miss Blank's parties?" she inquired pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cooed the dark-haired girl, while her associates in the background talked animatedly.

"Ah," explained the social secretary, "but you see this is not Miss Blank's party." And without stopping to explain whose party it was she stepped back into the ballroom, while the girl, blushing above her rouge, stammered an excuse and departed quickly, trailed by her companions.

They were crashers—fellows under their skins with others for whom turnstiles are just so much furniture. They merit consideration here as perhaps the first of their barbarian tribe to be repulsed successfully.

If a Girl is Selected She Goes to the Dances and is Made Thereby, Presumably, Deliriously Happy

There are scores of them in New York—young men and women who could never have hoped for an invitation to the affairs of any persons with a four-A social rating, but who, nevertheless, knew better than anyone else how little in recent years New York society has deserved to be called exclusive. It may be that some of the blame can be laid on the bowed shoulders of the war, but crashers—persons attending entertainments to which they were not invited—really gained their opportunity through the larger size of the affairs that have been given in recent years, plus the fact that such entertaining now occurs in the hired ballrooms of hotels and restaurants instead of homes.

It would require something like fortitude to mount the steps of a Fifth Avenue house and attempt brazenly to stalk past a butler who knew the friends of his master and mistress. In a hotel, though, even a rabbit-souled individual would not drain the first of his reserves of courage by loitering in the approach to a public ballroom long enough to learn whether entrance without detection as a fraud was possible. There is the change to which is attributable the expansion of this practice so annoying to the fashionable hostesses of today. As they are no longer mistresses of spacious town houses the majority of these women are compelled to give their balls and other large entertainments in hotels and restaurants.

Anyone who has surveyed the women who appear to have some sort of proprietary right in the lounge chairs of even the best hotels, anyone who has observed the men who ogle those women may readily perceive that sooner or later it would occur to some of these to take a larger interest in the affairs of the hotel which happened to be their favorite rendezvous.

There has been another factor. In the last ten years dances in New York have been polyandrous affairs. The happy hostess has been she who could muster at least three men for each woman, with the result that almost any broker's clerk possessing a dinner jacket has been likely to find a few stiff and stilted invitations in his mail each week if only he happened to be lucky enough to have his name in the register of some college club. The man-power problem was not half so distressing to the military leaders and statesmen of Europe during the war as it has been for the less competent hostesses of New York searching out men enough to exhaust the dancing energy and satisfy the vanity of the women they would invite to their parties. With such a demand a ball in its preliminaries has grown to be more like a cattle round-up than an exclusive function.

Discovering how easy it was to get into affairs that later merited a paragraph on the society pages of the newspapers, young men with friends brought those friends, just as, perhaps, when small boys they had towed pagan companions to their Sunday-school class in time to register for the annual Christmas box of candy. If they learned nothing else at these dances they learned that they were growing to be about as private as Fifth Avenue. Then what could be more natural than that they should take some girl of their own circle, and teach her the few things necessary to know if she would appear as if she belonged?

Old Walls Rebuilt

THEN, as carnivorous pets that have tasted blood, they developed insatiable appetites and began to horn in—to borrow from the vocabulary of the round-up—to parties composed of persons who really hoped to enjoy some degree of exclusiveness.

Some of those who crashed in this manner, it is reported, scraped acquaintances, began to receive invitations, and behaving with circumspection managed to cement their contacts by marriage, and now, doubtless, they are among those who wail loudest and with the most intense dolor against conditions. At any rate there were such wails, with the result that in 1923 some of the people who really belonged took measures calculated to bring society out of its state of flux and give it boundaries.

In that year a matron brought out her daughter at a ball held at a restaurant. According to the society editor of the New York newspaper which has been most censorious of its society columns, that was one of the first affairs in several years at which a list was used. The persons invited were the old friends of the family.

Two days before that another matron introduced her daughter to the friends of the family at an old-fashioned reception. Again there was a list that had been made up as carefully as a wise President forms his cabinet. That function was followed the night after by a dance at which the young friends of the debutante were included with the older friends of her parents.

Early in December that year there was an old-fashioned evening reception, with music. Again the list. There were few young people at that affair, which was conducted as nearly as could be like those of an earlier day.

The persons who regard themselves as fashionable in New York began to pay attention. An emphasis was being given to old-fashioned receptions and invitation lists that seemed to mean something. It did. It marked the beginning of a well-defined effort to rebuild the walls that were breeched soon after the passing of Mrs. Astor, and thrown down entirely by rich invaders during the war.

Many of these people, desiring to introduce daughters to society, were puzzled to find some society to introduce them to, and ended by giving dances for the young friends of the child in question. These were referred to as coming-out parties, but the only persons the subjects met were the girls and young men they already knew. Some of the girls whose mothers might have been able to get adequate response from a noteworthy list were sufficiently self-willed—or spoiled, if you prefer—to insist on having a live party

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A MILLION DOLLARS WANTED

How the Drive to Get it is Organized

By Katherine Sproehnle

YES, sir? What can I do for you?"

"My name is Mr. Blank. I'm sorry to bother you, but I'd like you to raise a million dollars for me."

"Certainly, sir; that's my business. Sit right down and let's get acquainted."

Sounds like an improbable conversation, doesn't it? Yet in substance it might be heard any day in any one of a number of offices on Manhattan Island.

Hasn't your wife often complained: "I never saw so many charity drives; they just come one after another."

Well, it's from one of these offices, ten to one, that the latest call for help came. The firms which occupy them make it their sole business to raise money for other people—charities, hospitals, colleges, institutes, organizations and movements. If you want a million dollars there are a number of companies in New York alone that will bid to get it for you. For fund raising has largely become an industry instead of a diffused philanthropic effort. Behind the pretty woman who comes to your office with a subscription card, or beseeches you charmingly in a hotel to buy a brick to help build a national headquarters, is an organization so highly developed that it can figure out, almost to the nth degree, just what this woman, a tentacle of its organism, volunteer though she is, can raise.

Professional Money Raisers

SYSTEM has laid its cold though kindly hands on giving. The scattered charity methods, symbolized by taking a napkined basket of turkey to the poor family back of the yards or making flannel petticoats for the necklaced heathen, have vanished. Now you order funds in large quantities from people who have developed the most efficacious ways of getting them. And naturally you expect to pay for the service.

These companies do not concern themselves with private enterprises. Their fee depends entirely on the amount of work, the time and the difficulty foreseen by the fund raisers in collecting the money. It is only in rare instances that the money is raised on a percentage basis, for the very word "percentage" is anathema to most of these firms, and such an arrangement is considered highly unethical.

Most frequently the fee is decided on before the campaign is begun. The expenses, carefully audited, include all the costs of the campaign, such as printing, publicity, luncheons for the volunteer workers, mailing, and so on.

But the fee depends on what the money is for and the labor the fund-raising firm sees looming ahead before it can be extracted from the pockets of the public. An unknown college in Georgia will naturally require more time and effort than a prominent New York hospital with twenty prominent men for directors.

The fee must be guaranteed. Usually the campaign is underwritten by a wealthy friend of the cause. It may be paid all at once or serially, differing with the firm and occasion, as in any other business.

The materialization of your million from the time it is a wistfully hoped-for ideal in the mind of your organization until it is a solid lump of cash and negotiable securities in the town bank is an interesting growth to gaze upon. It is as enthralling as watching an East Indian magician make a rose tree bloom from a beaten pavement.

Say, then, you have gone to one of these firms, which may call itself on its letterhead by the stately title of Philanthropic Finance Organization, or perhaps more simply Green, Green & Green, Fund Raisers, with your request to have your million or five hundred thousand or three million dollars secured for you. Its first step is to investigate you and your cause, to be sure the project is feasible. Many apply, but by no means are all chosen as clients. Once the worthiness of the cause is proved—this is a utilitarian as well as a moral nobility on the part of the drive managers, for it is not so easy to collect money for an ignoble cause as is supposed—and the question of what the money is to be used for—maintenance, building, endowment, and so on—is settled, the firm is ready to start work.

In most cases the client is glad to take the advice of experienced campaigners on just how much money should be asked for. A good manager, as the men put in charge of the campaigns are called, can often tell to within five thousand dollars just what a certain region will produce in funds. It is a delicate psychological point. Asking too much, asking the impossible, is discouraging at the outset. As the drive goes on, if the goal is nowhere in sight the workers lose interest and the level stops far below what should be obtainable. On the other hand, asking just a little more than people think feasible is a stimulating move.

The Stimulus of Real Money

A STORY is told of a manager who was sent to a middle-sized city in the West to direct a local campaign. He found the committee all ready to have "Goal—$100,000" printed on their literature. They wanted new buildings. Four hundred thousand dollars would help a lot, but what they really needed was a million.

"Why don't we ask for it?" said the manager. "We need a million and we can get it."

Three members of the committee looked shocked. The fourth, who had been displaying only the most bored interest, brightened up. "I like to hear you talk real money," he stated; "now maybe we'll have some fun out of it. Put me down for fifty thousand dollars."

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In Managing College Drives the Fund Raisers Bring Out Unknown Activities of the College

The First Gentleman of the Land

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

WELL, sir, it didn't surprise me much when they put mother up for governor. No, sir. I got over being surprised at anything mother might do, years ago. When you've been married to a person twenty-seven years next July you sort of get to know her, I guess. In fact, knowing mother, I'm kind of surprised they didn't put her up before. There's something about mother.

When she first went into politics she said to me one night at supper: "Walt, there's something I want to ask your advice about." Mother always asks my advice about everything.

"Go ahead, mother," I said.

"I'm going into politics," said mother. "Shall I?"

I hardly knew what to say for a minute. I never had any time for politics myself. I've let it be, and voted a straight ticket ever since they put in Cleveland. Leave politics to the politicians, I always say. Anyway, I was always too busy at the office to go gadding around to caucuses and rallies and what not. A fellow with a growing family on his hands owes his first duty to them, I think. Things down at the office kept me on the jump, so, as I said, I never was active in politics myself, although I did hear that back in the first Roosevelt campaign there was some talk in certain quarters of asking me to run for alderman. Nothing ever came of it. I guess they knew business took all my time. I'm in the fire-insurance game, myself.

Well, sir, I was sort of prepared for something when mother sprang her going into politics on me that evening. I knew she was up to something. The children had more or less grown up, you see, and I guess things around the house were sort of dull for mother, with Junior—that's our oldest boy—we call him Junior because his name is Walter Henry Davis, Junior, after his father —— Where was I? Well, with Junior, our oldest, married to a sensible little woman and doing nicely in the auto-parts game down in Terre Haute; and Myrtle just about to finish up at the state university; and Elsie, our youngest, all set to enter the university in the fall, they were a handful, I can tell you, when they were around the house under foot. But the first thing we knew they'd grown up, and I guess even Elsie, the youngest, the one that was all set to enter the state university in the fall, knew a thing or two her parents didn't. So mother had become kind of restless and had begun to champ at the bit, to use an expression.

I could hardly blame her any. Mother isn't the kind who can be happy sitting round the house, doing tatting, putting up preserves and what not. She likes to be on the go. Even when she was bringing up the children she found time to mix into all sorts of things in Penderton—that's our town, and one of the livest little burgs in the state it is too. She was president of the Thursday Morning Ladies' Civic Club, and secretary or something of the Women's Town Improvement Association, high up in a couple of ladies' lodges, very active down at the church, and she was on a slew of committees and what not. Generally she was chairwoman, or whatever you say.

That's like mother.

There's something about her. I guess some might call her the managing kind.

Well, as I was saying, we were sitting down to supper one evening—it was the sixteenth of May, five years ago, or perhaps the seventeenth—when mother, all of a sudden, said, "Walt."

And I said, "What now, mother?"

And she said, "Walt, there's something I want to ask your advice about."

And I said, "Go ahead, mother." She always comes to me for advice, you know. And then, just as calmly as if she was asking me to pass the salt, she said, "I'm going into politics. Shall I?"

"Stop, Mother," I Said. "Do You Think I Could Live on a Woman's Earnings?"

For a minute, or maybe two, I didn't say anything. I'm like that. I guess you'd call me a kind of conservative fellow, but I always say what would happen to an engine that didn't have brakes on it? So I just sat there quietly for a minute or so, and then I said, "No, mother."

"And why not?" she came right back.

"Because," I said, "I don't like the idea of a woman gadding around to caucuses and rallies and what not, and hobnobbing with all sorts of riffraff, especially my wife," I said.

"Besides," I said, "politics is a dirty business. You know the saying, 'Politics makes strange bedfellows.'" I guess that sort of made mother stop and think.

"Besides," I went on, "what do you know about politics? It isn't in a woman's line. My advice is to leave politics to Jake Carpenter and Big Tom Dorgan and fellows like that, that make a business of politics. Take it easy for a spell, mother," I said, "and maybe we'll take a run to Kansas City, or even, maybe, Chicago, as soon as they finish repainting the sedan, and take in a few shows and do some shopping."

Mother shook her head. "I can't spend all the rest of my life running up to Chicago and seeing shows," she said. "Walt, I must do something or burst." Sometimes mother has a queer way of putting things. I suppose it's the woman in her.

"Well, mother," I said, "of course I don't want to see you burst or anything, but as I said before, politics is no place for a woman, at least a nice woman ——"

"Walt Davis," mother interrupted, "did I ever claim to be a nice woman?"

"I always claimed you are the nicest woman in the world," I said, and she smiled and I came round the table and gave her a kiss, just as I used to do when we were first married and were living in that little yellow house down on Clover Street, the year Junior came.

"Still and all," said mother, fixing her hair, "what can you expect of politics if you leave it to men like Jake Carpenter and Big Tom Dorgan? Not that I don't get on well with both of them whenever I have to see them about some project of the Town Improvement Association, especially Jake Carpenter. In fact he said only the other day, 'Mrs. Davis, you ought to go into politics. You'd certainly make some of us old-timers step lively."

"I'll bet you would, mother," I said, and she laughed. "But just the same," I said, "I don't like the idea of your hobnobbing with fellows like Jake Carpenter. You know what he is, don't you?"

"He's a good-natured old soul, though a bit fattish," said mother.

"No; I mean he's boss of the party machine in this part of the state, that's what Jake Carpenter is."

"I guessed that," said mother in that dry sort of way she has sometimes. "Well, I gather from what you say you don't think I should go into politics."

"That's about the size of it," I said. "You don't understand politics."

"Well," said mother, "maybe not, but Jake Carpenter wanted to put the playground on his own land out on the North Side, and I got him to put it over on the South Side where it should be."

I had to admit she had me there.

"Anyhow," I said, "I'm against your going into politics. I'm going to put my foot right down. I can't have my wife gadding round to caucuses and rallies and what not, so that ends it. Besides, they'd make a monkey of you."

Well, sir, two weeks later mother was nominated for the state legislature on Jake Carpenter's party's ticket. They called her in before the caucus and told her about it, and she made a speech; it was a daisy too. All about purity in politics, and what not. I read it in the Penderton Herald. Right smack alongside it on the very front page was mother's picture, with her eyeglasses on and looking very serious and noble, the way women do when they get their pictures taken. The Herald is the machine paper and they certainly gave mother a fine send-off. It went on to say how she was not only active in civic work but was a good wife and mother, to boot. At the end of the piece it said, "Her husband is well known in fire-insurance circles." I'll bet mother told them to put that in. Anyway, it helped business.

They put up against mother a young lawyer named Wrigley, a smart enough young fellow with a gift of gab, and very well liked in certain quarters, though I never thought much of him myself. He'd served one term in the legislature and had a big following, and Big Tom Dorgan and his machine were solid behind him. Dorgan's crowd sort of had the whip hand that year, too, so it certainly did look dubious for mother. No woman had ever been elected to the legislature in our district before. Out our way we're a conservative, sensible lot of folks.

So I said to mother: "Now, mother, don't go getting yourself all tuckered out making speeches and what not. Politics is too rough a game for a woman. They've paid you a nice compliment putting you up, and all, so why not let it go at that?"

Well, mother made five or six speeches a day all during the campaign. I know because I spent a lot of time taking

her from one meeting to another in the sedan. I must hand it to mother. She certainly can make a talk. "Folks," she generally begins, "I'm a wife and mother, like a lot of you I've brought three children into the world and brought them up, and I know what women and children are up against in this man-made world. Not that I don't think men are all right; they are. I have one of my own. But I do say that only a wife and mother can understand the problems of wives and mothers, and there ought to be some body down at the state capitol who can stand up and take the part of the wives and mothers and children of our great state."

But of course I could see that that sort of thing doesn't go in politics. What people expect of a campaign speaker is a lot of figures and statistics and what not, and something inspirational about the old party and the old flag and how the country will go to you know, if the other fellow is put in. That was the sort of speech young Wrigle, made—all full of figures about the new barge canal, and the state drainage commission, and the per capita expenditure for something or other, and the party that has never failed the people, and Old Glory, and what not. He had a bass voice you could hear in the next county, and he could talk an hour without stopping to wind up. Mother didn't have a look-in

Of course everyone liked mother. We couldn't help it. She's a fine-looking woman in a big motherly way, if you know what I mean, with white hair and a hearty laugh that sort of gets people.

As election day drew near, and I saw how wrapped up mother was in her campaign, I began to get excited myself, and I did a little quiet campaigning on my own hook in fire-insurance circles and elsewhere. It was I who suggested the slogan.

"For your kids' sake, send a mother to the capitol."

It cost me close to two hundred dollars to have those posters printed, but I guess mother certainly had it coming to her.

Well, sir, the day after election I guess the two most surprised people in the county were me and Wrigley. They elected mother by 439 votes. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I got the news. There it was, though, in big black type on the front page of the Herald:

MOTHER WINS

And it had pictures of her, too, and of the kids, and me. My picture didn't turn out any too well; it was small and kind of smudgy, and was taken in the days before I clipped my mustache; but I don't think it hurt business any. Publicity is a great thing, I think.

Mother didn't seem so very surprised or flustered. It takes a lot to fluster mother. Off she went to the legislature, and I must say she did fine there. She was the only woman in it, and all the menfolks played up to her and more or less let her have her own way. I guess they sort of had to. Every time mother introduced a bill and somebody got up and started to knock it, mother would get up and say in that mild way of hers, "May I ask the gentleman from Pinckney County a question?"

And of course he'd have to say, "Yes, I yield to the lady from Salem County."

Then mother would turn to him and say, "Were you ever a mother?" Of course she had him there. "Then what," mother would ask, "do you know about a mother's problems?"

Well, that always took the wind out of the fellow's sails then and there. He pulled in his horns, being, probably, scared to death of the woman vote in his own district. Pretty soon they found it wasn't safe to monkey with mother. Naturally she got into the papers a lot, and they began to ask her around to banquets and meetings and what not in other parts of the state. I guess mother was a surprise to a lot of people who expected her to be a mannish creature that smoked cigars. When she wants to, mother certainly can look motherly. First thing you know, her bill for state playgrounds went through, although some of the politicians kicked like steers against it. It was called the Davis Bill, because she introduced it.

They put mother up for another term in the legislature. They had to. Young Wrigley ran against her again and he made speeches till he was blue in the face and waved Old Glory all over the county, but on election day he didn't get enough votes to wad a shotgun. Mother did fine in the legislature again. She knew the ropes by now, and once mother knows the ropes in a place, nothing can stop her. I forget all the bills she got passed, but there was a raft of them. I was glad to let mother have her fun. The capital is near enough to Penderton for her to run down there every day in the sedan, so she was home every night almost. The only thing I didn't like about it was the way she was always having conferences with Jake Carpenter. Of course I guess she more or less had to, for he was the strongest boss in the state, and helped mother put some of her bills through, although I guess there were times when he must have wished that she and her bills were in you know.

Mother took to politics like a duck to water, and pretty soon the newspapers began to refer to her not only as a legislator but as a party leader. Men began to come to see her at our house, politicians from other counties, and she'd go into what we call the library because we keep the encyclopedia there, and I'd hear them talking away in there for hours about somebody's chances in Clinton City, and how to strengthen the party in Bessemer County, and this, that and the other. So, as I think I said, it wasn't any very great surprise to me when they put up mother for governor.

I advised her not to take it

"Mother," I said, "you'll only go and get yourself all tuckered out running all over the state; and besides, I don't think you have a chance in the world to beat out Lem Gridley. He's been governor for five terms now, and only dynamite or death can put him out of the chair."

"And a sweet governor Lem Gridley's been," said mother. "He's a hide-bound old mossback, and I propose to tell the people of the state so."

"They've known it for years," I said quietly, "but they keep on electing him. He's strong in the bigger cities There's oodles of money behind him. Better not try it, mother I don't want to see you bite off more than you can chew."

"My jaws are still pretty strong," was all mother said.

"Well," I said, "maybe; but just the same I think you'd be foolish to take it."

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She Gave Me a Look Like She Hardly Knew Me at All, and Didn't Tell the Chauffeur to Stop, Either

GREEN TIGHTS

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

George Morton Felt Himself Going Forward. The Weight of the Helpless Topmounter Was Too Much for Him

THE partnership of Morton and Mildram, hand-and-head balancers extraordinary, had its beginning on the second day of the White River Valley Fair. Up to that time, the two strongest young men in Adams County had never met. Fate brought them together and then hurried on to the next job, unmindful of the consequences. Fate has a way of doing this.

This tale is to be the Odyssey of George Morton, twenty years old, of East Attica, Vermont. It purposes to tell how he went away, paused, and came back. In these three respects he was like Ulysses.

Ulysses was a good husband, but he was away from home a good deal. Penelope, his wife, in a moment of loneliness remarked to one of her handmaidens that being married to Ulysses was only slightly better than marrying a traveling salesman. Unlike Ulysses, George Morton was unmarried.

Ulysses, the reader may recall, met Circe, Cyclops, Æolus, Calypso and other well-known members of society of his time. It cost him something to meet them; but that is the rule of life. George Morton began by meeting Ben Mildram. Together they met a theatrical gentleman named Abe Lowman. Afterward they met Kelley and Burke, acrobats. I follow Homer's method and call this the argument.

In addition, a good tale of this sort should begin with an invocation to the Muse. As this is the first time during my experience as a writer that I have ever invoked the Muse, I may be a little unhandy at it. But there is hardly anything I will not try.

"O Muse, sing to me of the young man, full of muscle, who went away from East Attica about the tenth of last September and saw the big city and the elephant. Many griefs also in his mind did he suffer. Somewhere on his journey he lost Ben Mildram, but he himself, after many perils and extreme adventures, wiggled through. O Muse, if I falter in the telling of this, give me a friendly shove! But if, in smiting the lyre, I hit, now and again, a sour note, don't shoot! Remember, Muse, you were once cold with the saxophone yourself!"

It was the second day of the two-day White River Valley Fair. All the animals were there, including guests from as far away as Dighton Corners and Loopville. It was afternoon, nearing the hour when the oxen are loosed from labor. Ladies of the First Church were taking away their exhibits of currant jelly and doughnuts, which would have won the first prize if the judges had been persons of fairness. The owner of the biggest hog was trying to get that curious animal to stand on his invisible legs. The horse races had all been won—by ringers, jockeying to keep their 2:20 animals in the 2:40 class.

This is the hour when the lusty souls, the hardy males of East Attica and environs, gather together in the rear of the merry-go-round concession and talk of the physical wonders of the world in tones loud and sometimes profane. To this group of virile Atticans, a country fair would be a good thing if there were no animals brought there except race horses. The prize Jersey sires give them a pain, as do the bleating Shropshires. To their rugged Odyssean minds, a real bang-up fair would be all races, concessions, pit shows and free samples of tobacco.

In this large knot of valiants are hardy males from the ages of fourteen to fifty-five. The youngest aspire to be tough and immoral. The oldest, having harder arteries, can only lie vociferously about the time they did not see John L. Sullivan fight with bare fists. The conversation flows turbulently from pugilism to draft horses, from foot races to fishing triumphs, from amorous adventures which never happened to marvelous sums of money never possessed. It is all good-natured, bantering and vigorous; and if sometimes a fight takes place and blood flows, nobody gets much hurt, and fair play is the rule.

George Morton had just wandered into this crowd. Ben Mildram was there. Ben was a farm hand, working for the Crestview Model Dairies at Flagstead, about twenty miles from East Attica. When the talk finally came to wrestling, someone offered to bet five dollars that Ben Mildram could throw anybody in East Attica. Ben, six feet tall and good to look at, did not deny this claim.

But an indignant East Attican, thoughtful of the honor of his town, poked George Morton in the ribs and spluttered, "Be you goin' to stand for that, George? I bet you can throw him two out of three."

George Morton was diffident. He studied the trodden grass for a moment and then replied, without raising his eyes, "I'm not afraid to wrassle with him. Only I don't want anybody to bet on me. It would make me nervous."

"Well, I'll give you five dollars if Ben can't put you down in five minutes. Come, that's fair, ain't it?" shouted the Flagstead patriot.

It was eminently fair. It was sporting. It was so much a reflection on the plunging ability of East Attica that Louis Dufroc, the blacksmith, bawled, "I'll give your man five dolair if George don't t'row him in five minute!"

"I won't wrassle for money, anyway," insisted George Morton.

There was a puritanical streak in him. East Attica, as well as Flagstead, could respect this odd delicacy, though they shared it not. It was finally agreed that George and Ben should wrassle merely to see whether East Attica or Flagstead was the better town to live in.

The boys stripped to their undershirts. A ring was formed, liberally paced off. Somebody went for a bucket of water and a horse sponge. The deputy sheriff was referee ex officio. This man, with large mustaches, feeling the responsibility which he had bestowed upon himself, turned to the spectators and asked gravely, "Catch as catch can or Greeky-Romy?"

"Keep your mouth shut and let 'em wrassle, Bert," was the advice which came back.

The deputy sheriff, having been thus so quickly appreciated, clapped both boys on the shoulder and bade them go to it.

Ben had two inches the better in height. George Morton was rather more stoutly built. The muscles of their browned arms knotted and throbbed as they swayed back and forth.

"Look out for his left foot, George!"

"Go on, Ben! Now for that special lock of yourn!"

"Didn't know George was so strong. He must have been workin'."

"Shut your head, Walt. If it was work 'at does it, you'd be ridin' on a stretcher."

"Now's your chance, George! O-h-h! You lost it!"

"Well, the boy is making him hustle anyway."

The setting sun beat cruelly on the backs of the wrestlers. Their shirts and trousers became moist, then wet, then spongy. Rivulets of sweat ran down their arms and dripped

from their elbows as sap drips from the maple trees in tapping time. Their breath began to come in gasps. They were amateurs. Neither had ever considered the matter of reserve strength. They were putting every ounce they had on the immediate chance. Several times they slipped, went down together, rolled and squirmed about, and acknowledged a draw—rose and went at it again. Neither pair of shoulders ever touched the ground for more than a glancing second.

Finally the moment came when, locked in each other's embrace, the two young men leaned against each other weakly for support and tacitly acknowledged the stalemate.

Pantingly, Ben Mildram said, "By gosh, boy, you certainly can wrassle!"

"I can't throw you," admitted George Morton.

They liked each other. There had never been a moment of malice from the moment they shook hands. Good, sturdy, honest lads was the verdict.

"Let's give 'em three cheers!"

Limply, groggily, brushing the perspiration from the corners of their eyes, George and Ben put on their outer shirts and coats, grinning sardonically at each other, at the repeated warnings that they'd better take a rub-down or they'd get cold.

"I never was sick in my life," said Ben.

"Nor me," said George.

"Let's take a walk," added Morton, "and I'll show you the town and introduce you. You don't come over here often, do you?"

"No; it's too far . . . Say, Morton, you're some boy. Take exercises?"

"Me? No, it's just natural strength. Always was strong."

"You're stronger than I am. You'd 'a' thrown me if I hadn't known more about the game. I've studied and developed myself. . . . Say, Morton ——"

"Call me George if you want to."

"All right; and Ben is good enough for me. George, you and me could team up and do an acrobatic act. Sure we could! Can you do any tricks? You know—I mean stand on your hands, and that way. I can. I can walk on my hands. But the best stuff is strong-man balancing. You've seen them?"

"I know. Sometimes they have a couple of them at the picture house here."

"Sure, George. And know what those fellers get? Big money! Seventy-five and a hundred a week. It's just strength—and of course you've got to practice. I wish we lived near each other. We could try some stunts. Want me to make a bid for you over to Crestview? They're taking on new hands all the time. They want a dry-hand milker right now."

George Morton blushed. "I've got a girl here ——"

"Oho! I see! Well, that's all right. I ain't strong for girls myself. You never know what they're going to spring on you." Ben was older by two years, and wise. He squinted at his companion and asked pointedly, "Nice girl, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, then, try to get me a job over here, George. I'm a good worker and I know machinery. I'm good with a tractor. . . . We can practice nights and Sundays, in private."

The compact was made. George Morton had little trouble in getting a job for his team mate on a neighboring farm. At the beginning of the following month he borrowed his employer's rig and drove to Flagstead for Ben Mildram. He helped him load his effects—including dumb-bells, Indian clubs, pulley exercisers and a gas-pipe trapeze bar—into the back of the buggy. Mr. Mildram had also accumulated a library on acrobatics and kindred subjects. He couldn't even wait to get to East Attica to show George these books. The collection included, How to Be an Acrobat in Thirty Lessons, The Young Risley Worker, or Getting Ahead Under the Big Top, You Can Also Be Strong Like I Am, and sundry copies of the trade journal of the entertainers' world.

Ben Mildram was by unanimous vote the captain of the team. He was the more experienced of the two ambitious youths, and he had the halo of romance around his blond head. He had once been with a circus. He did not lie about it. He admitted frankly to George that he had been with the circus only two weeks, and had attracted no attention from the spectators, who were too busy watching the trained seals to observe a well-built young man pulling the tent stakes just before the after concert. At the end of two weeks Ben's father had caught up with the circus, collared his son and begun his greatest oration, beginning, "Well, you darned young fool ——"

Ben had gone home, but the smell of the sawdust was in his nostrils. He had seen the acrobats on and off. He was strong and limber, and he felt that the Lord did not make young men strong and limber without an eye to theatrical possibilities. But until he met and wrestled with George, he had not seen his chance.

On his side, George Morton had never dreamed of either the circus or the theater. He was not even vain of his strength. He knew he was strong. He was mildly surprised, sometimes, to observe that he could lift weights which balked larger and older men. He was ambitious, but his ambitions lay at home in East Attica. He wanted a farm of his own. He wanted to turn a clean furrow, under the early morning sun, and to drive a pair of deliberate horses, with the harrow rattling behind him, and to see the biggest fodder corn, ready for the silo, springing from that warm zesty earth. Also, George was in love, cleanly, spiritedly, with a young woman who would make all this plowing and harrowing and harvesting worth while. Her name was Penelope —— No, no, I don't mean Penelope! Penelope was the name of Ulysses' wife. This is another Odyssey. This girl's name was Elizabeth—and they called her Betty. She was fair-haired, hazel-eyed keen, capable, and nineteen. Sometimes, on the hot days, she brought lemonade and cookies out into the field for the haymakers, and she distributed the cookies fairly among them—except that she held out two extra ones in the pocket of her gingham dress for George. And as did Nausicaa gaze interestedly upon the stalwart form of Ulysses, briny at the shoulders from his struggle with the sea, thus did Betty Ransome look with approval upon the tanned shoulders of George Morton and note the virile grace with which he threw each big forkful of hay upon the wagon.

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A Photographer Came Over From the Town and Hazarded Twelve Dry Plates Against Morton and Mildram's Money

ELDERLY ATHLETES

REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT A 1925 MODEL!

By William Hemmingway

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

WHEN Walter Camp died, a few weeks ago, the suddenness of his passing drove home some vital questions to a multitude of his followers: Is it safe for us to exercise and play hard, as he urged us to do? Ought busy men of middle age or later in life to go on with the stretchings and twistings he advised us to take every day for our health's sake? Ought we to swim, row, play tennis, squash and golf after we are gray?

Mr. Camp was sixty-six years old, but he looked less than fifty and he had the vivacity of a boy. He was quiet in manner and he never raised his voice; yet he was always a picture of high-hearted youth; you could not talk with him without feeling cheered and refreshed. Although he was the head of a great manufacturing company he was still the boy who never grew up, an able business man in his office, but in his off hours the play-boy, the evangel of exercise, the apostle who preached games and sports to all mankind as the means of physical salvation. And his example and his Daily Dozen have benefited thousands.

Like all questions that affect our welfare, the questions about strenuous play cannot be answered with just yes or no. The program of sane athletic life for every man is not all black and white; there must be lots of shadings and tones of gray in it if we are to get the most fun possible out of life and do our work well—with a fair prospect of lasting long.

A careful review of the known facts in the cases of Walter Camp and the group of other noted athletic men of affairs who have died recently far short of man's allotted time, will satisfy anyone that the simple old rules of common sense will carry us safely along to three score and ten, and even further—if we can only remember to stop play before play stops us! Since boyhood I have been an enthusiastic athlete, riding, rowing, boxing and swimming as industriously as a professional athlete, and now, in late middle age, I'm feeling fit and hearty, enjoying work and play and satisfied that it pays to work hard and play hard—in moderation.

Old Jem Mace's Rule of Life

MODERATION. That's it. How many of us eager Americans understand what that means? The greatest asset in the world, it is the last one we care to use. Indeed, most of us look down on the fellow who is cautious; call him a pussyfooter or a mollycoddle or old-womanish—but somehow he gets the most fun out of life; fun without alloy, except perhaps when he has to take a day off to go to the funeral of some too strenuous sportsman. Perhaps old Jem Mace, the Gypsy, stated the case for moderation as well as anyone. He was champion of the world two generations ago, and, although only a middleweight, met the best and biggest men of England in the ring. Some of them were giants towering a head over him and outweighing him by many pounds, but he treated them all alike—knocked them out under the merciless old rules of the London P. R. Bare knuckles, of course.

Mace gave a boxing exhibition in New York when he was nearly seventy, and startled the crowd and the critics with his speed and skill, to say nothing of his endurance. A reporter asked how it happened that he was still so good.

"Oh," said he, "it's moderation that does it. All my life I've practiced moderation—moderation in everything; moderation in eating, moderation in drinking, moderation even in foighting!" Old Jem lived well on into the eighties, enjoying life to the last.

That wise old counselor, the dictionary, gives the clew to moderation in its first definition of the verb "moderate"—namely: "To reduce the amount or intensity of; lessen; reduce; restrain; specifically, to reduce from a large amount or great degree to a medium quantity or intensity."

Mace reduced the amount of his fighting. The intensity of it he kept up to the highest degree, judging by the way he put away his opponents as fast as they came to him; but he kept his battles far apart, never took on a new one until he had taken ample time to recover from the fatigue of the last, and in the meantime he enjoyed temperately the honors and feastings that came his way as the champion.

It will help us to answer the vital questions at the beginning of this article if we look at the histories of the athletic men of affairs who have recently died all too soon, and estimate as well as we can whether they did or did not follow the rule of moderation; whether or not they reduced the amount or intensity of the strain they put on their machinery at work and at play. No man really knows all the history of another, except a doctor now and then, who has unusually keen insight; yet fortunately for our purpose the men we are considering lived so much in the light of public vision that we can find useful data in what is generally known about them.

Walter Camp's Strenuous Life

TAKE for the first example the beloved Walter Camp. No one could have more friends than he. His story is an open book. Always diligent in his studies, he was a fine athlete by the time he entered Yale, in the late seventies, and at college he added to his fame on the field every time he played. Football was his greatest athletic achievement, but he was brilliant at baseball, tennis—indeed, at whatever sport he tried. A veteran editor was talking of him last week.

"My chum and I were on the side lines a few days after we arrived at New Haven, in 1880," he said, "and we saw a brown-haired fellow no bigger than we were—certainly not above one hundred and fifty pounds or so—going just about wherever he pleased with the ball. He seemed not only to outrun the enemy but to outguess them, to outplan them, to be always driving through where they were not looking for him. Then he had the ball about forty yards from the line, but away off at one side, making an angle impossible to kick from. But he did kick from there, and the ball sailed beautifully between the goal posts at a broad oblique that barely squeezed by without touching. Jim and I didn't cheer. We couldn't. Our chins dropped and we just gasped."

"'Freshmen,' said a big fellow in a blanket, looking down at us, 'that's Walter Camp—the greatest football player in America!'"

But he was more than that. He not only had good football in himself but he was the cause of good football in other men. From that day to the end of his life he was busy improving the game, making it a better sport, eliminating unnecessary hardships and making it a builder rather than a destroyer of men. It was singular to note the unanimity of opinion that he was the father of American football. Not only such men as T. A. D. Jones and Brinckerhoff Thorne, who were close to him, but Fielding Yost and Knute Rockne and other coaches and students of the game in every part of the country agreed on that point.

He represented his college at the first intercollegiate tennis tournament, and he played on the baseball team; played so well that they elected him captain; but he refused the honor because he had just been graduated and was studying medicine, and he didn't believe that graduates should be captains of varsity teams.

After two years in medical school Walter Camp went into business in New York—still practicing and writing about athletic sports. Without neglecting his business he managed to help coach the football teams at New Haven. Soon he went with the New Haven Clock Company, of which he was made treasurer and general manager in 1902, and a year later became president. After several years he relinquished the position and became chairman of the board—and kept on working about as hard as ever for the company. By his own efforts he accumulated a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. That represents the burning up of a great deal of energy.

During the war he acted as physical director for the Air Service, aided the Navy in the physical training of its men, and worked out the details of Camp's Daily Dozen, a manual of exercises devised for men and women from the cradle to the armchair. No apparatus is used but our own arms, legs and trunk; but the twists and stretchings seem to do more to keep the lungs and heart and all the rest of the interior mechanism in fine running order than anything else thus far made known to the public.

Camp put the famous dollar-a-year men through the daily dozen, and thereby probably did more to refresh and strengthen the energies of the war executives at Washington than any other agency in the field. He put separate classes of these men through the drill time and again during the day, and he was never too tired to take on one class more. He spent his force in the defense of his country with prodigal liberality. Incidentally, it is worth recording here that he was so convinced of the value of the daily dozen in promoting and preserving the health of busy men that he published the rules for the exercise in a periodical and then in booklet form, to be sold for a dime. Then he turned it over to a talking-machine company, accepting only a nominal royalty, so that the price to the public could be kept down and so the idea might get the widest possible circulation. He was always the builder and helper of men.

After the war Camp returned to his business position, continued to write about athletics, to play golf and tennis, to do his daily dozen, to advise in football—in short, to work and play as if he were a fellow of twenty-five instead of a gray man well on in the sixties. It is pathetic now to note among the titles of the latest of the twenty books to his credit these two: Athletes All and Handbook of Health. The sad fact is that after we pass thirty-five we are not athletes all, and if we try to act like athletes all we must pay the price of exhaustion. In Camp's case the rule worked out without mercy or exception even for one who had done so much for all men. He visited New York in March, to take part in revising the rules of football for the coming season, a job in which he was the leader for a generation. He worked with the Rules Committee from 9:30 in the morning until midnight, and when he told his old friends good night he was as gay and brisk as they had ever seen him.

He did not come around for the next morning session at half-past nine, and after an hour or so Bill Roper went to his hotel to joke him about oversleeping. He found him dead in bed. His heart had stopped without awaking him.

Percy Haughton's Career

PERCY HAUGHTON, of Harvard, second only to Walter Camp in national fame as a winning player and coach, died last fall at Columbia University, where he had worked wonders with a team which had been helpless for years. Before that he had devoted four years to pulling the Harvard football men out of a slump that had lasted for years before his knowledge and experience of the game, his wisdom in battle tactics and his magnetic personality that won everybody with whom he had come in contact, raised the Crimson team to heights they had not dared to hope for. Haughton was sixteen years younger than Camp, a hard hitter with golf club or squash racket, a man whose force was instantly felt in every game he entered.

For years he had been a member of a large banking house in Boston which had an important office in New York. While coaching at Cambridge he was busy as ever at his desk in the banking house—no easy task for any man—and then he motored to the field and spent himself in coaching the team day after day. Either of these jobs is full man's size for the strongest. He did both, and kept up the strain for many weeks, besides playing squash nearly every day, with a few games of golf now and then.

When he undertook the task of reviving Columbia's jaded team last fall, he transferred his banking activities to New York and did a full stint at his desk five days a week, coaching every afternoon.

Here, too, he managed to make time for an occasional game of squash and an afternoon at golf. Under his inspiration the Columbia football team awoke.

They opened the season with a rush that carried them far. They beat ancient rivals who had been playing horse with them for years, and they were getting ready for the swift Cornell team on the following Saturday. Only a coach who has worked under those conditions knows the amount of vital force that is burned out by the one man to whom players, alumni, undergraduates and public look for victory.

On the last Sunday in October Mr. Haughton motored down to Long Island and put in a full day at golf, playing

thirty-six holes with a famous old Columbia rowing man, football player and polo player. That was no moderate task, though to Haughton it was all exhilarating play. He motored back to town, went to his banking house and worked faithfully Monday, and in the afternoon hurried to the gridiron to meet his men. After coaching and dashing up and down the field a while he felt tired and dizzy. Dr. Paul Withington, his assistant coach, saw how pale and drawn he looked and, after earnest pleading, persuaded him to lie down on a couch in the dressing room.

Haughton took the incident as a joke; inquired whether they weren't trying to put something over on him. Doctor Withington succeeded in getting his consent to be taken to a hospital, and there after a few hours he gasped and was gone. The overtaxed heart had failed.

Only a few years earlier Tom Shevlin, one of Yale's supermen, went in the same way. He was one of the ablest performers in many years. Six feet tall, strong and aggressive as a champion pugilist—he had kept Jim Corbett busy through four hot rounds—swift of foot, with keen eye and quick coordination that never missed a chance, Tom Shevlin was a perpetual terror to the enemy on the gridiron. Perhaps the best summary of his play came from an old football player who became reminiscent when I spoke to him about this article.

"Shevlin," he said, "was, I suppose, one of the greatest players that ever came on the field. No one ever got around his end. Why, you know, Jim So-and-So was famous for years as the man who almost got by before Shevlin nailed him. Even getting that far put him in the temple of fame."

After graduation Shevlin plunged into business with the same vim he had displayed in his play. His father was a Western lumber king, and Tom made good from the beginning in that industry. He married. He worked so faithfully that he had barely time to see the most important game of the year.

Yale fell into a slump. Neither Tad Jones nor any of the other good advisers and true could boost the boys out of the slough of despond. Oh, yes, they had the old speed and the strength and the ginger, pep, never-say-die, and as fine a sense of strategy as ever led to victory; but somehow the enemy ran rings around them or plunged through holes in the line where no holes ought to be. It was disheartening. The team was withering by the minute—no; withered.

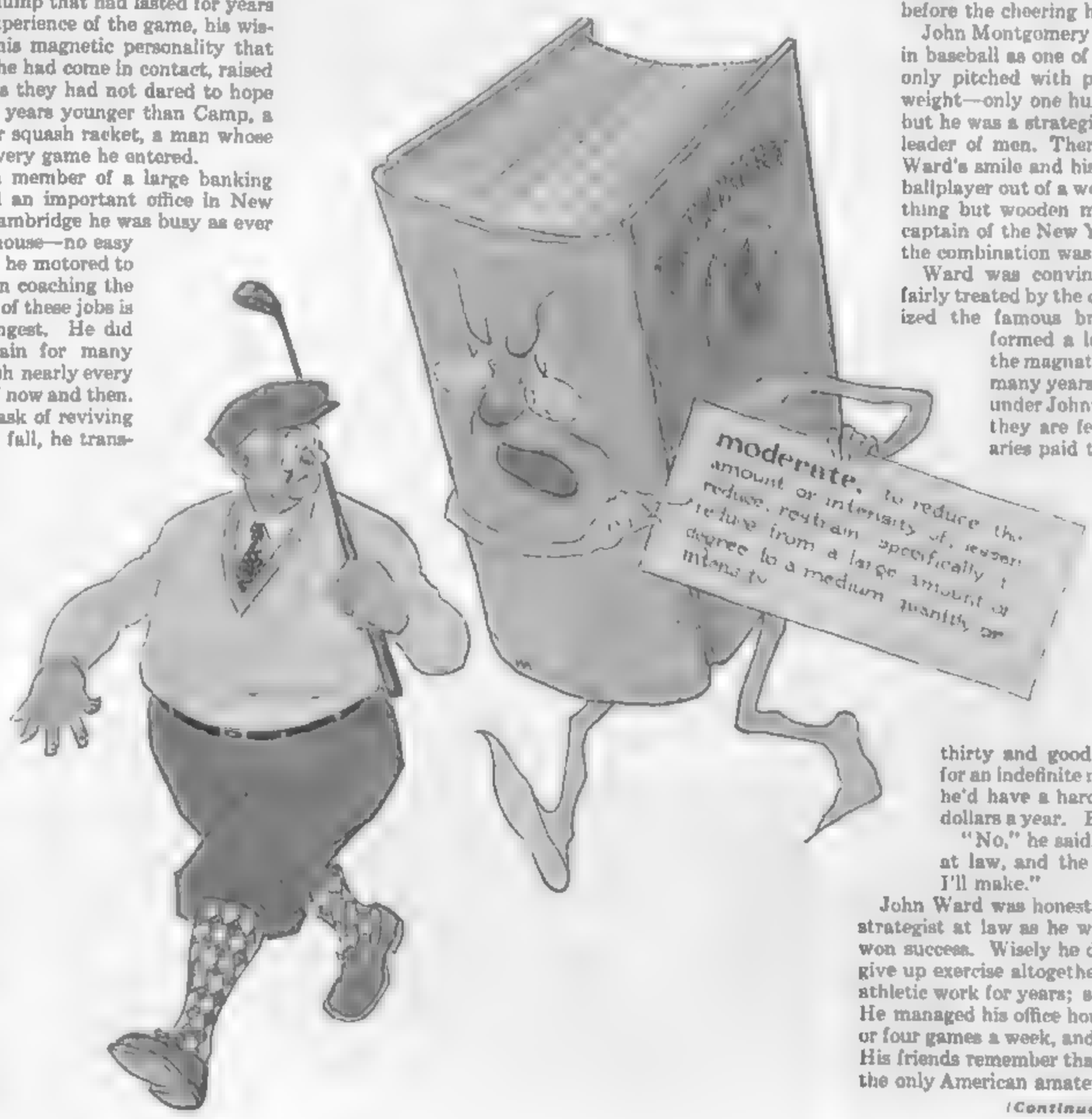
A cry went up for Tom Shevlin. But, he protested, he was immersed in business, and the business could not get along without him. Really, they must get someone else. They told him that either he'd come to New Haven and coach or he'd see the team licked worse than ever. There was only one answer to that argument, and Shevlin dropped everything, said good-by to wife and tiny infant, and hurried East. The way he set fire to that gloomy eleven is still a classic at New Haven. No one can tell you whether it was his cutting criticism or his heartening grin or the new strategy he inspired; but whatever it was that he gave them, the team played like a new magical machine from the moment he joined the outfit. They romped through the rest of the season, winning as they pleased from fellows who only a few days earlier had their number and weren't going to do a thing to them. And didn't.

John Ward's Decision

TOM SHEVLIN had no time to waste on congratulations and rejoicings. He hurried home to his family and his work, caught a pneumonia germ somewhere, had no resisting power left in his giant frame, and was gone before the cheering had died away.

John Montgomery Ward will always be remembered in baseball as one of the outstanding heroes. He not only pitched with power rarely seen in men of his weight—only one hundred and fifty pounds or less—but he was a strategist without a superior, and a born leader of men. There was something about Johnny Ward's smile and his quiet speech that would make a ballplayer out of a wooden man. And they were anything but wooden men when he was shortstop and captain of the New York Giants a generation ago; so the combination was at the top of the heap.

Ward was convinced that the players were not fairly treated by the club owners; so he quietly organized the famous brotherhood of baseball players, formed a league and made a fight against the magnates. The brotherhood did not last many years, but the good results of its efforts under Johnny Ward's leadership did last, and they are felt to this day in the higher salaries paid to the players.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degree to a medium quantity or
means to

While he was captain and shortstop of the Giants, Ward was working like a Trojan as a student in the law school of Columbia University—a job big enough for any one man. He got his diploma, took his bar examination and was admitted—and dropped baseball cold. His friends remonstrated. They argued that he was at the zenith of his fame and his ability as a player, not much past thirty and good for ten thousand dollars a year for an indefinite number of years, while as a lawyer he'd have a hard time to gather three thousand dollars a year. But he had made up his mind.

"No," he said. "I'm going to make my living at law, and the sooner I start the better living I'll make."

John Ward was honest, he was able; he was as good a strategist at law as he was on the diamond, and he soon won success. Wisely he decided that it would be folly to give up exercise altogether after doing so much strenuous athletic work for years; so he took to golf at Garden City. He managed his office hours so that he could get in three or four games a week, and he soon became a crack player. His friends remember that he has beaten Walter J. Travis, the only American amateur champion that ever went over

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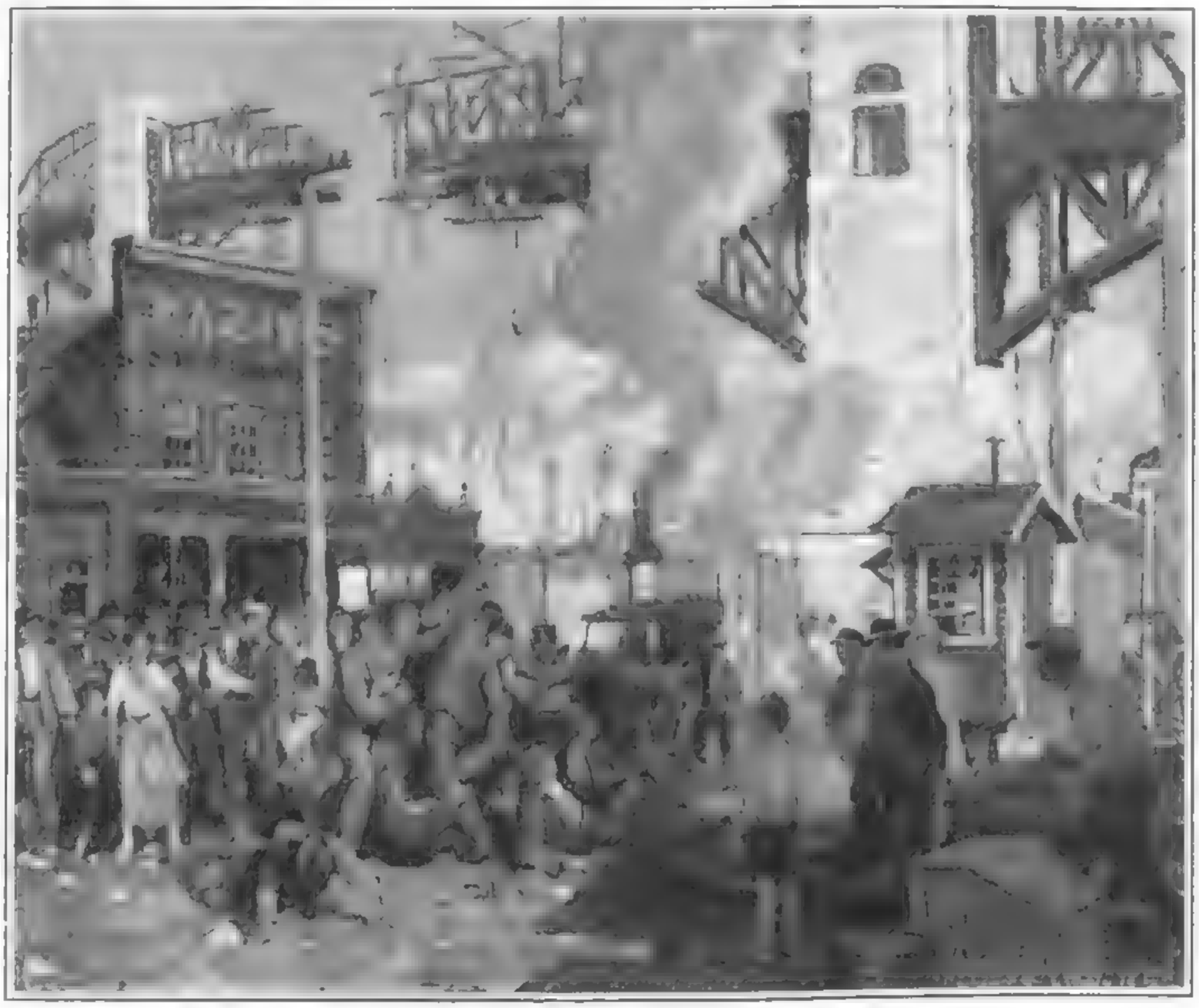
AIR HOSE

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



Mr. Kamp, Taking the Street in Three Jumps, Scored a Perfect Bull's-Eye With His First Left Uppercut

YOU'D naturally think of it as strong, inch-diameter, flexible tubing for the transmission of power in the form of compressed air. But it isn't. Air hose, at least as it gives this record a title, is a disease—an occupational disease. All riveting gentlemen have it, suffering tortures. Marked hallucination is its chief disorder—a fixed, unshakable delusion that there never was, is not now, nor ever shall be world without end, amen, enough rubber on the job.

It's a disease. And any erection company that tries to cure it by administering sufficient air hose to silence that bawl is shaking hands with the sheriff right then and there.

"Bill," said Banty Raff to his young erection chief on a day in the spring of the year that saw the great Marchborough Bridge brought to completion, "how in the billyblue blazes do you expect I'm gonna keep my rivet gangs ridin' the steel raisers' backs if I ain't got any air hose?"

Young Bill, the erection chief, resorted to the ancient device of answering one question by asking another.

"Banty," Bill wanted to know, "how in the billyblue blazes can a man no bigger than you contain such a vast tonnage of tripe? You go hunt yourself up an old piece of five-eighths cable and tie that cow's husband off of this bridge job some place. Why dog-gone you, Banty, I've bought enough hose on this job to take air to the moon, and I sure am getting fed up on that old song and dance. Can it, my boy! My Uncle Jake and his wife Hephzibah! Blondy Kamp's broken the driving record for three months running now, and he doesn't come a-weeping to me every fifteen minutes with tears in his eyes the size of horse chestnuts for more air hose!"

Now this last word was one of those most unkindest cuts of all that Master William Shakspere speaks about some place in one of his best sellers. For Blondy Kamp was the other rivet foreman. Young Boss Bill, be it known, as one of his first acts of authority on coming to the Marchborough job, had split his rivet force into two units. Banty Raff drove the vehicular and pedestrian floor and everything above that level with his gangs; while Blondy's crews took care of the heavier work below, the floor that was to carry rapid transit and all else under Banty's realm. Thus Boss Bill injected into his organization the incalculable benefit of rivalry. And for either foreman to hear any phase of his work compared unfavorably with that of the other was pure poison.

"He doesn't come a-weepin' for hose, eh?" snorted Banty Raff in towering contempt. "I should hope to Pete he wouldn't! That corn-tassel-haired son of a Finn ship carpenter has more'n half o' mine. He's lifted every length I ever took my eye off twenty seconds."

Salt tears for a brother human in distress stole into the boss' eye.

"Now isn't that just too dinged bad?" he said, all condolence. "But it wouldn't do much good then, I suppose, if I did buy you a couple hundred feet. Blondy would likely have it before it got unloaded off the barge. Which being the case, good morning to you, Mr. Raff, as I got work to do."

"If he got it," Mr. Raff declared, starting a dizzy climb aloft, "it'd be that flax-head's final job of pirating!" He poised on a narrow lateral, leaning out a little bit against a stiff wind that blew. "Three fifty-foot coils is what I got to have," he shouted down. "Then you an' me can both go to work! Good morning, boss!"

Not many minutes later, the young chief, continuing his rounds, fell afoul of the other rivet foreman; an individual blonder than any chorus lady, but consisting almost exclusively of man. There seemed to be no more than, say, a hundred and eighty pounds of him; but a strange rumor persisted on the job to the effect that his fighting weight approximated two and a quarter tons.

A contrast, these two rival foremen. If Banty Raff, as his nickname seemed to intimate, was a fighting cock, then, in justice to Blondy Kamp he should be pictured as the only living thing as game—a pit dog. He loved fighting as the pit dog loves it—for the mere fighting's sake; that any man could see in one good look at him. But he differed from the pit dog—and from the bantam rooster too—in this: That he could take it or leave it alone; that he enjoyed holding himself in check, fighting himself; which, after all, makes the best fighting to be had in all this world. Better to liken Blondy to some bigger, knightlier dog; an Irish wolfhound, say, that seldom fights, but when he does ——

A splendid two, these rival rivet foremen; worthy to work on that high-soaring mighty fabric to which they daily gave the best they had. One dark and small, wiry and tough, lightning-fast, reckless of odds. The other fair, wide-framed, tall; but put together with such symmetry that you were not struck with his height or shoulder span or chest arch until you noticed at his side some fellow known as big, but inharmoniously molded, with bulk brought out, as often is the case, by disproportions. Kamp's hair was almost white, blond white; not so with years, for he was young; and his brows and lashes, corn-silk silver on a face ruddied dark by wind and rain and sun, framed blue-white eyes—eyes as pause giving as the bristle-ringed dark ones of the great pagan-Irish hound whose self-leashed quiet power so reminded one of Kamp.

"Bill," Blondy affably greeted his superior, "how in the name of all that's fat and feeble do you expect me ever to finish tacking this steel together with a crazy city rivet inspector making me cut out and redrive 25 per cent of what my best gangs do?"

Boss Bill smiled brightly.

"It is indeed, Blondy," he said—"it is, indeed, a pleasant morning, now that you call my attention to it. And may I ask, have you ever told those murderers of yours to try out the scheme of drivin' them right in the first place? You ought to know by this time that you can't put any calked rivets over on this new inspector. That boy can do more with a testing hammer than a monkey can do with a peanut."

Haughty derision marked Mr. Kamp's reply.

"Drive 'em right, did I hear you say? With the air we got? Say, boss, with the air we carry, the rivets is stone cold before we get a button fairly started on 'em. Only way we could get the holes filled up tight with metal'd be to have the heater send 'em up soft enough to pour 'em in. Want to know why we got poor air?"

"Yes, yes! Yes, yes!" cried Boss Bill eagerly. "Go on! Go on!"

"We don't dare carry decent pressure," exploded Blondy. "The minute we got enough air out at the guns to drive a darning needle in a sponge cake, a piece of air hose blows! I'm tellin' you right, Bill. I've dragged every foot of hose I got a thousand miles, and it was ready to be pensioned when Tarheel Smull got through with it at Weehawken seven years ago. It's wore down thin as tissue paper; and while it might be wonderful for sprinklin' posy beds, it surely is a frost for drivin' rivets. What's more, I ain't got half enough even as it is. I'll have to be layin' off a couple gangs next time a piece blows out, an' ——"

"Whoah!" shouted Bill the boss. "Hold everything! If you don't want me to walk out on you, put on another record. Tell me the worst, Blondy; did you have something down on that rosin smeller that Socker McGoon smacked down over at Callihan's fight dump last night, or does this salt air take the wave out of your bonny fair hair? What is this grouch that you are now taking out on air hose?"

"Grouch my neck!" blurted Blondy. "You'd think a company as big as Ironville Steel would be willing to buy a couple hundred feet of air hose to see this bridge get done some day."

"Well," admitted the boss, "you certainly peddle a wonderful line. I got to hand you that." Bill's tone was one of open admiration. "Danged if I don't believe you'd 'a' had me buyin' you air hose long before this if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Blondy, swallowing the rod and all.

"It's the fact that Banty Raff never comes bellerin' to me with tears in his eyes as big as Brussels sprouts for air hose. If he can break a record every month with the hose he's got, why can't you? He used to be one of your rivet boys. You taught him all he knows."

Potassium cyanide! Blondy's ruddy face grew redder. One shade hotter and this narrative would have ended right here with a record of spontaneous combustion. But a burst of verbal fireworks that would bring one great "Ah!"

of appreciation from the audience could they but be repeated here cooled Blondy off. He ended with a miserable anticlimax, like the coming down of a skyrocket's spent unlovely stick.

" — and the thanks I get from that little half-baked runt," he concluded tamely, "is that he steals every piece of hose I don't set guard on with a maul handle. If he isn't yelling for hose, it's because he's got half of mine. And he'd better carry a first-aid kit right with him the next time he plans any of his porch climbin' around this job!"

Bill put a fellow man's compassionate hand on one of Kamp's wide shoulders.

"Stop it! Stop it, Blondy!" he begged. "You'll have me bust out cryin' in half a minute. But tell me now, if you can't keep what little hose you got, what good would it do you if I did order you some more? Ten to one Raffy would have it hooked onto a reamer before you even knew it was shipped from Ironville!"

"He'd play a harp!" snapped Blondy. "He'll be tryin' on a white robe and a halo ten seconds after he tries to lift the next length of air hose off the railroad floor of this man's bridge!"

Blondy took hold of a hand line and swung himself out into space. His voice came up from a hanging scaffold below the railway floor where, swinging above a hundred feet of the thinnest air and forty feet of the wettest water up to that time discovered, one of his gangs was driving up a bottom chord.

"I need about four coils, Bill. Good morning!"

"You will get four coils of new air hose on the day that you receive them. Until then, Mizpah, Mr. Kamp."

So Messrs. Kamp and Raff continued for a time the struggle for their daily bread under the handicap of being beyond question the most air-hoseless pair of rivet foremen in bridge history. Later that day, however, a conversation that took place in the field office would have raised hope in their breasts that at last their long-sustained and piteous air-hose wailings had worn their young boss down.

"Andy," said Bill to a young man who not long since had mastered three branches of higher mathematics at Valley Tech, queen of the engineering institutes, and was now putting that mastery proudly to the test by counting the rivets each day driven on the world's biggest cantilever job—"Andy, how's the air hose holding out?"

"Not so good, boss. One of Blondy's gangs really lost about ten rivets today because they didn't have extra hose to send a reamer ahead to true up some bad holes in their next point. Really could put a few hundred feet of new hose to work."

"H'm!" said Boss Bill. "And how's the count lookin' so far this month?"

"Just like mother's chocolate layer cake, chief," stated Andy, that young man being now well launched into his first boarding-house year, "and that's the most elegant thing for looks there is. Why, boss, you got that pair of cutthroats in such a frame of mind they can't walk past each other without their neck feathers raisin'. Result—both of them's going to go past last month's count by the twenty-sixth of this, if they can just hold the pace."

Young Boss Bill beamed at Andy.

"Them's fair words, Nell," he said, "as far as they go. But in this world one must ever strive for better and still better things; especially with the home office ever kicking one in the southern exposure. Do you think a few hundred feet of new air hose dangled as bait would help these riveting folks to hold the pace, or to even increase it? In other words, would a couple hundred dollars' worth of pretty rubber pipe with a seventy-five twenty-five split to winner and loser of this month's driving bring in, say, a thousand dollars' worth of extra rivets over what I'd get without such a prize?"

Unstinted admiration beamed in the rivet counter's grin.

"This guy is crazy like the fellow that invented interest," said that young man cryptically. Then, "Say, chief, either one of that pair of thugs would garrote his grandma for a foot of new air hose, 'specially to keep the other fellow from getting it. You let me spread that proposition while I'm climbing around among the gangs tomorrow morning, and by noon they'll be able to hear the roar of our rivet guns back in that dear Ironville, Pa."

So it came about that the record for rivets driven on the Marchborough Bridge—or on any other bridge, for that matter—was absolutely annihilated that month, the bridge-and-building department of the Ironville Steel Company having made, through its zealous field executive, Shylock Bill, a not disadvantageous trade. For an investment of a hundred or two in air hose it got a good thousand dollars' worth of extra rivets driven, Blondy Kamp winning out over his former understudy by a scant two rivets average per day per gang

"The big blond lump of cheese!" remarked Mr. Raff to the rivet counter, all unabashed by defeat. "He went and drove a lot of soft pickings the last three days of the month. Now he's got a bunch of hard points he must drive where a gang will be lucky to get a hundred and ten a day. I took mine as they come, without wasting the company's money shiftin' scaffolds all over Sal's back yard to get at the easy drivin'. I'll bet you my cost per rivet beat his, at that. And for that I get a twenty-five split on the new hose!"

A shrewd battle fire gleamed in Mr. Raff's game-rooster eye.

"Any whang-blasted time I will!" he added. Then as though he had said too much and wished to direct his hearer's mind to another channel, he lowered his voice and proposed a conspiracy. "Say, Andy, when you've finished the count, you'll see that my outfit was knockin' 'em dead today. How about putting about two hundred and fifty of today's drivin' in bank for me? You know; don't report 'em. Save 'em, and add 'em on at the close of the month. I don't want to give that big peroxide too good a mark to shoot at this early."

The young master of calculus, analytical mechanics and rivet counting promised to do this, considering the proposition an eminently fair one, inasmuch as Mr. Kamp had made of him a similar request that same day; and Mr. Raff, much elated at his own craftiness, started on his morning visit to the office, it then being ten o'clock. At ten o'clock in the morning the mail from the home plant always arrived.

Down in the field office Mr. Raff made pretense of intense technical study by shuffling blue prints about in their files, meanwhile keeping his eye on the desk of the material clerk until such time as the day's invoice sheets should be placed thereon. Immediately this was done, he strolled over for a social chat with the man at this desk, meantime casting a keen eye over the blue-printed sheets almost under his hand. And this morning his daily scrutiny of them was rewarded. There it was, right on the topmost sheet: "Air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 ft."

"Duck soup!" Thus Henry Raff, Esq., darkly, to himself.

Then Henry Raff, Esq., made a rapid calculation. Already shipped. Not later than the coming Wednesday, then; and on a barge that would, according to the invoice sheet, bring in along with much other steel, ten panel posts, huge members of the bridge; a load easily to be recognized half a mile from aloft as it would come plowing up through the swirling currents of Tide River.

Not later than the coming Wednesday, then. Right, Mr. Raff. Check, absolutely. Check by a certain Mr. Kamp. For Mr. Raff has scarcely left the field office when Mr. Kamp calls, in re the matter of certain kegs of bolts badly needed by his fitting-up gang.

"Puffy," inquires Mr. Kamp, "them bolts shipped yet? We're sure runnin' shy. Where's today's invoices?"

Mr. Kamp looked them over.

"No sign of 'em," growled he gloomily; yet there was no sunshine in his soul. Such an item as "fitting-up bolts, ⅞ by 5½ inches, three kegs," could have appeared on an invoice and not caused him an extra heartbeat. But a mighty elation made his expression of gloom a most difficult matter to maintain when he spied the lovely item that he really sought: "Air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 ft."

"Ha! Toad pie!"

Thus, *sotto voce*, Mr. Kamp; only the lack of the requisite blond pubescence preventing him from muttering these dire words in his beard. Then Mr. Kamp also made calculation. Wednesday at the latest. Ten panel posts listed on the same invoice. From the bridge, a man could spot that load half a mile downstream. H. Raff, Esq., now is checked, as you see in all particulars.

At ten on Wednesday, then, as sure as shooting, two pairs of watching sharp eyes spy, a good half mile downstream, a valiant diminutive tug butting a huge barge belligerently through the thick water traffic of Tide River. Up against the swift flow it came a-plowing, so urgent the need for steel that the big bridge could not wait the change in tide. A black battle plume flaunting from a stack half as big as the tug itself dared the world to dispute the right of way. A bone in the barge's blunt teeth, and on deck, amidships, in huge array, ten massive panel posts. One side there, you, with the long slim lines, and the gold-and-white hull! Can't you see I'm building a bridge—lugging panel posts and diagonal braces and eyebars and buckle plates—not to mention air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 feet?

Mr. Raff, all innocence, strolling casually toward the tower pier, down alongside which ran a flight of steps to the ground, overtook Mr. Kamp, all guilelessness, sauntering unhurriedly in the same direction.

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Yet Not All Brute Strength and Profanity, Wild Hog Sam. Finesse to That Drilling of His, Art

A FRIEND FUR APPLE BUTTER

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IN GENERAL color and shape, Enoch Phar resembled a pecan nut. His ruddy hair flowed smooth and sleek without a part from its whorl; some of its color seemed to have kept on flowing under his skin and so to have tinged his oblong face an even tan-pink. And he was almost as silent as a pecan. However, Enoch did not look as though he had dropped from a tree; rather, he gave the impression of just having popped out of his hole and of being mildly surprised at what he saw. This may have been due to his red-brown eyes, which were slightly wider than the ordinary and seemed to blink less often.

So it is probable that Enoch was not surprised at all that August morning when he looked up from the copper kettle of apple butter which he was stirring in the Phar side yard and beheld a blue flame streaking down the green slope of an adjoining pasture.

He kept on with the slow rhythmical paddling, though his eyes rested steadily upon the flame as it evolved into hisneighbor, Miss Christina Hottenstein, blue-sunbonneted, blue-ginghamed.

Miss Hottenstein clicked the Phar gate like the snap of decisive teeth and stood upon the other side of the kettle. Her slender bosom was rising and falling swiftly, more swiftly than seemed warranted by her hurried descent from the house upon the top of the slope. She pushed back her sunbonnet with a single strong movement; crisp wavelets flecked up from the backward rush of her dark hair. Her arms racked as though the end of all things were come as her blue glance rapiered from the bubbling apple butter to Enoch. He sat hunched upon his three-legged stool, his wide eyes pleasuring upon her.

"You're makin' apple butter!" It was as though she had said, "You've killed me!"

"Well, yes," conceded Enoch; and added, "I'm a friend always fur apple butter."

"A friend fur—!" It was as though she had said, "Stamp on my dead body then!" She swallowed hardly and went on: "See here once! Let that stuff! Git your pop fur to stir it. I got someping particular to say to youse."

Enoch shook his head.

"He's sermoning—onto the fourth of Peter."

"And nobody fur to preach it at."

Desolation enveloped her. She stared at the peeling toadstool of a house as though poison emanated from it. "He might git him a pulpit till a while yet," defended Enoch.

"Well, Yes," Conceded Enoch; and Added, "I'm a Friend Always fur Apple Butter"

As though summoned by their speech of him, in the door, folding papers into an antique clerical coat, appeared a presentment of Enoch as he would be forty years hence. Smaller than Enoch would be, more frail doubtless; but smooth still, and remarkably unfaded considering the sixty summers and winters which had passed him by. They had passed him by! But he still smiled at them with wide pleasant eyes.

He smiled at the girl with wide pleasant eyes and came forward. His gentle touch seemed to draw the fire from her; she looked at him with alternations of dread and affection. She made but one remark: "You and Enoch make just alike in your looks." The older Phar laughed delightedly. They left him seated upon the stool, stirring the apple butter.

Enoch hesitated at the gate. He lifted his eyes to the summit of the slope and scanned the large house and its sizable outbuildings, which erupted from the pasture like a colony of healthy mushrooms.

"Your pop ain't givin' me dare fur to come insides no more," he said apprehensively.

"He's went on Yingstown," said the girl wearily. "Anyway, we'll set in the crick."

She was tall and more than ordinarily straight; but now her shoulders drooped as she led the way across the lower edge of the pasture, on under acres of heavily fruiting apple trees.

"I wisht if our apples would hang their time out like these here ones," Enoch remarked. "Mom could git more expensive fur her apple butter mebbe." He twisted an apple from its limb. "This russet, now, ain't droppin' till it's two months or some such."

"Your apples ain't no good because your land ain't," stated the girl. "That's fur why pop got off them twenty acres onto your pop. But your pop ain't seein' it."

"Yes, well," agreed Enoch.

"I don't know as I kin fault pop so much fur it neither," went on the girl a little wildly. "He hates land where don't make, and he hates folks where don't make. He hates folks where ain't seeing into nothing."

Her eyes were smoldering again, and they were smoldering upon Enoch.

"Yes, well," said Enoch; and after a moment, "Was that the whatever you fetched me out fur to hear?"

They were standing upon the edge of a dry creek now. It was as though the gash in the earth had been traced by the finger of Providence, dividing good from evil; upon the one side, fruitfulness, abundance; upon the other, blight. The girl pointed at a waste of gnomelike apple trees writhing out of meager soil; their fruit small and unhealthy.

"Do you know fur why we kin set always into this here crick and not have pop canoovverin' around? It's because he hates the sight of them five acres where ain't no good. Even your pop wouldn't buy them off him."

"You Can't Git No Water Here," Flustered Hattenstein. "Ain't You Seeing That Hole Where I Tried It A'ready?"

"I know all that a'ready," said Enoch.

"And I'm his daughter oncet," said Christina Hottenstein.

A realization, a dread of that which was to come shook Enoch's eyelids even wider open as he followed her down the steps which the two of them had cut in the disintegrating sandstone so many years before. Playfully cut! So many years before! They sat down in the depression which they had hollowed in the side of the bank. Playfully hollowed—when they were children, almost!

For a space they did not speak. Enoch sat with his eyes upon the girl. She poked one pebble after another out of the crumbling bank. When she left off and turned toward him, he hurriedly forestalled her:

"I know good enough I got put off my job at the groc'ry. But it ain't plain on the surface why it happened me that way. I was just settin' and thinkin' it out why he ——"

"Just settin' and thinkin'! Just like usual."

"That's better than settin' and not thinkin', ain't?" countered Enoch. "And I had it just about thoughtened out how he could git more trade off this here front end of the county."

"Always thinkin' someping ahead, and leavin' everything go from under your hand! Look how you lost your job off the garage!"

"But it ain't right," protested Enoch, "fur to have the gasoline into a tin barrel at the back of the autos. They git busted into, and in accidents they git afire still. And I was just thinkin' it out how they ——"

"Youse was thinkin' whiles you up and put water into Deacon Weismuller in the place of gasoline and made him late fur his own grampop's funeral. He ain't ketchin' up till the old man was gittin' down into his own grave a'ready. And then here ag'in when you was scooping grain into the box car, Kilmke is making a laugh on you yet fur a-standin' a-gapin' and histin' up and up with your shovel and not nothing into it."

Enoch slowly deepened to the shade of his hair.

"I guess I did make a joke fur them mebbe. But it come ower me how if it was a chain with such buckets at a scrapin' into the oats, it would save that slow chore with the shovels. So I guess I just kept uphistin' with my shovel, a-follerin' my thoughts with the chain. But I believe yet I was thinkin' out a good hint there."

"Och, thinkin'!" She twisted from him. "Don't sling that word at me no more! What has it ever fetched you? What's it fetchin' you now? A-fetchin' another job off you. I guess youse was thinkin' when you give Lizzie Versteegh soap in the place of can' milk fur her twins, and I guess youse was thinkin' when you cut into the red silk fur Effie Yancy in the place of the red calico."

"But them things made so small against what I was thinkin' out fur him," protested Enoch miserably. "And

that there silk now. Silk wasn't anyway familiar with me Mom she never had no silk by her. And so far forth as the twins goes, I guess no two twins was ever borned where was more needful fur soap than what the Versteeghs' is."

"No, your mom never had no silk by her," ruminated the girl desolately. "Your pop could start onto the fourth of Peter, mebbe; but he would land up onto the fur end of Paul. Yes, that's thinkin' fur you! But me, I'm going to have silk!"

Her voice rang high; color flew upon her cheek bones. He evaded the challenge.

"Youse would go good with silk—red silk."

She had not looked at him since they had descended into the creek bed. She did not look at him now. The color in her face drained into her throat, was gone, as her voice sank to breathless monotone:

"You know what I said—if you got put off the groc'ry. Well, I ain't forgot."

It was out. A pebble fell from the bank above and rattled down between them. They both regarded it. She moved a little. She spoke more easily now, lifting her eyes to the tops of the ineffective apple trees. "I knowed it when I ketched sight of you stirrin' the butter. And if there was anything else—if you wouldn't have tried every job in Yinga County all—but you have. It ain't nothing left but stirring apple butter fur your mom."

"Yes, well. Anyways, I ain't ever sat youse to marry with me."

It was not impertinence; it was not defense; it was mere statement. The girl beside him looked at him wonderingly.

"And fur why would youse be astin' me?" she demanded. "That would have been, now, too dopplig. When we was always meant"—she caught back her lip—"when we was always growing up into some such notion."

The muscles of her throat tightened; her eyes drew hard against the sudden liquid which washed them.

"What I mean," said Enoch gently, "ain't nobody will have dare to put shame on you fur breakin' your word, fur you ain't ever passed me no word."

She jumped up then, twisting the flash of tears from him. Immediately she crumpled down; beseeching fear straightened her lips; between them she ruled off hurried words:

"Pop's up there with that Sam Kreistelmeier. Git back! Make under with your feet. Make quick! He's on the top of us."

Mr. Hottenstein's voice rumbled down, even before he himself paused upon the bank above them; and the rumbling connoted approaching thunder:

"A road, heh? A road oncet? A road the state would be taxin' onto me! A road at them five acres where ain't ever fetched me nothing but taxes! I will see oncet if this state will tax me yet a road!"

"Och, you talk dumb!" The voice of his neighbor Samuel Kreistelmeier cracked in impatience. "Such a hindsightedness I ain't ever seeing since I am born a'ready! Just because you have got five shif'less acres, then fur that you would leave the other end of the county git this here road. Elewen dollars a hunert feet—what does that make against our gittin' our farms a-runnin' past a state road? Look oncet at the whole pig; don't go figurin' just onto its tails still!"

"Pigs or no pigs, I ain't payin' out fur no road a-stretchin' at them simple acres. At my good land, yes, that I would pull fur; but —— Hey, looky here, Kreistelmeier! Now I make you a proposition: If elewen dollars a hunert feet don't make nothin' to you, then buy this here five acres off me. Fifty dollars youse kin give me fur them—fur all five of the acres, mind—and right aways I will begin pullin' busy for that road."

"A dummy he thinks me then!" Kreistelmeier disposed of the suggestion with scornful expectoration. "But I put it now plain. In five months—or either six, now they are so scarce from workers—they will be making finish with the roads in Buthouse County; and then they will be coming into Yings. And if you are using your influences fur to shunt the road other which ways, then this I give you: Youse kin be looking a little out till it comes election time in this here district. Youse won't be having your influences by you fur long if you ain't usin' them fur the good of the voters, now that you kin ——"

"Hey! What fur feet was them there?" Gravel rained as Mr. Hottenstein crashed down the bank. Lightnings flashed from his stormy eyes. Thunder rolled: "Heh! What do you mean by somepun like this now? Ain't I told you to stop snuggin' after my girl? Heh? What do you mean by disobeying to me?"

Mr. Hottenstein possessed a mustache which furled upward and outward in moments of combat. Now it presented to Enoch's pallid stare a solid front of inflexible bristles. The pink drained from the boy's face, leaving it

Uprose Above the Stir and Pour the Solemn Sounds Incident to Mastication

an even tan, as he shriveled to his feet. The girl was trembling, but she was curiously like her father as she stood, flaring red, chin upthrust, hands clenched.

"He ain't follerin' me. I fetched him. Youse can't fault him fur it."

Speech tangled in the outraged bristles. Mr. Hottenstein took a step toward his daughter. Enoch edged as though by accident between them. He looked at Kreistelmeier with wide searching eyes

"Them roads now. Was you saying where they was scarce of workers? I guess I go into Buthouse then fur to git me a job. I give you good-by, then, Tina."

He turned and began plodding from them down the gravelly creek bed.

"Enoch! Not road working! With such furriners!"

Harsh laughter grated off her faltering speech.

"A road worker! Now you see who you was runnin' after! A road worker! Hey! Now see here ag'in! When you go losin' your job off them, don't you go comin' onto my premises fur to set no more. Do youse hear me?"

Enoch turned and looked slowly at them all. Last of all he looked at the girl.

"Yes, well. I ain't fur comin'."

He crunched from them. They all stared after him for a moment—all but Kreistelmeier. He looked at the girl.

And yet Enoch did come again upon the Hottenstein premises. Not six weeks later he came with his slow loping gait up the front walk in early twilight. He stopped at the foot of the steps, looking particularly as though he had just popped out of his hole as he gazed up at the group upon the porch with his wide curious stare—at Hottenstein, blustering out of his chair; at Kreistelmeier, slanted paunchily forward; at Christina, motionless, Kreistelmeier's motherless daughter pressed against her knee.

"Huh? What's this anyhow? Was you fergittin' to remember what I ——"

"I come fur to buy them five acres off you."

Hottenstein plumped down.

"What fur five?"

"Them five acres where you priced fur fifty dollars; them where the dumb apples is." And as Hottenstein sat stiffly staring, he added, "I'll give youse your fifty fur them." He came up the steps, fumbling in his pocket.

"Now looky here," Hottenstein's bristles furled upward, "if this here's a whatever of a game fur to git yourself near my girl —— What do youse want with them five?"

"I want fur to make apple butter onto them," said Enoch. And added, "I'm a friend fur apple butter."

Hottenstein churned silently upon this.

"See here oncet! Where was youse thinking of snoopin' the needful apples from?"

Enoch's face deepened slowly to the color of his hair at that; but he held his civil monotone.

"I ain't fur snoopin' nothin'. I'll pay youse what's right per the bushel fur the culls where's layin' at your trees."

Samuel Kreistelmeier was a man of middle age, round and sleek. Any chair he sat in seemed to fit him like a husk out of which he might slip like an oily kernel at any moment. Now he seemed about to shed the hickory rocker in which he was seated as he slid about impatiently and finally erupted:

"Now give the boy his little chancet, Brother Hottenstein. And don't go fergittin"—his tone slid to a smooth level as though suddenly lubricated—"a certain reference we was speakin' a while back a'ready in regards of certain improvements."

"I ain't fergittin nothing," said Mr. Hottenstein heatedly. "I'm as plenty good on the business brains as what you was, Kreistelmeier. I'm that good that I don't propose to have no game put onto me. And if this young man thinks he's going to come snoopin' acrost that dry crick fur to wisit my girl, that's somepun else ag'in."

"I ain't crossin' nothing fur to see her," promised Enoch briefly. He turned slowly and looked at her. She had lifted the child to her lap. She sat tensely upright; her eyes swept from his.

"Well, then, what about this here notion of yourn?" demanded Hottenstein. "You ain't thinkin' you're gittin' them five acres all fur any amiddlin' fifty dollars, was you?"

Enoch thought so, and after an hour of argument—argument on Mr. Hottenstein's part, silence on his own—eventually did. He paid ten dollars down; he was to pay the remaining forty at the rate of five dollars a month. He was to pay a dollar a week for all the culls he could use.

"Just to be, now, businesslike," slipped in Kreistelmeier, "wouldn't you better put it into that writing 'subject to any and all assessments,' maybe?"

"Oh, to be sure and of course," furled Hottenstein testily. "I ain't fergitting nothing when it comes to business, Kreistelmeier, now that I give you fur final."

Enoch did not object. He went down the steps, folding his copy of the agreement. Before he reached the gate, Kreistelmeier had oiled out of his chair in silent ecstasy of mirth.

"That was, now, pretty slick. It will now give a supprise on that feller when he hears about the road, ain't?"

"Supprise, yes," Hottenstein's yellow teeth gleamed pleasantly. "But I'm seein' somepun deeper yet into the business than what you was, Kreistelmeier. If he goes defaulting on the road assessments—well, I have got still a morguch onto his pop's twenty. No, we ain't lettin' the road git aways from us now, Kreistelmeier. Right aways till I git out my shock fodder, we will git busy and show oncet where the business influences of this here county is, heh? We will show them fellers at the hind end where they git off and on. Sh-h-h! There he goes, coming back."

Enoch was again plodding toward them. Again he paused at the foot of the steps and looked at Hottenstein earnestly.

"Them road commissioners is ower in Buthouse now. They're startin' to figger on Yings. Either this end of the

(Continued on Page 67)

An American Immigrant in Japan

Spreading Clothes to Dry

Fuji-yama

A Farmer's Daughter Off to Market

By THEODATE GEOFFREY

OUR house on the Bluff, like all other houses, was set in a little garden where camellias bloomed nearly the year around on the high, thick hedge which shut us off from the lane completely. The lane itself, so narrow that police regulations barred motor cars from it, was a short cut from the main road of the Bluff to the Settlement below, reached by a precipitous flight of stone steps known the world over as the Hundred Steps.

If you stopped halfway down the Hundred Steps and turned out on a little ledge to the left, you saw, far beyond the tiled roofs, a blue range of mountains barring the horizon; and above them, seemingly swung in the sky by celestial wires hooked over a star or two, the white summit of Fuji. The foothills and clouds hid the base of the great mountain, so that the white cone in the sky seemed a magical illusion.

In the summer, what with the melting of the snows on the peak and the succession of rainy days, Fuji veiled herself for weeks on end; I had been in Yokohama for three weeks before I saw her. But once the vision had been revealed, I understood why Japanese artists spend a lifetime drawing Fuji's perfect curves; I knew why a woman, beautiful by Japanese standards, must have the high forehead with a widow's peak that is called a Fuji-san face; and I could almost believe with the ancients that a goddess made her home in the mountain.

Some day, when I am old, I want to build a house in Japan with a window through which I can see no houses, no people, nothing but Fuji. Perhaps by that time there will be no more chores for me to do, no people who want me to do things for them; perhaps, for once, I can sit me down and have my fill of Fuji.

The Convenient Chit Book

LIFE was not so constituted when I lived in Japan. There were all kinds of things to be done all the time—things I wanted to do, things people asked me to do and pestiferous things that I thought I had to do. We all lived at a terrific pace; the very fact that housekeeping was so simple seemed to make us women busier than ever. Tennis, golf or swimming in the mornings; tiffins, teas and bridge parties in the afternoons; dinners with dancing or more bridge at night; shopping, sight-seeing or entertaining kept us busy all the time. The truth was we were homesick, lonesome, strange to the country; so we rushed about madly to forget it.

We began directly after breakfast with an interview with the cook, who had to know how many guests for tiffin, tea or dinner, or whether we were dining out. It was one or the other, for there were always people coming through by steamer, either old friends or folks with letters of introduction from back home, who must be looked out for.

If strangers were not in town, between steamers, we were having the Joneses to dinner because they had had us a fortnight before. We kept elaborate engagement books; the woman who did not have every blank filled for at least three weeks ahead was either a chronic invalid or a hopeless social blight.

While I was taking up such matters with the cook or arguing about the latest atrocities of the *kanjo*—household bills—the boy would bring in the day's harvest of chits, which were arriving per coolie at the kitchen entrance; and while I answered them coolies and servants squatted in my kitchen over a cup of tea and a pipe to exchange the gossip of the Bluff. They knew what time their Dana San had come home from the club the night before; which young bachelor had had tea with whom; which Okusan had a new dress from home; who was going to have a baby. Talk about goldfish! They live in piscatorial seclusion compared to us of the Bluff under the espionage of our servants!

But while the gabble goes on in the kitchen I am looking over the chits to arrange my program. A chit book may be as fascinating and illuminating as an old diary. In appearance it is merely a little leather-bound book with a pocket in one cover, into which you tuck a note for a friend and a sheaf of blank pages neatly ruled in squares. In one square you write the name of the friend to whom your note is addressed. Her boy stamps his red seal against the name when he receives the chit, and the friend writes her answer briefly in the square.

Your coolie trots home with the book and you have your answer.

However, as you have sent out perhaps twenty chits that morning, each addressee has the opportunity to read the answers of others before she writes her own. It is really most convenient. For instance, some one is giving a dinner party and sends out twelve chits in the same book; when the chit book comes to you, you read the names and answers of the other invitees and can decide whether you like the company and will accept or decline.

We used chit books in place of telephones, which were rare luxuries on the Bluff. The telephone system of Japan was so far in arrears that if you applied formally to the government bureau to have a telephone installed, your application might wait for fifteen years before your turn arrived. Japanese often applied for a telephone in the name of one of their children as an investment, figuring that when the child received the telephone he would be about ready to set up business on the tidy sum received by selling the telephone. There were brokers who made a business of buying up applications for telephones and farming them out as they came due; business houses to which prompt installation was a necessity often paid a bonus of a couple of thousand yen to a broker.

Letter Writing in Japan

Honesty of Japanese Servants

UNDER these circumstances there were not twelve telephones to be found among the three hundred houses on the Bluff, and chit books filled their place. To be elegant, one kept a coolie in neat blue cotton livery who did nothing but run about with chits. Some people sent their chauffeurs, although it was not very satisfactory, as the chauffeurs felt the business beneath their dignity and were apt to go joy-riding while answers waited. Penurious souls persuaded an amah to take the chits after her work in the house was done; but the amahs had so many friends along the road, and clumped so slowly with their pigeon-toed gait on their wooden *geta*, that it was slow business. The commonest method was to engage a ricksha coolie from the nearest stand at so much an hour; for fifty sen—an American two bits—one could send ten chits.

The extraordinary thing about the whole procedure, to me, was the fidelity and honesty with which the various emissaries performed their tasks. I never knew of a chit being lost, nor of anything being pilfered en route, though we used to send money, flowers, candy, books, all kinds of things, by chit. The Japanese are fundamentally honest, with high respect for other people's belongings.

Every morning and afternoon the *yubinya*—postman—in his ill-fitting blue uniform, trotted past the house with a leather bag of letters slung over his shoulder, but we rarely patronized the mail service. I don't suppose we had any right to complain of the slowness of delivery or the frequency with which letters failed to reach their destination, for we could hardly expect underpaid clerks, who received fifteen dollars a month for the support of themselves and their families, to be expert at reading English script; nor were we ourselves capable of addressing the letters in Japanese calligraphy. For their own people, the Japanese post office probably renders quite adequate service; and perhaps, in America postal clerks would find it difficult to deliver promptly a letter addressed in Japanese or Armenian or Russian.

In Tokio, after a number of letters had been found floating on the shore of the bay, newspapers reported that the postman to whose route the letters were destined had confessed frankly.

"Every day too many letters. Impossible to deliver them. Shameful to return them to post office Expedient to deposit them n water "

I have a suspicion that the vexing handwriting of foreigners was not the only excuse for the slowness of Japanese mails, because Hokusai, who caricatured so many of the oddities of the life of his time, has left a delightful drawing entitled The Quick Postman. It shows a postman with his letters slung in a bundle at the end of a stick, sound asleep amid a tangle of cobwebs, while a man in the foreground, presumably impatient for his mail, is vigorously clearing away the spider meshes with a broom of twigs.

Foreigners can cite, often with justice, instance after instance of Japanese extortion or chicanery. To hear

Movie Show, Theatre Street, Japan

At Left—On a Walking Tour With Usui

At Right—Usui Taking the Babies Out

Below—Wistaria in a Japanese Garden

a group of old residents, one would think there was neither honor nor virtue among Japanese merchants or servants; but I am convinced that the sly tricks which have given Japanese a bad name for years were learned from the foreigners, who in the old days were not above driving sharp bargains in order to reap large profits.

Economy Overdone

FOR instance, Japanese servants undoubtedly make tremendous squeezes on the household bills; yet if the early foreign residents had paid a living wage to their servants the reprehensible custom, unknown in native families, would not have arisen. Townsend Harris, the first American envoy to Japan, in his journal, speaks with satisfaction of having arranged to his own liking, by protracted negotiations, the official standard of wages for his Japanese servants.

In those days all contracts and agreements were made through the governor of the province; so Harris had several interviews with that dignitary about the servants who should be supplied to him and the wages to be paid them. It was finally agreed that for five Japanese menservants Harris should pay a total of one hundred and thirty-two dollars per annum, the men to clothe, board and lodge themselves; for nineteen kobang—twenty-six dollars—he bought a horse; and to the groom, who cared for the horse and ran beside it like a coach dog whenever Harris rode out, he paid the extravagant salary of seven bu, which amounted to one dollar and seventy-five cents a month. Yet when this penurious arrangement went into effect Harris had with him four Chinese servants, brought from China, whom he not only supplied with board and lodging but paid salaries of seven hundred dollars a year—five times as much as he paid his Japanese servants

The rate of exchange for American and Japanese coin not being settled, Harris ran accounts until, about the time he arranged the servants' wages, his bills for his first year were presented. Before paying them he made terms of exchange finally, and there is an entry in his journal giving an estimate of his expenses for the year, including wages to his servants, with this note attached:

"If I had not carried my point with the Japanese about the rate of exchange I should not have been able to live on my salary "

Naturally, such an economical plenipotentiary brought about a scale of wages to be paid by foreigners to Japanese servants of which benefit is still felt, though the good old days when you hired a groom for a dollar and seventy-five cents a month vanished before the war. An old Swiss importer who had lived in Japan for thirty-five years told me that in 1885 he hired a five-room furnished bungalow for ten dollars a month, paid his cook eight yen and his boy, who was butler and valet combined, six yen a month.

A yen is nominally the equivalent of one American half dollar.

Servants' Quarters

DURING the war wages went up so considerably that we heard bitter complaints from the old residents about the increase demanded by servants. An excellent boy, corresponding to a butler at home, received sixty yen, a cook from forty-five to sixty yen, and the little women amahs drew from twenty to thirty yen monthly. In spite of the old-timers' grumblings, we newcomers found such wages a profound relief, for they were a fourth of what we paid at home for service not nearly so efficient.

Out of their wages the servants bought their own food, clothing and furniture, although we gave them quarters rent free, as behind every house stood a row of one-story cottages, rather like the offices and servants' quarters on a Southern plantation "befo' the wah." The kitchen was connected with the house by a covered passageway, then came the coal house, and beyond that, long barracks, where the servants lived

Each had one room ostensibly, but the married servants generally tucked a whole family into their room. Often the wife of your boy would be your upstairs amah,

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VACATION

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

BY EIGHT o'clock, when Fred's jovial descending tread sounded on the thickly padded carpet of the stairs, Mrs. Abby Pollard had already begun to be aware of that mysterious and dismaying fatigue which, day after day, persisted in reminding her that she was getting on toward sixty.

It was only three hours since the street noises had waked her; against an inner conviction of sloth, she had compelled herself to lie in bed till half past six, had refrained, in obedience to Marian's affectionate prohibitions, from making her bed and ordering her room; had even resisted, when she heard the maid leave the living room and ventured downstairs, a nudging temptation to find a rag and deal decently with the streaks of dust that girl was always leaving behind her.

Even the headlines of the newspaper tired her eyes, in spite of the new glasses that Marian's impressive young oculist had prescribed. They weren't worth reading, either—not a bit like the chatty ones in the Haleyopolis Express. She refolded the pages neatly along the original creases and sighed a little as she put the paper beside Fred's place at the breakfast table. Eight o'clock, and tired already! Perhaps Fred and Marian were right about her, after all; perhaps that young doctor knew what he was talking about.

"Now, mother"—Fred wagged an admonishing forefinger at her from the doorway—"didn't you promise you'd stay in bed every morning for a week?"

He kissed her cheek, a big arm about her shoulders.

"I felt kind of restless. Seems as if I'd never get used to lying abed after I'm awake."

She sat gingerly on the chair he slid under her, rebuking herself for the old, ungracious wish that he'd forget to do it. One of these days she'd sit down on the floor, just as sure as ——

"Well, you've got to get used to it." He patted her shoulders with affectionate authority. "You've got to make yourself go easy or you'll be down sick." He unfolded his napkin and surveyed her with concern. "You look tired out right now. Better let Louis take you out for a nice long drive this morning and then see if you can't get a good nap."

"Maybe I will."

She knew better than to explain that the big limousine made her feel as if she was locked in a hearse, that she approached every crossing convinced that this time there'd be a smash-up. Presently, when Albert changed his plate, Fred would make his other suggestion. She waited for it wearily, trying to pretend that she liked the iced grapefruit. He looked up from the paper for another deliberate inspection of her face; she watched the little frown gather importantly between his heavy brows.

"You're all tired out," he declared. "I expected it. Marian says you got at the darning basket again yesterday while she was out."

"I just ——"

"Yes, you just sat up in your room all afternoon wearing yourself out on another woman's job, and you're so tired that you can't sleep." He leaned forward. "I know what's the matter. You're so used to keeping house that you simply can't rest properly as long as you're living in one. The only way we'll ever get you back in shape is to make you take a real vacation where there's no way for you to do anything but loaf. Look here, why don't you go down and spend a month or two with Cousin Hattie? You'd like it there. Marian and I stayed at that hotel for a week one winter. It's a lovely place."

Abby Pollard lifted her shoulders. She was suddenly too tired to argue about this any more. Fred just couldn't understand how she felt about Hattie Frost, with her rings and her fussy clothes and her noisy, restless tongue. She'd never make him see how silly and extravagant it was to leave a good home and throw your money away on expensively uncomfortable hotels, where you felt as if everybody was always looking at you and where you were everlastingly paying servants for doing things you wished they wouldn't.

"Makes Me Kind of Lonesome for My Furniture, Seeing All These Nice Rooms With Nothing in 'Em"

"I wish you would, mother." He leaned forward. "You don't realize how it worries me, seeing you all tired out like this, when there's no reason under the sun why you shouldn't be having a good time down South, getting rested and well and strong. You'd like it, if you'd just give it a fair trial."

Mrs. Pollard looked ahead at a succession of breakfasts like this one. It was only January, and Fred would keep on talking about the South till April. It seemed as if even Hattie Frost's company wouldn't be so tiresome as Fred's everlasting arguments about vacations. Maybe if she gave in this once it would satisfy him. She wouldn't have to stay down there very long, anyhow—a couple of weeks, perhaps.

"Well, all right."

He was so startled and pleased that she was a little comforted against the prospect. If he set so much store by this notion of his, it was too bad she hadn't let him have his way sooner. Her conscience troubled her for certain unworthy thoughts about him; there weren't many sons who cared enough about their mothers to make such a fuss over them.

"Fine! I'll get your tickets the first thing this morning." He came around the table and kissed her. "Wish I could get away to take you down myself, but ——"

"I guess I'm able to ride in the cars without anybody to take care of me!"

She spoke with a little spirit. He laughed happily.

"Why, you're better already! Haven't heard you talk up that way for a year! How soon'll you be ready to start? Marian'll help you shop."

"I'm ready right now." Mrs. Pollard was emphatic. Shopping with Marian meant spending hours in little stores where the clerks talked about you instead of to you. "If moddom could see how r-ravishing this makes moddom look ——" A sudden necessity for haste quickened her voice. "Now my mind's made up, it seems as if I couldn't start soon enough. I'll be all packed up by dinnertime."

"Fine! That's the way you used to talk! I knew what you needed, all right, didn't I? May have some trouble getting space this time of year, but I guess I can find a wire to pull. Telephone you as soon as I know." He kissed her again. "Better let Marian see that Nellie tends to your packing. She'll be tickled most to death when she hears. She's been worrying a lot about you."

Mrs. Pollard pressed her lips firmly together as she watched him go. Her conscience reproached her for a vague and utterly unjust hostility toward Marian. No daughter could have been more loving and thoughtful—it had been Marian who had insisted on her coming to live with them when pa died—but for a moment Mrs. Pollard almost disliked her. Let Marian and that girl Nellie meddle with her packing? Likely! She addressed Albert in a confidential whisper, as if Marian might overhear; he was to be very careful about bringing down the trunk and suitcase so that Mrs. Pollard shouldn't be disturbed. She almost tiptoed past Marian's door.

Giving in about the vacation seemed to release her from that promise not to make her bed. Nellie wouldn't get round to it for an hour or more and you couldn't pack in a room that hadn't been put to rights. She found herself humming softly as she patted the pillows smooth. It was queer that she didn't feel tired any more. Perhaps Fred was right, after all, and there was something in his notion that folks needed vacations in the middle of winter. Just getting ready for one seemed kind of resting.

She compressed her lips rather often, however, as she packed. It would have been easier to face the prospect of a week or two in that big hotel if she'd put her foot down about the matter of clothes instead of giving in to Marian. You didn't feel decent and dressed in these shapeless things that hung straight down without touching you and stopped six inches short of your shoes. It might be narrow-minded to think this style wasn't respectable, but it certainly wasn't sensible—as if there was something disgraceful about having a waistline!

She pressed her hands gently inward above her hips, frowning at the reflection in the tall glass that always made her feel as if she dressed with the blinds up. If she were back in Haleyopolis she could have Miss Almadinger come in and make a nice dress, like the time she'd gone to Atlantic City with pa when he was Grand Exalted Deputy Delegate to the Knights of Damon Convention. The frown smoothed under the memory of that dress, of the way Miss Almadinger had talked while she fitted it, holding the pins between her teeth. Not much like those snippy clerks in the stores where Marian shopped. "If moddom could only see how r-ravishing ——" Miss Almadinger didn't try to make you look as if you were the same shape all the way up and down. These dresses made you feel as if you had on a Mother Hubbard!

She was ready to start by the time Marian tapped at her door, and a certain sense of achievement softened her disapproval of breakfasts in bed and risings at half past ten, of flimsy garments that were nothing but wrappers with high-priced names. If Marian hadn't been given to these habits, it would have been difficult to get out of some bad days in the little side-street shops, buying a lot more of those fancy Mother Hubbards; Nellie would certainly have packed the trunk too.

"But you really shouldn't have done it, dear. You must be perfectly exhausted. Packing just simply kills one!"

Marian's cooing reproaches somehow brought to Abby Pollard a mystifying but agreeable awareness of refreshed and abounding vigor. She wondered what had become of the weariness that had pressed down on her spirit while she

waited for breakfast. Perhaps Fred and Marian had been right, she thought again; it must be that you began to benefit by a vacation the minute you started getting ready for it

"I feel first-rate," she said.

The muted telephone bell hummed softly and she answered it. Fred had found and pulled his wire; a compartment for her, all to herself, and the train left at half past three, if she could possibly be ready.

"I'm ready right now," said Abby Pollard.

It occurred to her, as she replaced the receiver, that half past three was a long way off. The look in Marian's eye unmistakably contemplated Louis and the limousine and the shops in the side streets. Mrs. Pollard's shoulders drooped a little.

"I guess I better lie down a while," she admitted. "I do feel kind of tired and I don't rest much on the cars."

She lay back against superfluous miniature pillows as Marian's mules slithered in retreat. Yes, they'd been right. A body needed a vacation once in a while, a real good rest.

II

IT WAS nice to have supper at six o'clock again, even if the black waiter called it dinnuh and you had to walk through seven swaying sleepers to reach the die-nun car. Abby Pollard's persistent uneasiness as to the speed with which the gray snow slid past the windows gave way a little before a pleasing interest in the menu, a stirring of appetite that almost ignored the ominous figures opposite the temptations of boiled beef brisket and minced ham. She told herself that she ought to be able to afford anything she wanted. The yellow bills that Fred had crowded into her purse gave her a kind of guilty feeling, but she found herself ordering scrambled eggs and tea, all the same, and resisting an extravagant impulse that suggested apple pie at twenty-five cents.

She had a little table to herself, and the car was almost empty, so that she didn't have the uneasy feeling of eating in public which always troubled her when Marian insisted on going to tea rooms or hotels instead of lunching at home. She glanced about the car almost boldly. Most of the people didn't look interesting, but there was one man, sitting facing her at the next table, opposite a younger woman in clothes almost as stylish as Marian's, who reminded her a little of pa; although he didn't favor him specially, either, she decided. He just looked as if he'd be the kind of man pa was; she had a notion that he didn't like taking his meals this way any more than pa used to. Pa'd always made a fuss about even church suppers, a great hand for home cooking, pa was.

She passed tolerant judgment on the scrambled eggs; they were what you might expect of a darky, cooking in a cubbyhole on a train. You couldn't be particular when you traveled. The man who looked like pa grumbled some. She couldn't help hearing a word now and then, and something made her think again of that trip to Atlantic City and the way pa had fretted about the meals in the hotel.

"Ought to know better'n to order pie on a railroad. You'd think they'd learn to bake the undercrust a mite before they put in the apples; but they don't, darn 'em!"

Abby Pollard nodded at her teacup. It was a good thing she hadn't wasted that twenty-five cents; there wasn't anything worse than apple pie with a soggy undercrust. Her approval of this man deepened; he knew good cooking, likely enough, as well as the other kind.

The steward blue-penciled her check and gave it to the waiter; she resented the transparency of the device, but the total weakened her aversion to the slipshod modern institution of the tip. Ninety-five cents!

"You can keep the five cents change for yourself," she told the waiter with dignity, as she laid a dollar bill on the little silver tray. She caught an approving attention on the part of the nice man at the next table and was glad that she had decided to be free-handed.

She couldn't be sure about it, but that looked a lot like a Damon emblem on his watch chain. On her way back through the swaying cars she was a little less pleased about that compartment. It was comfortable, of course; but she thought wistfully of the day coach on that other trip, and how pa had made friends with most everybody in it by the time they got to Atlantic City.

You could ride a week on a train like this and not get to know anybody.

It was pleasant, though, to have your bed made up as early as you liked, and to have space and privacy for undressing. She fell asleep in the middle of a surprised discovery that she was drowsy, and woke, still surprised, to find the sun slanting in warmly above pine thickets and fields of dead cotton stalks. The porter told her through the door that they'd be at Pineville in thirty minutes. She hadn't slept so well for a year. Even the realization that she'd be meeting Hattie Frost in less than an hour did not altogether destroy the rested feeling, and the thought of having breakfast in a big hotel dining room only dulled the edge of an old-fashioned hunger.

She dressed with swift precision and sat on the disordered bed, watching the monotonous alternation of oak and pine scrub with desolate little clearings of naked sand or dead weeds. The landscape reassured her a little, because it looked, somehow, as if there couldn't possibly be a very magnificent hotel within a hundred miles of it. Two dreary little villages of blistered frame buildings deepened the impression, and when she climbed down to the rubber-topped stool in the cinders beside the track, Pineville confirmed it afresh. It was a dingy little town strung out between the single track and the low pines, a straggle of one-story shops between which unpaved streets of rutted sand led back to scattered bungalows among the trees.

There was a hotel a little way along the track, and for a moment Mrs. Pollard clung to the thought that it might be the Hillcrest House. Its friendly shabbiness of aspect reminded her remotely of the old Commercial House at Haleyopolis. A uniformed porter touched his cap and stooped for her suitcase and she abandoned the hope; this man was much too imposing to belong to anything except the sort of hotel where Marian would feel at home. She surrendered her trunk check and followed him submissively to a shining motorbus, in which, moving to make room for her, she recognized the man who had grumbled about his pie. It was a Damon emblem, just as she'd thought. She lifted her eyes from it, feeling almost as if she had met an old acquaintance. But the younger woman in the smart coat regarded her with an eye at once so aloof and so significantly alert that an impulse toward speech perished instantly, and Mrs. Pollard sat up stiff and straight as the bus gathered speed over the bumpy road.

A morning chill lingered in the shade and the hollows, but it held a queer promise, somehow, of gentle warmth Abby Pollard had always liked the smell of pines. It reminded her of the planing mill and lumberyard at Haleyopolis, and of pa, who hadn't ever been afraid to bring his business home to meals. It was kind of nice, she decided, as long as you were out of sight of the ramshackle houses beside the track. Maybe the hotel would turn out to be nice too

She shook her head as an abrupt angle in the road revealed it, a long white building set against the wooded slope, tall columns guarding its doorway. She felt tired again. She might have known it would be this kind of place, or Hattie Frost wouldn't have stayed here, and Marian and Fred wouldn't have praised it. There'd be a pack of servants pestering you, and everybody would dress up every night for supper.

(Continued on Page 60)

A Dull, Weary Discontent Prodded Her. Habit Demanded an Objective Errand as an Excuse and Justification for a Walk

THE BULL OF BASHAN

By AARON DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THERE was no dainty technic in Mr. Bashan Wild's handling of the telephone. If his roars into it should wreck that delicate mechanism Mr. Edwin H. Hollander, who sat and waited patiently the finish to the call which had interrupted their business, felt reasonably sure that Mr. Wild had only to raise the window and speak unaided with the uttermost reaches of the Bronx or Wall Street. Also to the attentive Mr. Hollander the telephone appeared a one-way convenience for Mr. Wild. Words went out from his end, but so far as he seemed to heed, no replies ever came back.

Mr. Wild slapped down the instrument, leaned back in his throne chair and glared at the sublimated magnificence of his office.

"Decorator," he exploded mightily. "Of course I'm a decorator. The master of them all. Show me a better one?"

No one had accused Mr. Wild of not being the greatest of all interior decorators. He merely refreshed himself from time to time with stating the truth for his own solace and to recall that truth to any stranger who happened to be within his gilt-tipped wrought-iron gates. He looked at his watch and turned to Mr. Hollander.

"It's one o'clock. Let's eat." And he grabbed his hat and the arm of his protesting prospect.

"I'm sorry," murmured Mr. Hollander gently, "but I've got a ——"

"That's all right," thundered Bashan Wild. "Forget about it. You and I have spent two hours trying to find a reason why I shouldn't do your new house, and you don't suppose I'll let you go until I get a reason or the contract, do you?" And the ambulating loud speaker clapped the rich Mr. Hollander on the shoulder and hurried him across the avenue.

It is doubtful whether in twenty years anyone had slapped Edwin H. Hollander on the back. Probably many people had refrained because they didn't care to risk freezing their hands on his frosty dignity. But there was no such fear in the rollicking habit of Mr. Wild as he bowled his guest into the smartest restaurant of the city and claimed the corner table as his just tribute.

"No, sir," roared the decorator, looking up from his red beef and ale, "I can't see a reason why you can't pass over the contract to do your house and go abroad and leave it all in my hands."

Mr. Hollander showed a trace of pain on his pale and thoughtful face as the need to make a direct and unqualified statement fronted him. He was an eminently successful business man; yet he had so organized his affairs that his decisions always were effected through secretaries and assistants. Much of his time was spent in his office, secluded and alone, letting his mind run over complex schemes whose ultimate results brought him great respect at his bank, but did not increase his camaraderie with his fellow men.

"To be quite frank with you, Mr. Wild—and I hope you won't be hurt—but you are so—well—so loud that I can't imagine you creating the restful house that I wish." And Mr. Hollander almost blushed at his temerity.

"Noisy," howled Bashan Wild. "Say, listen, I'm not good because I'm noisy. I'm noisy because I'm good." To which he added one of his primest bits of philosophy: "What I mean, I can stand up and 'look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell.'"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Hollander feelingly, "I should imagine so."

Mr. Wild took this shot between the eyes without a tremor, and smiled good-naturedly at his prospective client.

"I see what I've got to do. I've got to prove to you that I'm good at my job. The fact that I admit it doesn't seem to carry many guns with you, although I'm telling the case when I say it."

Mr. Hollander nodded and spoke quietly.

"And frankly, Mr. Wild, it would be against my judgment to trust the expenditure of a considerable sum of money—between eighty and ninety thousand dollars, you said—to any man who admits so loudly how good and honest he is."

In Reply to the Decorator's Query She Placed a Rose-Tipped Hand on Mr. Hollander's Arm and Sighed Tremulously

Now Bashan Wild did not relish such flat criticism. Although spectacular in his meeting of people and his usual carrying out of their subsequent work, he owned genuine talent for his business and a flawless reputation for being honorable in all his dealings. And this reputation was to him a matter of the greatest pride, a possession so priceless that he would defend it even to the point of keeping quiet if necessary, than which he could make no keener sacrifice.

He looked thoughtfully at the man who doubted him, and nodded his head slowly. He raised his hand, and the room captain stood at his side.

"Pierre, Mr. Hollander is in some doubt as to who is the greatest decorator in New York."

Pierre fell back as though crushed by the possibility of such ignorance, and glowered at Mr. Hollander.

"Ah, m'sieu, is it that you are in truth? Who but M'sieu Wild, I ask of you? Always I tell so the ladies who come from Columbus and Seattle and Dallas, and say to me, 'Pierre, who shall I have do my house?'" The captain shrugged his shoulders and smiled pleasantly. "But I am glad to so do, for M'sieu Wild never forget Pierre at Noël. He has never yet—shall I say—welshed on his word."

Bashan Wild waved his hand, and Pierre backed away, and Mr. Hollander gazed at the decorator with a new interest.

"Remarkable!" he murmured.

"I'll say I am," agreed Mr. Wild.

"I'm sorry, but I meant your method of advertising. Do you find it pays?" This was a new phase of business publicity to Edwin H. Hollander, and as such had his eager attention.

"Pays? Sure it does," bellowed Mr. Wild, glad to find an item which brought questions from this difficult gentleman. "If any person brings in a job I pay them well. If they don't, there's no overhead." He paused, and noting that his guest was sincerely interested, prepared to explain further. "Would you believe it, there's not a high-class dressmaking shop, beauty place or restaurant in this city that isn't touting for me?"

Noting the livelier expression brought to Mr. Hollander's face by this claim, he leaned forward and opened up on some of the observation which had made him successful.

"Listen to me, sir. A young schoolteacher and her husband live out in Oklahoma. One day he strikes a gusher, and overnight they're richer than ten of you and me rolled together. What does a woman want first if she's got a family? I'll tell you. She wants to fix herself up. That means clothes and transformations and hinky-dinks like that." Mr. Wild paused and seemed to recall the number of his experiences which substantiated his statements. "And after that she wants a home. A place that in her uncertain knowledge of such things is a cross between her memories of a fairy-tale castle and the smart magazine illustrations; and to get these things she comes to New York, with a drawing account of two hundred thousand dollars, but not one friend. She's young and she's rich, and she's got to talk, and the only friendly people she meets are the girls in the beauty parlors and women's shops." Bashan Wild pounded the table in his ardor. "Is it natural that she takes ideas from them? Of course it's natural. And all those girls are working for me because they have found that I treat their rich friends right, as well as do the handsome thing by themselves." He raised his head and nodded toward the door. "Look—there's Hannah Lee, who's up at Maison Durenne—let's ask her."

And Mr. Wild beckoned to a young woman just entering, who was lovely enough to make Mr. Hollander look hurriedly around the room in fear of meeting the eyes of some person who might know his wife.

She swayed toward them and looked soulfully into Bashan Wild's face and then just as soulfully into Mr. Hollander's. Looking soulfully into men's eyes was Hannah Lee's outstanding ability. In reply to the decorator's query she placed a rose-tipped hand on Mr. Hollander's arm and sighed tremulously.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Hollander, I can see you wouldn't do anything foolish." That gentleman raised his arm to make the touch of her dainty fingers a trifle heavier, and remembered himself just in time to check a soulful sigh on his own part. "For you would be foolish, Mr. Hollander, if you had anyone but dear Bashan do your place."

Turning to Mr. Wild she spoke even more vibrantly. "And thank you so much, Bashan, for the furs. I shudder to think what they set you back."

"Hannah," roared the decorator, "the laborer's always worthy of his hire. You sent me a nice job. Shoot along some more and we'll try to make it a motor next time."

Miss Lee swung her soul back to Mr. Hollander. "It's so nice doing a good turn for Bashan, because he always plays more than fair." And with a pout which must have resembled the lips of angels when they think about kissing, she passed on to her table.

"Gosh!" groaned Mr. Wild, sitting down suddenly. "I don't know how they affect you, Mr. Hollander, but a pretty woman's the only thing I'm afraid of." He looked at the client with that smile which always softens the seriousness of a person's face when he tells the unexpected truth. "I might pull a crooked deal on a man, but I could no more cheat a pretty woman than I could a child. How about you?"

The habitual aloofness of Mr. Hollander had made people chary of mentioning this universal male topic to him, and as he never initiated the conversation it had been years since he had discussed such a point. Yet he evidently had certain views on the matter. He coughed slightly as though to disclaim any merit for himself.

"Well, yes, I understand; but as a matter of fact—I don't know why it is—but I've always been able to see right through women. Somehow or other, I don't know why it is, they can't fool me."

Mr. Wild regarded the client with deep pity, and then, remembering his duties as host, broke into loud congratulations over such an asset.

"You're lucky," he roared. "But I'm just the opposite. They can fool me every time." Bashan Wild suddenly felt that he had strayed long enough from the main track of getting a job, and swung back to that point. "Look here, Mr. Hollander, you wouldn't have wasted your time coming to see me at all if you hadn't heard I was capable. You're a busy man, and so am I. Pass this job over to me and I'll do it right and stay within eighty thousand dollars. And when you come back from France there'll be butter and eggs in the ice box, American Beauties all over the place, and a house so restful you'll think you're a swami swimming in Nirvana. What do you think about that?" And Mr. Wild flipped a salute to his prospect for final emphasis.

"I beg your pardon," apologized Mr. Hollander, coming out of some gentle speculation on another subject. It was evidently a pleasant consideration, since there was an expression almost tinged with humor around his mouth.

"Oh," groaned Bashan Wild, "have I got to do that all over again?"

Mr. Hollander held up a constraining hand.

"Please don't. It's quite useless, Mr. Wild. My mind is made up, and there is no need to exert yourself further. For the reasons I've stated, I'm sure you and I could never get along. And if you'll excuse me I'll hasten away. Good day, sir."

Bashan Wild gazed for some minutes at the door through which his guest had hurried, and then turned to the check-bearing Pierre.

"I am glad your guest was pleased, m'sieu."

"Pleased! He loves himself, Pierre. The cuckoo said women couldn't fool him."

The captain raised the palms of his hands.

"Little men like that always have fancies, m'sieu. But he was pleased. At the door he took out his purse and gave me ten cents."

"The tightwad!" roared Bashan Wild, dragging a jumble of bills from his pocket and pushing a five-dollar note into the captain's hand.

"Merci, m'sieu, but men who carry their money in little round purses are pleased when they give ten cents, I know."

The actual losing of the Hollander job did not greatly annoy the decorator. His philosophy in such a case was invariably, "I'm here to tell you I've lost bigger jobs than that." But his spirit was sore from being turned down by an insignificant man, however rich that man might be, who mistrusted the ability and honorableness of him, Bashan Wild, to whom those qualities were things he could brag of, and did, hourly.

Some six or seven days after his flat turn down by Mr. Hollander, while he was earnestly employed in his mid-morning roaring of his way through business affairs, his secretary brought him the card of Mrs. Arnold Chever.

"Who is she?"

"I don't know, sir," said the girl timidly, "but she's very pretty."

"Well, what are you keeping me waiting for then?" he bellowed as though the girl were subjecting him to some altogether unreasonable hardship.

Mrs. Chever entered. She was pretty, vastly, and also ill at ease.

"Sit down, Mrs. Arnold Chever, sit down. The girl was certainly right when she said you were pretty."

The loud impersonality of Mr. Wild when he spoke compliments enabled him to get away with lines which would gain the average man merely a mean look and a sudden exit. And women seemed to sense that such explosions from him were only outcroppings of a youthful and therefore pleasant truthfulness.

Bashan Wild noted her embarrassment and did his blustering best to ease it.

"Don't pay any attention to my bark, Mrs. Chever I sound fierce, but I'm wax in the hands of a pretty woman. Therefore, command me!"

Mrs. Arnold Chever looked up quickly and smiled.

"I'm so glad you're nice, Mr. Wild, because I'm here on a most delicate errand. At lunch the other day I eavesdropped on you, but couldn't help it."

"Of course you couldn't," roared Bashan Wild. "And that's the way I operate. Never do anything the whole world can't hear. Yes, sir! 'Live so you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell.' That's me!" Mr. Wild always ripped out his hackneyed mottoes with a spirit which made people believe that he, at least, thought them original.

"I'm sure you do," said the beautiful one softly. "And I heard you say that you thought it only just to be nice to people who were nice to you."

"Say"—and Bashan Wild sat up in his chair—"let me make it easier for you. You mean you know where there is a job and you wonder if I'll take care of you if you help me get it. Am I right?"

The lady nodded and smiled in relief.

"Will I?" The decorator reached for her muff. "Take off your coat and sit awhile. I mean I'll do the handsome thing if you'll help me."

"You do help one so, Mr. Wild. Now this is the situation. My dearest friend has a sweet new house to do. She's not interested in such things, and she trusts my judgment. And just before she went away she said, 'Mary, if you'll pick out a decorator and oversee the work for me, I'll give you four thousand dollars, and all the bills will be paid through the office'"

Mrs. Chever held out her hands in despair.

"But much as I need the money—and frankly, I do need it frightfully, because Mr. Chever's one of those dear men who gives me everything I want, but never any cash—but I couldn't very well take four thousand dollars from a friend, could I? Although it is a big job."

Bashan Wild was on his feet, pounding the desk in confirmation of this high sentiment

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"You Do Help One So, Mr. Wild"

SPOILS OF WAR

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Backed the Heavy Truck Close to the Entrance, and Within Ten Minutes the Cookhouse Crew Had Unloaded the Contraband Cargo

"They also served, who only panned and ate."
The Kind Quartermaster

WHEN Singletree's Circus blew up near San Francisco, most of it, including bipeds, was salvaged by the movies. Shorty Goodwin, champion right-handed performer on the silver cornet, was among the survivors who remained in San Francisco.

Lacking breakfast, Shorty was seeing the sights. A low poster board on the Market Street curb attracted his attention. He was tall enough to see over the top of it, but he fixed his vision on the poster which spread across the board. The poster said "Fight!" and under this timely advice there was a picture of a fighting fool running up and over the precipitous side of a trench in war-torn France. The soldier flourished a Krag, on the end of which was fixed a souvenir bayonet, inherited from the Spanish or Cuban War. The soldier was a noble young man and his pure face was free from any trace of gas mask. Instead of a gas mask the young hero wore a simple look of determination to make the world safe for democracy, for this was two years after the Lusitania had been torpedoed, in the second springtime when the public mind had begun to confuse the Lusitania with the Titanic.

The poster on the bulletin board said "Fight!" and seeing this, his thoughts engaged on a summary of lost circus salary, Shorty reacted subconsciously to the suggestive slogan. He was walking briskly at the moment his attention was arrested, but near the poster he slowed up. "Fight!" He advanced his left shoulder, his arms crooked and stiffened, and his fingers curved over the stock and barrel of a phantom Krag, to which was affixed an imaginary bayonet, long enough to reach through the retreating physique of a Teutonic enemy. He got his man.

Not content with killing his share of the game, he must needs withdraw the bayonet and prod another victim. A battle cry, remembered from his boyhood, came back to him—"Remember the Maine!"

Remembering the Maine, he withdrew the dripping bayonet and lunged a little wildly toward the visionary silhouette of a Gothic giant, who might easily have been a circus proprietor or the driver of a brewery truck.

His dream of attained results enjoyed reality. "Oomph!" A neighboring pedestrian, hit below the belt, grunted his protest. The first skirmish had ended.

"Gott! Be looking a liddle bit oudt!"

Shorty woke up. Here was insult, spoken in alien accent. Insult, not to the flag, exactly, but a fair enough working basis for action. The tangible enemy stood half a foot over six feet. Shorty strained his neck, surveying a route to the apex of his immediate problem. Then, seeing again the slogan "Fight!" out of the corner of his eye, he hesitated not. Away back and low he reached for an anæsthetic.

"Look out yourself, you hunk of cheese!" He routed his punctuation with an overhand stroke which landed slightly below the enemy's rock-bound chest.

"Whomp! Vell, you damn liddle feller!" The enemy, discarding all languages except the Scandinavian, mingled annoyance with his smiles, and reached for Shorty.

Now, with war formally declared, armament became the flag defender's crucial problem. The A frame of the bulletin board on which flamed the inspiring command spread its narrow sanctuary close beside the diminutive belligerent. Into this triangular cave Shorty ducked.

At this cowardly retreat a crop of sneers bloomed on the faces of a dozen bystanders, halted in front of the recruiting office. A soldier in uniform, on post at the entrance, permitted a hearty epithet to adorn his verbal criticism. Public courage was the momentary vogue, and retreats were unpopular, no matter what the odds might be.

Then, before the accumulating audience had passed final judgment, the bulletin board r'ared up on its newly acquired hind legs, and rammed like a snowplow, straight for the enemy. The charged took one observation to fix his course. Thereafter, sailing by dead reckoning, the battle cruiser raced after the retreating enemy.

In a port halfway across Market Street's four-track system, the ponderous objective, the bulletin board and the jousting champion were presently grappled in a mess which blocked all traffic. Three policemen, five soldiers from the recruiting detail, and fifty pedestrians ringed the combatants. Now, explaining himself free from an inquisitive policeman, the shock troop let the eagle do the screaming for him. "I was just going in to enlist when this hunk o' cheese gimme the laugh."

"How about it?" the policeman questioned the hunk of cheese, who rallied nobly. "What's the big idea, youse, laughin' at patriots?"

"Me neither. My name bane Riff Swenson, and I yust coming in from Sky Timber to help de Army."

A recruiting sergeant nodded to the municipal inquisitor "Let me have 'em, chief. The little guy don't need no more advertising, and the big guy is built for trouble. If they want to sign on with the first outfit, I'll take care of 'em."

With the battle skies clearing, Shorty and Riff followed the guide to the long counter in the recruiting office, fronting which half a dozen volunteers sought a hitch with the Pacific Coast engineers to be among the first ten thousand in France.

In the office the sergeant asked the pair a question. "You fellows sure you want to go to France with the first bunch?"

There was no hesitation in Swenson's answer, and less than that in Shorty's.

"Right. You're safe enough, big fellow," the sergeant assured Swenson. He turned to Shorty. "You ain't up to specifications by a foot, but wait a minute till I talk to the lieutenant."

The problem of Shorty was put up to the lieutenant in an inside office, together with the sergeant's recommendation. "He's a fightin' fool, lieutenant, and we need him. He tackled a grizzly bear just now, three times his size and twice his weight. When 'Cease firing' blew, the grizzly bear was licked. Maybe we could beat the physical examination by making him a cook."

"Fair enough. Sign him on as a cook." At that early stage in the new game cooks were scarce. A penciled request from the lieutenant punched a hole in the medical officer's physical requirements.

"Approved." Shorty signed two documents, with Riff Swenson working out his own autobiography at his elbow, and presently the Army had enlarged to accommodate one oversize candidate, and one other whose glowing ardor and eagerness for battle more than made up for what he lacked in height.

The recruiting officer, not without an unofficial sense of humor, indorsed both applications, and made it his business to see that the bantam Shorty and the mammoth Riff Swenson were assigned to the same company.

The volunteer engineer regiment, pending its departure for the field of action, was being assembled at American Lake, and a full report of the encounter between the two new members preceded them to the rendezvous, via the gossip telegraph. In consequence of this, the Gang—for the Western regiment had overnight compacted into an organized brotherhood—eagerly awaited further developments of the feud between its new members. The Gang looked for trouble, but in this they were disappointed. No trouble developed, because the enforced truce in the recruiting office gave place to a friendship which endured throughout the war. On the two-day trip northward from San Francisco, Riff had adopted Shorty and his troubles, sealing the pact with a contribution of tobacco and an offer of his bank roll. A handful of money was extended toward Shorty.

"Dere iss t'ree-month vages from der Sky Timber camp, liddle Shorty; you iss velcome to taking all or any part."

Shorty selected a five-dollar bill, and his action acknowledged and sealed a bond of fealty. "Much obliged, Riff. When the circus busted up, it left me beached. I ain't owned a dollar for a month."

"Take all you vant. Dese army vages ain't bane git you much."

"I'm not layin' awake about the army wages. The main thing that worries me is being a cook and not knowing anything about it."

"Never be minding. I helping you. Der can-opening business iss der main part; mit all dese canned salmon fisk to open, all der army cook has to knowing iss der machinist's trade. You tell der captain can I be your K. P., und I wrassles der canned goods."

II

AS NEAR as the Gang could get it, the big idea was to kill the Kaiser. From the first days of its organization the Gang manifested a unity of purpose equally as marvelous as the diversity of methods proposed by its members. Some were for cutting his heart out and feeding it to him, others pledged themselves to nail him to a stump and shove him over backwards. Some cursed. Some were silent. Anything was better than boring him to death with mail orders, dictated but not Red. "When slapped on the other cheek, shoot from the hip," was their slogan.

When the United States went in, the Gang went in, blazing the trail for the first hundred thousand, lost now to history, too early then for the brass-band send-off, too late returning to share the withered laurel wreaths—pioneers—forgotten.

Construction men first. Western men, builders and creators, they united and became an engineer regiment, and then, before the buglers had blown a note, they were the Gang. They realized their unity. The rest of the Army was outside.

To kill the Kaiser, to have done with the insane mess that had gummed up the fairly interesting game of life, to see the show through to the last act, then to retire by way of whatever exit the Usher might appoint.

To come home—maybe. A fat chance. Not a chance in the world. Realizing this, the fortunate ones endured the quiet farewell tears of women who loved them, submitting to emotional excesses with an understanding derived from cold calculations of the odds they faced in France.

Free and away, they gave their attention for a while to the technical problems which confronted them. Presently they realized that the teaching staff which had graduated from the Spanish War needed a postgraduate course. They reserved comment on the genius who had invented the hair trigger for their coffee cups. They learned to walk in a military manner, juggling, the while, the hair-trigger coffee cup, an itching nose, eight ounces of goldfish disporting in its aluminum aquarium, and the convex cover of a mess kit whereon perched a ration of nonskid pudding composed of bread, milk and accidents.

Secrecy and censors. "We come from Boston and we're headed for Sitka to get some New Orleans molasses." A bath in Lake Pepin, followed by a superfluous cloudburst. Native profiteers peddling ice-cream cones at two bits a throw; female patriots peddling pies; maudlin mixers crying "Boys, I'm going with you"; sudden friends getting away with a pocketbook or a watch until the train started, then frisked by their amused victims and unloaded with a kick.

Poker and blackjack and craps.

New York, in the distance. The Hoboken pier. Crowded ferries. Sallies abroad after one last difficult glass of cooling beer. Not much luck. Three or four dead hours, then aboard ship. The Statue of Liberty and some heavy thinking. Supper. Imported liver, boiled. Imported eggs, boiled. Imported tea, boiled. Imported smells, raw

Now, upholstered internally, life belts were festooned about uneasy stomachs, and tightened from day to day, but without success. Two weeks on board the filthy ship, "fresh" from a voyage with a cargo of prisoners, slush in the scuppers, decks awash with inexhaustible stores of filth, the first cooties, new additions to enlarged vocabularies, considerable laughter, incessant smiles

Two or three sub scares, the welcome convoy of subchasers encountered off the Irish coast. England. Debarkation, and a long wait in the pier shed. Word then that the bath water was hot in the rest-camp showers. Packs. "Attention"—then a classic error—"Right face, march!"

Decent food, another cloudburst, good whisky and the cheering discovery that the colonel knew exactly when to become blind, deaf and dumb.

A prowl in London. An athletic meet, with medals bestowed by the King, sailing orders, the Dover cliffs, moonlight on a heavy sea, with every wave breaking into the contours of a sub. A large Dutch cheese rolling loose

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"About Midnight I Bone Coming Back, or Never"

BANKRUPTS

By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

THOUGH temptation is a stronger factor than original sin in credit fraud, I know another even more powerful contributor; and that is the general trustfulness of human nature.

A man who was trying to stress care in credit matters had a large mercantile business in the Middle West. In late November he made out a dozen orders for rush shipments. But he made a point of using initials not his own, although he retained the correct last name; and he changed the street address in every case. In other words, he employed methods that could be used by credit crooks, but with far different motive. The result was that ten out of the twelve firms shipped the goods without question, while only two orders were rightly referred to him by wire for confirmation. He accepted all the merchandise, as he had originally planned. But he also wrote ten carefully worded personal letters.

A credit man is obliged to look askance at every shipment for credit, regardless of individual preference. And well he may, with commercial failures totaling 8881 in 1920 as against 20,500 in 1924, 40 per cent to 50 per cent of which are said to be tainted with fraud.

It is not an easy matter to detect certain indications which point in the direction of fraudulent failure before it is an actuality. A man may do wild retail buying. In a recent bankruptcy case, the receiver found the outstanding bills as listed, but his suspicions were aroused by the large number owed to retail merchants. He talked it over with a credit prosecutor, with the result that fifteen vans of statuary, jewelry, clothing, sewing machines, rugs, house furnishings, hats and pictures were returned to the local houses from which they had been purchased. It was a sad time, for the daughter of the household had purchased her entire trousseau as well as the equipment for her new home. She viewed the proceedings with despair, while her mother wrung her hands and wept.

He Thrust a Quick Hand Into the Jagged Opening and Drew Out Two Strings of Beads

But sometimes the merchant has his premonitions in advance.

"I wish you would give me a report on John H. Smith," wrote a credit man in a men's furnishing house. "He has recently purchased from us twenty silk shirts and fifteen pairs of shoes."

The question proved very timely, for at that moment the man was on the verge of bankruptcy. The shoes and shirts could be returned, fortunately.

The Concealment of Assets

ANOTHER faint indication of trouble ahead may be a sudden and unprecedented increase in the size of orders.

A druggist had been dealing with four wholesale houses. His business was a modest one, but he always discounted his bills promptly; so he had good credit. Then, without warning, his orders totaled $40,000 in two months, as contrasted with previous records of $8000 and $10,000. His plans would have been quite clear if the four wholesale merchants could have had a conclave. But their meeting was later by several months, and at that time it was to ascertain how many cents they were likely to get on the dollar.

In almost the same class as this move is the sudden opening of new accounts.

"Beware of unsolicited orders," said a man high in the credit world. "They are dangerous and need the most stringent investigation."

They raise several questions that must be answered. Why has the man decided to make a sudden change of houses? Is he meeting with refusal from the establishments from which he has been buying? If so, why? Who suggested the new house and on what basis? Of course this argument does not include new businesses that are being launched soundly. But such concerns will make a point of establishing credit with an important clearing house by a frank introductory statement; and the clearance bureau will be able to act as sponsor for the debutant business, and give advice as well as information.

But to return to our credit frauds. In spite of a manifold ramification, they will fall into several simple general divisions. The first deals with concealed assets. The concealment may even be about the premises. Credit investigators have learned to answer quickly such questions as "When is a floor not a floor?" "When is a ceiling not a ceiling?" "When is a counter not a counter?" There is only one correct answer, anyway, to them all: When it is a vault for valuables. The investigator may come as a customer to make a small purchase while he takes account of his bearings, or he may come in the full majesty of his power and make a microscopic search. He is particularly interested in any recent repairs—freshly painted floor or ceiling, revarnished counters, newly waxed window trimmings.

F. Ronald Smith was a young man in his early thirties, an enterprising chap who worked hard but had a run of bad luck. His promising business was about to go on the rocks, so he filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. His assets were listed at $49,436 and his liabilities at $133,298. A composition settlement of twenty-five cents was about to be accepted by the creditors when a local credit association filed a complaint. This complaint was immediately accepted and acted upon by the national organization. The investigator who was its representative found nothing to substantiate the suspicion—at first. Mr. Smith was courtesy itself. He turned over his books with the greatest aplomb, he escorted his visitor over the shop and the warehouse, he even made suggestions as to possible places of concealment.

All this aided the investigator not at all. He decided to make one more tour of inspection before he reported his failure, and he insisted that he be unaccompanied. In the warehouse he climbed a ladder and gave the ceiling a more careful scrutiny than was possible from the floor level There was no sign of fresh paint, but there seemed to be a faint line that followed half a dozen beams in the corner of the room. He ripped one or two boards off and swung himself into the open space under the eaves. His search was at an end. He found more than $20,000 worth of merchandise in this impromptu storeroom.

When Smith was informed of the findings all his pleasantry left him He cringed and begged and signified a willingness to make a complete confession. In making his statement, he not only uncovered another $11,000 worth of merchandise but told how he had managed to conceal the fresh painting of the boards in the warehouse ceiling.

"It is not hard," he explained "The old paint is dirty. So with a force pump I blew some dust against the new paint and it soon matched the other; but not to perfection," he added, with a regretful side glance at the investigator. "It is too bad."

It was, indeed, as the luckless merchant was straightway indicted.

A Well-Stocked Cellar

MR. BOWAN, in circumstances closely similar to those of Mr. Smith, did not trust his goods to any ceiling or raised floor or false counters or phony drawers. After he had filed his petition in bankruptcy he was left in temporary charge of his general store to make any stray sales that might drift his way. A bent and bearded old man came in and talked something about buying the place. Now Mr. Bowan was in no position to entertain offers of sale, as his petition had taken the business out of his hands. But with the type of mind that would sell Central Park or the Hudson River, he signified a willingness to talk terms. The old man was not to be hurried. He insisted upon seeing the place. The two of them went to the stock room on the second floor and did a bit of inventory work.

When they had returned to the main floor the whiskered one asked, "Where does that door lead?" He indicated a small oak opening. Mr. Bowan smiled slightly.

"To the basement," he replied. "There's nothing down there but rats and spiders."

"All right," returned the persistent old man. "I want to see it."

With very indifferent grace Mr. Bowan conducted him cellarward. Sure enough, there was nothing but mold and dust and an unpleasant musty odor. The visitor began to cough so violently that he had to support himself against the under side of the steps. They were curious steps, too, not following the outline of stairs, but neatly boarded over to follow the line of support. Mr. Bowan waited for the paroxysm to pass, impatient to leave the unfriendly atmosphere. It was even more hostile than he dreamed. His guest suddenly straightened and revealed a hole that he had cut in the stair support with a small razor-sharp knife. He thrust a quick hand into the jagged opening and drew out two strings of beads. His beard was false, but the badge which he displayed was not, nor were the bolts of silk and satin and ribbons, the gloves, the scarfs, the French jewelry and the laces which he found so comfortably ensconced under the basement stairs.

But very often the assets are not hidden in the shop or warehouse. Surreptitious removal of merchandise followed by a fire, the origin of which is neatly concealed, can bring a pretty penny to the lucky manipulator. But fires are so likely to be regarded with unfavorable scrutiny, particularly when there is already talk of insolvency, that a better way is to ship the goods to another city. Of course, in such an event a confederate is required. But then in almost all cases of fraud there is at least one

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THE OLD HIGH ROLLERS

By L. B. YATES

NOW whenever you talk about the high rollers of the old days and you move the calendar back a decade or so, perhaps a picture comes to mind of a callow youth with an expensive cigar in the side of his mouth, a wide acquaintance with bartenders and short-card gamblers, linked with an ability to buck the tiger and a burning desire to glorify the American girl. But old King Plenty Horses was none of these things. Still, for all that, he hung up a mark that will not be rubbed out by other plungers in a hurry.

First of all, I must tell you that before Plenty Horses appeared, no one had ever seen him, and for that matter, no one has ever seen him since. He was named by my old friend, Fire-Up Berry, who is responsible for the appellation, which he conferred with all the solemnity of that versatile gentleman.

The place was the old race track outside of Washington, and the location was the pool room for which that track was noted in those days. It never closed. In summer they ran the regular races, and when the scene of equine endeavor moved on, they posted the odds on the foreign races at Chicago or Lexington or New York, as the case might be.

The King Picks His Horses

IT WAS on an early morning, frost was on the ground and the track was mostly covered with a thin sprinkling of snow, when the old king first made his appearance. There wasn't any fanfare of trumpets to welcome him; Plenty Horses just shillabered in, as you might say, and made for a place near the stove. In appearance, you could not say he was prepossessing. He looked like one who had been far afield; his clothes were dusty and bedraggled as though on the way to Washington he had ridden the bumpers of many freights; his face had been innocent of the razor for a week and his shoes were not of the best; but his advent created no comment.

Business hardly ever opened up in that neck of the woods until the arrival of the bartender. Plenty Horses was waiting for him, and when he made his appearance the king sidled to the bar.

"Redeye," he commanded tersely; "redeye."

The bartender took up an ordinary whisky glass and placed it before him. The customer slid it back again.

"I said I wanted a drink," he growled. "What did you think I asked for—somethin' in a thimble?"

The man behind the bar made no reply. He reached for a tumbler and put it before the acrimonious customer.

"Help yourself," he enjoined, "help yourself; but drinks like that are worth two bits."

Plenty Horses slammed down a silver dollar.

"You help yourself," he retorted. Then he lifted the tumbler full almost to the brim, threw back his head and drained it to the last drop. "Well," he uttered, "it's a pretty brand of liquor you got anyway." He passed the back of a rough hand over his stubby mustache. "Yes," he added, "it's good liquor; I like it. . . . When do they open up for business here?"

"Nine o'clock exactly," vouchsafed the bartender. "By ten you will have to get a shoehorn to ease your way in."

Old Plenty Horses did not hear the last remark. He was over at the blackboard scanning the entries for the day at Chicago. It happened to be a holiday and seven races were carded.

Then pretty soon the big pool room opened up for business. The clerks behind the long counter took their places and the man at the telegraph instrument sent in his O. K.

Plenty Horses did not appear to be interested in these things. He had a big sheet of wrapping paper and was scanning critically the entry list at Chicago. With a stubby pencil which he carried to his mouth and lubricated upon occasion, he was in the throes of selection. When he had the list finished, he carried it over to the man who presided at the combination desk and shoved it in. Then he dug down in an old sack which he carried and produced a greasy two-dollar bill.

"How do you want to call 'em?" exclaimed the price maker—"place or show?" Plenty Horses roared back, "Don't want neither; I want 'em all to win; what good'll place or show do me?"

"Well, bein' as you mention it," retorted the other suavely, "an' if I know anythin' about the beagles on this list, they won't finish if you give 'em a week."

"You called it," responded the ancient one sarcastically "You talked a lot, but you didn't say nuthin. How does that ticket figger, boy?"

The young man made some rapid calculations.

"Oh, it don't figger so much—it's just $19,364 for two. Just a mere bagatelle, as you might say."

"Looks like it should figger more'n that," grumbled Plenty Horses, "but it'll do."

The Horses Off at Chicago

HE GRABBED the ticket and went away over to a far corner of the room where some benches had been piled up. One of these he upturned and seated himself cross-legged on it. Then from his pocket he drew a greasy pack of cards so old that the spots were almost worn out, and so dingy that, except the face cards, it was hard to discern one from the other. From the depths of another pocket the old man unearthed a fat cheese sandwich, and munching it, he started to play. It was evidently his desire to get away from the crowd, and he remained until the few loafers around the pool room, not seeing anything spectacular, drifted away and he was left alone. To visitors who came around he returned no greeting, nor did he notice them. Action was all around him. They were coming and going. The telegraph wire was busy and the constant rataplan of the instrument was buzzing.

"They're going to the post at Chicago," announced the operator; "they're going to the post—seven two-year-olds. There's only three minutes to put your money down. Get aboard, get aboard!"

Some of the spectators rushed over to the desk, but Plenty Horses never moved. He acted as one who was utterly oblivious and had no interest in the proceedings and was immersed in the game.

"They're off at Chicago," announced the operator, "all in a bunch. It's a horse race and they're wingin' it. They're in the stretch and it's going to be a close fight."

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A Blanket Could Have Covered Them, Because They Were Head and Head All Down the Stretch

THE MYSTIC FAN

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

LITTLE Miss Timmins had washed the odd lot of jade she had bought at Farringdon's salesrooms and spread the pieces out on the counter to examine them thoroughly, now that she could really see them. There were three bangles of the dark-green jade which comes from Sungaria, or the country round Lake Baikal, two milky jade cloak hooks, a spirit gong from a small, poor temple, and an archaic fan handle of burnt jade. It was the fan handle that interested Miss Timmins, that had induced her to speculate in the lot. It was eight inches long, rather more than an inch across at its widest, from half to three-quarters of an inch thick, hexagonal, and roughly chased with emblems and blossoms. The longer she looked at it the queerer it seemed and the more she liked it.

Then she took up the spirit gong from the small, poor temple. It was composed of two small plaques shaped like butterflies. One, of greenish jade, was chased with the head and body and wings of a butterfly; the other, of gray jade, was plain and thin and very old—tomb jade, Miss Timmins thought. She cut the cords by which they hung from a wooden frame, carved in the worst Birmingham taste. They would sell better separated from it. Then she took up one of the bangles and began to polish it with a chamois leather.

A car stopped in front of the shop, and that regular customer, Lord Screddington, stepped out of it and came in, looking, as always, uncommonly debonair and distinguished, with a mischievous glint in his very blue eyes. Miss Timmins prepared for cheek, and her charming face grew as forbidding as a charming face can grow.

He smiled at her, a delightful smile, and said in impassioned accents, "Good morning, loveliest Beulah darling."

"Good morning," said Miss Timmins, and the three syllables dropped from her lips like icicles.

"The desperate moth returns to the beautiful candle," he said, and heaved a deep sigh.

Miss Timmins said nothing; she did not appear to have heard him. "Hyrcanian tigress," he said with a bitter mournfulness, and sighed again. "Hullo! What have you got here?" He picked up the jade fan handle.

"A fan handle."

"So it is. I didn't spot it. I've never seen one anything like an old before," he said, turning it about in long slender fingers as delicately deft to handle beautiful things as Miss Timmins' own.

"No more have I," she said. "I think it's Sung."

"It might be," he agreed. "I'll have it. What do you want for it? But have a heart, Beulah darling. Be reasonable. You don't know how badly the cards have been treating me lately."

"It serves you right for gambling," said Miss Timmins with cold severity.

"Always the little tigress," he said, mournful again. "What do you want for it?"

"I can't tell you till I've taken it to the museum and found out about it. But, anyhow, it will be ten shillings more than it would have been. As I've told you before, I put five shillings onto the price of anything every time you call me Beulah darling; and that's twice you've done it," she said in accents a trifle vindictive.

"Oh, what a tigress! Mercenary even in moments of deep emotion," he said yet more mournfully. "In future I shall stick to 'Baby.'"

"It Was Wonderful—Wonderful!" He Said in a Tone of Awe

Mournfully but amiably he reproached her for her coldness and hardness of heart. He often did so; every time it intrigued and rather exasperated her. She could never decide how much he was in earnest; whether, indeed, he was in earnest at all. If only she could have believed his accents and his eyes. But she could not. She suspected that long practice had made them perfect—perfectly deceitful. Nevertheless, sometimes—— Then she took herself hastily to task and told herself how silly it was.

As he talked to her, he was picking up the pieces of jade and looking at them, looking more often at her. Then, carelessly, he fitted the thin gray butterfly plaque, upside down, into the groove in the fan handle. It looked like a tiny fan in a very large handle. He looked at it and turned it about; then slowly his eyes opened wide in pleased surprise.

"By Jove! We've got it this time!" he cried.

"Got what?"

"The *mystica vannus Iacchi*," he said triumphantly.

"What's that?"

"The mystic winnowing fan of Iacchus. It's one of the things that has puzzled scholars and occultists for ages. Why *mystica*, you know? Some scholars say it means 'carried in the mysteries,' the Dionysiac festival, you know. But the occultists say that the *mystica vannus* was a symbol, a very potent, wonderful symbol—one of those symbols with which you can do tremendous things, if you only know how to use them. But it's lost. Nobody knows anything about it. And now we've got the blessed thing itself, fresh from the blooming East, where Iacchus came from. Find the right occult gang and they'll up with a packet."

Miss Timmins' charming forehead was furrowed by a frown; her deep blue eyes were cold.

She said coldly, "But it isn't a wonderful lost symbol. It's a fake, and I don't sell fakes."

"Always the little tigress! No joyousness! No enthusiasm!" he almost wailed. "It isn't a fake! I say it's the mystic fan of Iacchus; and that's what it obviously is. Look at it! What else can it be? It's a fan—at least it will be when we've cemented it together—a jade fan, thousands of years old, or thereabouts, from the mystic East. It must be the *mystica vannus*. How do you know it isn't? Be reasonable, Beulah darl—I mean Baby—be reasonable."

"You said half of it and that will cost you half a crown," she said coldly. Then, with a faint admiring smile, she added, "You certainly can tell the tale. But then I always knew you could."

"Not to you, Beu—Baby! Never to you!" he protested.

"Always," she said with conviction; then she added firmly, "I tell you I don't have anything to do with fakes; and I won't."

"I only wanted to make your fortune. But if you won't have a packet out of the fan, at any rate have the lark."

He paused, then chanted, "Do let's have the lark, Baby! Do let's have the lark, please."

A lark appealed to Miss Timmins; she was of that disposition and led a quiet life. She needed little persuading to have a lark with the occult world. She took cement from a drawer, and they cemented the butterfly plaque into the groove of the fan handle. Then he suggested that she should take it to the museum and see what they made of it. A wicked little grin wreathed her so kissable lips; but she hesitated.

Then she said hastily, "No, I won't do that. They're always so kind to me at the museum."

"That's to your credit, not to theirs. Everybody wants to be kind to you. I do myself—often. But you only strike me," he said mournfully. "Well, I'll break my rule and step into the polite world in the afternoon for a day or two and spread the glad tidings of the finding of the *mystica vannus*. You will see some queer birds."

She got to the polishing of the other pieces in the lot. He stayed for a while, talking to her, watching her, saying amusing things and charming things. Though she did not believe them, in spite of the corroboration she found in his caressing eyes, they kept her faintly and delightfully flushed. She thought about him a good deal during the rest of the day. She did think about him a good deal most days.

At eleven o'clock the next morning he came again, bringing with him a mahogany, velvet-lined, glass-lidded box, with brass attachments by means of which it could be screwed down to the counter. He screwed it down and laid the mystic fan in it; then he took from his pockets four of the crystal balls that crystal gazers use and set them about it.

"Doesn't it look the very last word in the occult?" he said joyfully. "It's any odds they try to steal it, if you won't sell it to them. You'd better insure it for at least an untidy sum."

"It does look awfully it," she said in admiring accents. "You do have lovely ideas. You'd make a fortune in this business—if you kept honest."

"Praise at last—qualified, but praise," he said in a tone of perhaps exaggerated pleasure. "But how many times have I wanted to put money into this business, move you into a shop in Piccadilly and sell only top-hole things?"

Miss Timmins looked at him queerly and said soberly, "No, I won't let you put money into this business. You're bad enough as it is."

"Cryptic—cryptic," he said, shrugging his shoulders and smiling at her. "But I must be off before the initiates come. Those of them who know me won't believe that for me life is really real and earnest. Try to remember as much as you can of what they say. It's always amusing. And keep the fan locked up, or one of them will bone it and bolt. Tell them that if it's touched it will lose its virtue."

"But what reason am I to give for not selling it?"

He hesitated, considering; then he said, "Oh, tell them that it has no virtue for anyone who buys it. Tell them that it has to be given or stolen. That will stump them."

There came a glint in his eye, and he made a sudden grab at her. Miss Timmins saw the glint, recognized it and jumped back out of reach.

"The most distrustful person I ever met," he said reproachfully. "Good-by, darling—there's no charge for 'darling' without the 'Beulah,' you know—good luck."

She watched him cross the pavement, get into his car and drive off, with rather wistful eyes. Then she locked the box and put the key in her pocket. Then she looked through the drawers of the cabinets and found half a dozen jade charms of milky greenish and old gray jade. Some of these people would be sure to ask her if she had anything else of the same kind.

Half an hour later came the lady of sixty, an expensively dressed lady, wearing a green hat too young for her, with hair for the most part removable, enameled cheeks, and very dark rings under her tired and sunken eyes. On her fingers were rings of strange shapes, set with strange gems, endowed with strange properties. She wore a rather dreadful air of a sibyl with a past in process of rejuvenation.

In a tired and husky voice she said, "Good morning. I'm told you have a jade fan. I should like to see it."

Miss Timmins waved her hand toward the box. She was not going to call the occult object in it a fan.

The lady bent down over the box, and her tired eyes glittered as she examined the emblems on the fan.

Then she said in hushed, awed accents, "It is. It is undoubtedly the *mystica vannus*—the lost symbol. Astonishing—astonishing! To find it in a little shop in an obscure little street in the heart of London!"

That quite failed to win Miss Timmins' heart, since it was her perpetual grievance that the shop was little and in obscure little Devonshire Street. When the lady asked to examine the fan more closely, she said coldly that she could not take it out of the box, for she had been told that if it were handled it would lose its virtue. The lady said that she was right, that it should be handled only by the initiates, but that she would buy it. What was the price?

"It isn't for sale," said Miss Timmins with decision.

With an air of immense disappointment, the lady asked her why she would not sell it, what was she keeping it for, what did she propose to do with it?

Miss Timmins could not very well say that she was keeping it for a lark; she shook her head with an air of mystery and repeated that it was not for sale.

The lady looked at her with a sudden interest, said "Are you one of us?" and made, very quickly, a sign which Miss Timmins did not catch.

Miss Timmins said rather coldly that she was not one of them. Thereupon the lady offered her twenty-five pounds, then thirty-five, then fifty for the mystic fan. Miss Timmins refused the offers firmly; but it must be admitted that she refused the fifty pounds with a pang. It was, indeed, hard, when fifty pounds would have been so useful—she would have allowed herself a new frock and at least one new hat out of the windfall—to refuse fifty pounds for two pieces of jade which had not cost her fifty shillings. But she never dreamed for a moment of accepting it.

The lady's temper had gone; her eyes were now sparkling fiercely. Could she have flushed through the enamel, her face would doubtless have been a reddish purple.

Then the gentleman of sixty came into the shop, an expensively dressed gentleman of sixty, plump, with protruding, rather glassy eyes, longish gray hair and a face uncommonly pasty for his years.

He started slightly at the sight of the lady and said in a piping voice with no warmth in it, "How do you do, Lady Stairforth? The early bird—what? But the worm—ah, yes, the worm's still here." And he looked into the box that contained the mystic fan. "Do we combine to acquire it, or do we fight for it?"

"It isn't to be acquired, Mr. Gregory," said Lady Stairforth sourly. "The young woman says it isn't for sale."

"Everything is for sale," piped Mr. Gregory sententiously. "It's merely a question of the price. Let's have a look at it."

He bent down over the box and examined the mystic fan carefully. There came a gleam into his fishy eyes, and he asked to be allowed to examine it more closely. He accepted Miss Timmins' refusal to take it out of the box, lest handling should rob it of its virtue, without protest

He said, "I see that someone who knows has been telling you about it. But did they tell you that it may be a very dangerous thing to have, that it may bring misfortune and disaster on those who do not understand how to treat it?"

"It doesn't look very dangerous," said Miss Timmins, unmoved.

"You think it's genuine then?" said Lady Stairforth.

"I do. Besides, everything is genuine to those that believe in it," piped Mr. Gregory, again sententious

He asked Miss Timmins how it had come into her possession. She told him that she had bought it at a sale, that a friend had told her that it was the *mystica vannus*. She repeated that it was not for sale. He showed no disposition to let her have her way in this matter. He grew uncommonly urgent with her to sell it to him; his offers had risen to one hundred pounds.

Then the gentleman who looked like a goat came in. Thanks to the narrowness of his long face and to the fact that his long nose drooped down almost to his pointed beard, and that his soft hat, pushed back, left uncovered two little tufts of hair, cut, or curled, into the semblance of budding horns, the resemblance was astonishing. It astonished less those who knew that it was his pride to be known in his esoteric circle as the Goat of Mendes.

"Ah, my good friends Lady Stairforth and Augustus. The first arrivals, eh? Keen on the scent—very keen, hein? But not quick enough, for the *mystica vannus* must

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She Spoke in a Tone of Finality, and They Gazed at Her Yet More Unhappily

THE ROMANTIC 90'S

By Richard Le Gallienne

AT ANY given period of transition there are always three generations actively in being—the great old men on the heights in the background, still wielding authority from their achievement, and in some cases still achieving; the men in their forties, fifties and sixties, in the full vigor of their maturity, occupying the middle distance; and the young men in the foreground, dreaming and plotting the creation of the future. I have dealt with some of the great old men on the heights when I reached London around 1890. One or two others remain, notably Herbert Spencer. I never met that great philosopher, but friends of mine have told me stories of him at first hand of a highly characteristic and amusing nature.

Mr. Spencer's intellectual greatness was accompanied by some eccentric personal traits which unavoidably lent themselves to somewhat irreverent anecdote. For example, whenever he paid a visit of any length to a friend he sent ahead of his arrival a post card on which he had written the details of the diet which his host was expected to provide for him. Grant Allen, who was one of his most devoted disciples, showed me several of these quaint post cards. I wish I had begged one from him for the benefit of the reader, but unhappily I failed in that foresight.

One of Mr. Spencer's most marked characteristics was his extreme impatience, not to say irascibility, in discussion. The smallest difference of opinion in the most deferential of his admirers would produce a state of irritation alarming to witness, threatening even, it used to be said, to the action of his heart. Therefore, for all conversational occasions, he had equipped himself with a pair of ear clips, which, as soon as any such danger point was neared, he clapped on firmly and thus immediately put an end to the discussion.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, the well-known historian and Positivist, once told me an illustrative story of which he himself was the innocent storm center. In those days Mr. Harrison, still a young man, was regarded as an advanced radical thinker, though I imagine he would seem no little of a conservative in our day, when we are all so inured to every variety of redness. The occasion was one of those famous breakfasts given by George Henry Lewes, the husband of George Eliot. Mr. Harrison found himself seated between two formidable figures—no less than Tennyson on his left and Herbert Spencer on his right. He was not, I believe, acquainted with either of them—certainly not with Tennyson; though Tennyson evidently knew who he was, and it was from Tennyson that the first conversational advances came, somewhat in this fashion: Mr. Harrison had been for some moments aware that Tennyson was observing him with no friendly eye. He, however, affected not to notice it; but this was not to avail him, for presently the deep voice growled out, "I suppose you know who I am?"

Lord Tennyson and His Sons

Breakfast-Table Hostilities

ON WHICH Mr. Harrison mildly avowed his ignorance; in itself—need one say?—an unforgivable offense. After a thunderous pause his gracious neighbor returned to the charge with:

"I'm Mr. Tennyson, and if I thought as you do, I'd go and hang myself!"

Such was Tennyson's idea of breakfast-table amenities.

I don't know what answer Mr. Harrison made, but being a first-class fighting man, it was probably spirited.

So much for his neighbor on the left; but soon he was to become involved even more deeply with his neighbor on the right. Having started some philosophic subject with Herbert Spencer, he from time to time quite deferentially ventured to express opinions that were his own but not the philosopher's, innocently unobservant of the rising storm—which suddenly broke by Spencer clapping on his ear clips and behaving as though on the verge of an epileptic fit. Whereupon the host, Lewes, and another friend who knew Spencer's peculiarities rushed to his side, and each taking an arm, raised him bodily from the chair and hurried him from the room. When they came back Lewes turned vehemently on poor Harrison.

"My dear Harrison," he said, "I thought you knew better than contradict Spencer. You might have killed him!"

Another story of Spencer is of a more peaceful, even domestic, nature. It takes us back to the time of the Boer War, and introduces, too, one of the most individual and romantic figures of the period, the poet and anti-imperialist, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Both Blunt and Spencer, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say, were pro-Boers, and therefore lonely men. Feeling the need of someone to talk to on the subject, Blunt went down to see Spencer at Brighton, where he lived in an atmosphere of embalmed mid-Victorianism, quite untempered, as in the case of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, by Pre-Raphaelitism. When Blunt arrived he was ushered into an upper room and found the philosopher reclining on a horsehair sofa. "You will excuse my not rising, Mr. Blunt," he said, placing his hand on his side with an explanatory gesture, "my heart ——"

Herbert Spencer

The two brother pro-Boers then fell to, denouncing the British Government and all its works, and so thorough and passionate was their agreement that Spencer's customary agitation overcame him, though this time it came from the opposite to the usual cause. To agree with Spencer evidently had its dangers also. But on this occasion no ear clips were in requisition. Quite otherwise.

"Mr. Blunt, would you mind ringing that bell?" said Spencer. "There is a lady of my household who plays to me when my nerves grow overexcited."

Then, on the summons, there appeared a timid little spinster lady, clad in rusty black silk such as we associate with ancient umbrellas. Without a word she sat down to an old-fashioned upright piano and tinkled on its antique strings, playing as David played before Saul; till at length the philosopher indicated that her soothing work had been accomplished and she vanished silently as she had entered. Shortly there was the sound from downstairs of another bell.

"That," Spencer explained, "is the luncheon bell. I regret, Mr. Blunt, that I cannot accompany you, for the little I eat, I eat up here."

So Mr. Blunt repaired downstairs, meeting on the way a domestic carrying a tray loaded with smoking mutton chops and other hearty viands which formed the philosopher's frugal meal.

Novels of the 90's

ARRIVING at the luncheon table, Mr. Blunt found himself seated next to the little lady who had played the piano, and another dim little lady like unto her. As conversation was not brisk, Mr. Blunt felt it incumbent on him to make a gallant attempt at sustaining it; so, turning to the two ladies in his courtly manner, he said, "I suppose you have lived with Mr. Spencer for many years?"

Perhaps the little, faded, black-silk ladies had humor—it almost seems as if they must have had—for, with a touch of spinster gayety, they both rippled out together, "Oh, no, indeed! Mr. Spencer never keeps any of us for more than six months—for fear we should grow too attached to him."

It is necessary perhaps to know Herbert Spencer's physiognomy to appreciate the full flavor of this remark.

In 1890 there were several other men of the race of giants still in the world, men of alarming tendencies, and belonging less to their own time than to the future they were forcefully shaping—Tolstoy in Russia, Zola in France, and Ibsen and Björnson in Norway. Owing to the activity of certain advanced publishers, translations of their strange new writings were filling the English atmosphere with portents of change, to the joy of the younger men and the misgivings of their elders. Zola was in his prime, and Nana was regarded as the superfluity of naughtiness. His courageous English publisher, Henry Vizetelly, served two terms in jail for publishing him; six months with a fine of one hundred pounds, for La Terre in 1888; and three months, with a fine of two hundred pounds in 1889, for Nana and some others of his novels. England also had her own apostle of naturalism in Mr. Thomas Hardy, one of the giants happily still left us, the sensation caused by his publication of Tess of the D'Urbervilles in 1891 and Jude the Obscure in 1895 being hard to realize today. But Ibsen was perhaps the figure of most sinister portent. Sir Edmund Gosse had begun translating him as far back as 1872, Mr. William Archer quickly seconding him; and the production of Ghosts and Hedda Gabler and A Doll's House were the thrilling, even terrifying, theatrical events of the time.

I had the good fortune to see and speak with Ibsen while on a visit to Norway, at which time I also spent some

days with Bjornson at his country home. I will tell of my stay with Björnson first. I had gone to Norway with a number of English journalists, and in Christiania had struck up a friendship with one of the younger writers of the day, Mr. Rosencrantz Johnson, who belonged to a group calling themselves the Bohêmes, whose darling desire, like similar leagues of youth before and since, was to *épater la bourgeoisie*. Mr. Johnson was a friend of Björnson's and suggested our paying him a visit in company.

Björnson lived near Lillehammer, in a pine-clad valley at the end of a beautiful lake, which we crossed in the early morning, arriving at Aulestad — Björnson's home—in one of those tiny buggies called carioles, before breakfast time. Aulestad was a big verandaed house on the side of a wooded slope, and as we climbed up to it, there was our host with his leonine head and great shaggy white hair awaiting us, his arms stretched out in welcome, like a patriarch—though, as a matter of fact, he was little beyond sixty. He was an impressive figure of a man, with his broad sturdy shoulders, his eyes and nose like an eagle's—half lion, half eagle, so to say—suggesting immense strength and magnetic force. He seemed, indeed, like a hero from the old Scandinavian sagas come to life again, and as he embraced us we felt swept up into a larger, keener air. We noticed that he carried a bath towel over his shoulder, which he immediately explained.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson

"I am off for my bath in the woods," he said. "Will you join me?" He talked English, I may say, like an Englishman.

It was a heroic welcome, but we were game; and presently the three of us were tramping through the woods, till we came where a mountain stream fell in a torrent of white water down the face of a rock. Planks had been placed at the foot of the fall.

"This is my shower bath," said Bjornson as he stripped; and there presently he stood firm as a rock beneath the cataract, the water pouring over his strong shoulders, his white head white as the foam, and shouting with joy of the morning. So might some great old water god have stood and laughed amid the sun-flashing spray. It was a picture of elemental energy never to be forgotten; and as one watched him there one could well understand the power that made him the uncrowned king of his country.

The Stay With Björnson

THEN, nothing loath, we repaired to the house for breakfast; and here again all was saga, and one seemed to be seated in the hall of Sigurd the Volsung; for the master of the house and his lady, beautiful and commanding like her lord, sat at the end of a long table, royally side by side, on a slightly raised dais, with my friend and me, their guests, to right and left of them. One expected an aged harper to appear at any moment. Below us sat Björnson's daughter, Bergliot, named after his greatest poem, a glorious girl made out of gold and the blue sky, with whom, married men though we were, Johnson and I at once fell hopelessly in love. The tall brothers of the old ballads were not lacking, and other members of the household lined the table. The breakfast, too, belonged to saga—no breakfast-food-and-glass-of-milk business, but the robust Norwegian breakfast of heroes—roast meats and pungently spiced and smoked fishes, and, if not exactly horns of mead, bumpers of ale and *apéritifs* of schnapps. But before we ate anything, there was a ceremony to be performed. Björnson rose, and making us welcome in one of his eloquent speeches, he bade the company drink sköll to his guests, which was promptly done with a noble heartiness. Mrs. Björnson had inquired about my wife, why was she not with me, and so forth.

"But you have her photograph in your pocket," added the poet. "Out with it!"

So, the photograph being produced, Bjornson held it up to the company, and once more bade them drink sköll to the absent English lady

It was a gloriously different world from London, a dream out of a book of Norse fairy tales, romantically unreal, yet how invigoratingly human, with what a gusto in living!

We spent several days with the great Norseman, and I had many talks with him, pacing to and fro in his library, his hand, father-like, on my shoulder. We talked much of English literature, in which, of course, he was well read, and he inquired if I knew his great English friends Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer, a respectful acquaintance with whom I was happy to acknowledge. But at that time his heart was more occupied with the politics of his country, as he was engaged just then in his great patriotic struggle to separate Norway from Sweden, in which, of course, he eventually succeeded.

As everyone knows, he was a great orator, with a voice that carried across huge crowds in the open air. I never heard him under such conditions, but I shall never forget his radiant, impassioned eloquence, as I walked to and fro by his side in that Aulestad study. Once —as with Meredith, though not so disastrously—I came near to putting my foot in it. It was a terrible thing to do, but he generously forgave me, for I was a stranger, and naturally didn't know better. I mentioned the name of Ibsen. Then indeed he looked like an old lion. He stopped short, fire in his eyes and nostrils, and shaking his great white mane, he thundered out, "Ibsen!" A pause, and then again, with withering contempt, "Ibsen is not a man; he is only a pen!"

I knew nothing then of the bitter rivalry between the two great men, nor, I suppose, had Björnson at that time any inkling of the ironic stroke fate was soon to deal him, for who should that beautiful Bergliot of his come afterward to marry but Ibsen's son, Sigurd Ibsen! The marriage was probably no more to the taste of one father than the other, and I have heard since that when, the young people sticking to their guns, the ceremony became inevitable, infinite management of the reluctant fathers was necessary to prevent an explosion. Both were present at the church, but in ordering the arrangements the dangerous question rose—which was to precede the other in the bridal procession? At last some diplomatist struck on a happy compromise, and the two fiery Norsemen walked side by side, if not arm in arm.

When the time came to say good-by, it was this golden bride of Sigurd who was to drive us in a sort of wagonette to the lake ferry. Several of us were going, but there was room for only one of us by the beautiful Bergliot's side on the box. Naturally, there was a fierce rivalry for the coveted seat, and it makes me happy to this day to remember that it was I that she chose. We couldn't speak a word to each other, but there are situations that are happy enough without words. So, once more in the early morning, Björnson again with arms outstretched in valedictory blessing, "flags flying in town and harbor," we went off laughing into the sunlight. Again I had seen Shelley plain, and I have few memories that I cherish more than those days at Aulestad, with its great-hearted host and hostess, not to speak of their fairy-tale daughter, by whose side I drove off that light-hearted morning, while I hugged close under my arm a copy of The Heritage of the Kurts which Björnson had given me for remembrance.

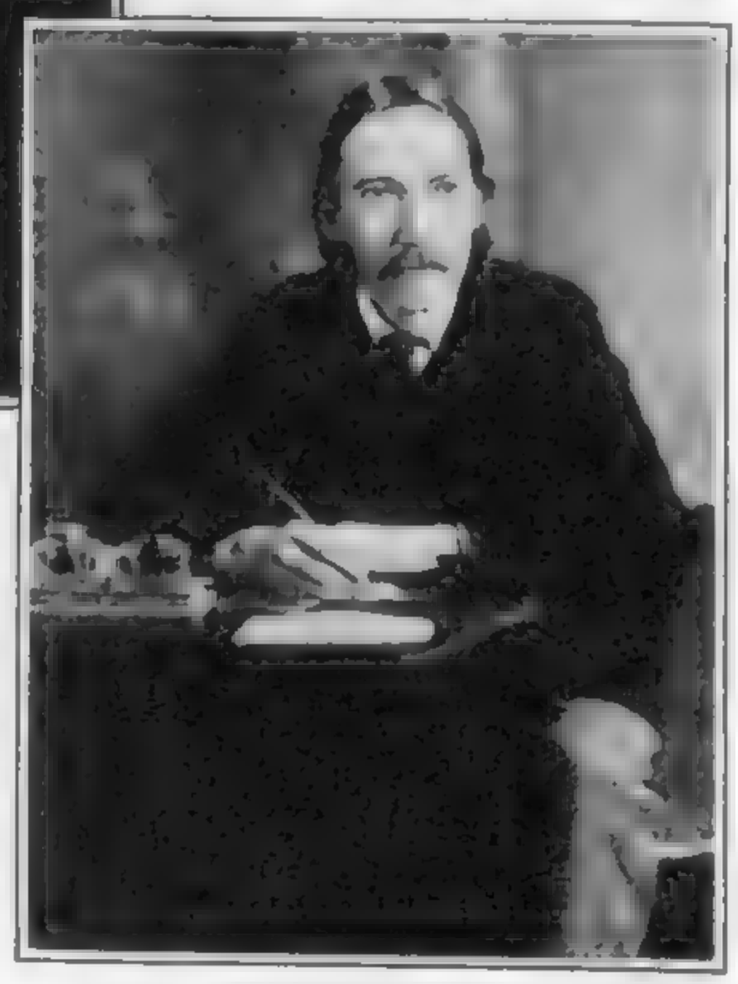
Glimpses of Henrik Ibsen

BACK in Christiania, my friend with the name from Hamlet announced that on the morrow we must see Ibsen—not, indeed, *en famille*, for he knew him but slightly, but as all Christiania could see him every day if so minded, as he lunched in regal taciturnity at the Grand Café, with clockwork precision at one. It would be little more than the cat looking at the king, he explained, for Ibsen was not Bjornson, and his heart was anywhere but on his sleeve. We were there in good time, for, said my friend, "You must not miss his entrance."

The large café was crowded, but we found a good table on the aisle, not far from the door. We had not long to wait, for punctually on the stroke of one, there, entering the doorway, was the dour and bristling presence known to all the world in caricature—caricatures which were no exaggeration, but, as in the case of Swinburne, just the man himself. The great ruff of white whisker, ferociously standing out all round his sallow bilious face as if dangerously charged with electricity, the immaculate silk hat, the white tie, the frock-coated martinet's figure, dressed from top to toe in old-fashioned black broadcloth, at once funereal and professional, the trousers concertinaed, apparently with dandiacal design, at the ankles, over his highly polished boots, the carefully folded umbrella—all was there apparitionally visible before me; a forbidding, disgruntled, tight-lipped presence, starchily dignified, straight as a ramrod; there he was, with a touch, as I hinted, of grim dandyism about him, but with no touch of human kindness about his

(Continued on Page 105)

Henrik Ibsen



Robert Louis Stevenson

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

Jacqueline Asked Hoarsely, "What are You Doing Here?"

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

III

JACQUELINE was possessed by joy at the prospect of spending three hours of this cloudless afternoon with Dormier at a contest, of which she was, indeed, utterly ignorant, but the excitement of which was somehow in the air. Some joy, too, rose from her belief that her stepmother was irritated at Dormier's absence from the picture exhibition. She was so much absorbed in her own happiness that she did not notice a small but significant incident as the three of them—Dormier and she and Miss Salisbury—got into the car. One of the McMannis cars was always at the disposal of the duke. There was a momentary dispute as to whether Miss Salisbury or the duke should sit on the little seat. The duke sat there. But hitherto, when there was a question of this kind, it was Jacqueline who had taken the strapontin. The present arrangement brought Dormier opposite to Jacqueline. Every time her eyes, looking over the edge of her high chinchilla collar, met his eyes, she beamed upon him. She could not help it. Fortunately, Miss Salisbury spent most of her time looking out of the window.

"Polo Grounds," said the duke to the chauffeur.

"Which entrance, sir?" said the chauffeur, who would not recognize the existence of titles.

"Lower," said the duke, while the two ladies marveled at this information.

"Did you ever know such a day!" said Jacqueline.

"Ah," said Miss Salisbury patriotically, "these hard dry bright American days!"

"Heavy dew, though—at night," said Dormier. "Heccles tells me the coat I wore last night was quite damp this morning."

Jacqueline simply couldn't believe her ears.

"Damp all over?" she said.

"No," replied Dormier, looking so blank that he looked almost stupid; "no, just one shoulder—the left, I think Heccles said."

Of course it wasn't necessary that he should have this talent, too, but how divine! And to make it better, Miss Salisbury protested:

"These climatic changes are very unhealthy."

"I don't find them so," replied the duke, and added, "How did you enjoy your evening, Miss McMannis?"

"It had its ups and downs," answered Jacqueline from behind a wall of fur.

"But how did it end? That's the important thing."

"Ah, how true that is!" said Miss Salisbury. "It's always the end that counts."

"It ended well," answered Jacqueline; "quite on a peak, in fact."

"It ended rather unnecessarily suddenly, didn't it?" said the duke, glancing casually out of the window.

"I thought so—afterward," returned Jacqueline.

"A lot of good that did."

"I'm sure," said Miss Salisbury, "that everyone would have waited if they had known Your Grace was coming in."

"I shouldn't have asked that. Indeed, I shouldn't have wanted it," said the duke very graciously.

Jacqueline tucked her chin down to hide a smile that threatened to develop into a laugh. Miss Salisbury thought he meant to indicate that he had not cared for the guests, and she thought that the dear duchess would not quite have approved of her son's speaking so frankly.

Although they were early, the traffic while they were still in the park was unusually thick, and by the time they had reached Seventh Avenue—or, as the duke called it, "the" Seventh Avenue—they were in packed lines of moving cars—taxis full of seedy-looking elderly men, taxis full of well-dressed young clerks, great touring cars skillfully driven and completely filled with beautifully attired negroes, little French cars with two men on the box, and trucks and delivery wagons pressed into family service for this historic day. As they turned in under the Elevated tracks, men with megaphones rushed out upon them, offering them parking space, though the offering sounded fiercer and more authoritative than the commands of dozens of policemen directing the traffic, some of them so great that they had velvet collars on their uniforms.

As they got out, gray-coated officials herded them into the emptiest aisles and hopeful little boys appealed to be taken in on extra tickets.

Once inside the gates, the crowd spread out a little so that Dormier had time to buy three score cards and three bags of peanuts. Then they began their long walk round to their box, which was behind third base.

Jacqueline had not only never been to a baseball game before; she had never been before in such an immense crowd. There must have been fifty thousand people in that great arena. They were almost all men. The fashion that year was for gray clothes; gray mitigated the general blackness of the background. A light haze of bluish tobacco smoke floated out on the pure clear afternoon air. To her left Jacqueline could see the stalled lines of orange-colored trains of the Elevated railroad, swarming with fortunate employes. Even the roofs of neighboring apartment houses were well filled.

Hearing shouts, yells and groans as they entered, and seeing the field so actively occupied, Jacqueline assumed that they were late and had missed the beginning of the game. Glancing down one of the aisles as they made their slow way toward third base, she saw a net in the middle of the field.

"Good!" she thought. "It must be something like tennis."

She was confused to find by the time they were in their places that the net had disappeared, and that two men dragging strange matlike objects were approaching from the side. She had been reading a historical novel of ancient Rome and found herself thinking of nets and tridents, but saw presently that these mats were not part of the game, but merely a way of preparing the diamond for play. She could not but admire the skill and care of the man who marked out the white lines—an artist at heart. The little hole in the ground where the balls were kept delighted her.

"So snug," she thought; "like eggs in a nest."

She said nothing of all this, partly because she did not want to make a fool of herself, partly because Miss Salisbury was saying "How strange! Quite different from cricket," as if the difference measured a certain criminal quality in the game.

Then the coin was tossed, the umpire, with that strange familiar nautical hitch to his armor, bent over and the game began.

Jacqueline's confusion of mind was increased by a wrong supposition she made at the beginning—that a New York crowd would be in favor of the New York team. There was loud applause when the first of the visitors to go to the bat hit what looked like a single, but a very young man on the base immediately in front of Dormier's box leaped into the air and caught it. This, too, was applauded, even by the same people who had applauded the hit. Dormier observed that that was a clever young lad. But the stands went wild with enthusiasm when the great pitcher of the visiting team went to the bat and drove a ball toward the left field—only to see it rebound from the wall and drop into the hands of the Giants' left fielder.

By the time the Giants scored in the third inning Jacqueline had learned enough of the game to follow it, with a good deal of assistance from the duke and the score board. As much as the game itself, she enjoyed the running comment of the crowd. She was fortunate in having a local wit, with a carrying voice, sitting not far behind her.

"Where's the fire, Frankie?" he kept calling over and over again to the stalwart second baseman of the home team.

The day being chilly, several of the players showed red flannel sleeves below their normal uniforms. And when in the eighth the splendid pitching of Bentley began to weaken and Gowdy went forward to speak a word to him, the same gay spirit called out, "That's right, you two boys ought to see more of each other." The duke took this opportunity of telling her that both men had been in France in the Army, one of them in a battle he himself had been in. They had talked of it in Washington.

There was a proud moment for everyone in the box, when one of the coaches, once as great a player as any of them, nodded to Dormier in passing and said, "I see you got your box, duke." It spread almost instantly through the crowd that the slim young man in the box behind third was the Duke of Dormier; but no one had time to take much interest in dukes when such a game was playing, particularly as it was just before that moment in the fifth inning when Bentley made a home run—a home run that missed being a foul by inches, and everyone stood up and yelled and seemed to go quite mad.

When they sat down again a reporter was in the box, asking the duke what he thought about baseball, and the duke answered, "My dear fellow, do leave me in peace. I'm keen about it. If I were an American, I should be a fan."

The reporter, having an honest heart but an inaccurate ear, reported that the duke had said, "If I 'was' an American, I 'would' be a fan."

In the eighth inning Jacqueline saw another home run—more and wilder enthusiasm. This time she whispered to Dormier, "But why do they call him Goose? He seems to be such a wonderful player—almost the best."

The duke told her the player's name. She saw a procession of pitchers put in on both sides and presently the game was over.

It was great fun to stream with the crowd across the field where late the great game had taken place, under the clubhouse and out to where the car was parked.

Driving home, Miss Salisbury said sadly, "It's not really like cricket." And then she added her final condemnation: "It would never do at home."

"Prolly not," said the duke.

Jacqueline was still all excitement. It seemed to her the most wonderful and skillful and exciting contest she had ever imagined—nothing could be better.

"Ah," said Dormier, "you must try cricket when you come to England."

"If I ever do," she answered, and immediately colored deeply and hoped that he did not suspect the thought that flashed through her mind.

At the hall door they were greeted by the intelligence that Mrs. McMannis was having tea in the drawing-room, but it was news intended for Dormier alone. Jacqueline was never expected at tea unless especially invited; and, as a matter of fact, did not ordinarily desire to be invited, for tea was a beverage for which she had no inclination. Dormier urged her to come with him, but she shook her head.

"You have your tea upstairs?" he asked.

"I don't have it at all."

"You don't have your tea?" The duke was open to new ideas, but the thought of a young and beautiful girl going without her tea —— "Ah, come with me," he said. "I'll protect you."

Jacqueline's throat grew longer at the word.

"I don't need to be protected," she returned quickly. "I'm not afraid." She hesitated. It is difficult sometimes at eighteen to explain the policies that underlie your conduct. "She has her rights. The drawing-room in my father's house is hers. I won't invade her territory and I want her not to invade mine."

"You don't like your stepmother?"

"I hate her," Jacqueline answered in a violent whisper.

The next moment she regretted her candor—she had probably shocked and alienated him, though it was difficult to tell what he was thinking behind that long pale mask of his. English girls—English girls, at least, as represented by Miss Salisbury—never would permit themselves to hate their stepmothers.

The spot was not adapted to confidences. They were standing by the hall door, with the servant laying Dormier's hat and coat in a convenient position, and Miss Salisbury, unwrapping the striped muffler from her neck because of the heat of these American houses, waiting on the lowest step of the stair.

It seemed hopeless to explain, so Jacqueline just said recklessly, "Well, I do anyhow," and turned away and went upstairs; and then, as usual, wished that she had not been quite so hasty.

The grown-up people were going out to dinner, and so Jacqueline had the whole uninterrupted evening to worry about what Dormier thought of her, and then about what she really was—just a bitter disagreeable girl; that probably explained why she was so much alone and so unloved; she apparently was the sort of person that repelled affection. Dormier had undoubtedly begun by being attracted to her because she was young and, as Mr. Winters had said, nice looking; but now he had had a glimpse of this ugly side of her nature —— She must be prepared to

(Continued on Page 152)

A Reporter Was in the Box, Asking the Duke What He Thought About Baseball, and the Duke Answered, "My Dear Fellow, Do Leave Me in Peace. I'm Keen About It"

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

The Great Abduction—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"How Could One Live Here Comfortably Amidst the Ghosts of Other People's Grandeur?" She Demanded

MR. MARTIN FOGG, almost inconspicuous, notwithstanding his tie, in such a maelstrom of variegated humanity, sat before a small marble table outside the Café de la Paix. He had a drink of some sort by his side and a packet of cigarettes upon the table. His immediate object, however, was not refreshment.

Mr. Fogg was seated in that precise spot because he had once been told that no person could remain in Paris for longer than three days without passing at least once that particular corner of the Boulevard des Italiens.

Martin Fogg was testing the truth of this statement and growing irritable under the strain. He was a stranger in Paris, ignorant of its language and only mildly tolerant of its institutions. Even its types, presented to him here in somewhat flamboyant fashion, failed to interest him. He was tired of the *midinettes* with their bandboxes, the gamins of the streets, the ceaseless flow of sight-seers, the exaggerated charms of itinerant femininity, and the solemn-faced artist with long black hair Spanish hat and cloak and a portfolio of drawings under his arm, on his way to try his luck among the *nouveaux riches* of the other hemisphere at the Grand Hotel.

Yet in a single moment all his discontent and irritation vanished. If he could have met the didactic originator of that sweeping statement he would have grasped him by the hand and applauded his knowledge of the world, for suddenly and when he was least expecting it the man of whom he was in search came sauntering along the pavement.

The rest was easy; merely a reversion to the tricks and skill of his younger days, when he had first passed from the ranks of the metropolitan police to the lower division of the detective force. He had already paid his bill, and scarcely anyone noticed him leave his seat and join the throng. His task was at no time difficult, for the man whom he followed made use of no subterfuges and, beyond the fact that he occasionally loitered outside a shop window, pursued a straight and unembarrassing course. Within a quarter of an hour of his passing the Café de la Paix he had entered the portals of a very famous hotel in the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme, and his pursuer, who had even watched him take a key from the concierge, had accomplished the first raison d'être of his visit to Paris

With a sigh of satisfaction, Martin Fogg crossed the square, made his way to the inquiry counter of another scarcely less famous hotel and sent his name up to Mr. Gilbert Channay. In a few minutes he was ushered into a somewhat ornate but comfortable salon; attractive enough in its way, but a little too blue, a little too white and with a little too much gilt around the panels and cornices. Gilbert Channay, who had already commenced to make his evening toilet, came out from his bathroom in a dressing robe and greeted his visitor with some surprise.

"What the devil are you doing here, Fogg?" he demanded. "Sit down, won't you? Have a drink?"

"Thank you, no," was the firm reply. "I've been obliged to overdose myself with *apéritifs* already. I've been sitting outside the Café de la Paix for three hours."

"What on earth for?" Gilbert Channay asked, his eyes fixed in fascinated fashion upon his visitor's tie. "Have you been studying the modes in French neck gear?"

"The night I arrived," Martin Fogg confided, "in the American bar of the Grand Hotel, I heard a man say that once in three days every visitor to Paris passed in front of the Café de la Paix. I sat there to test the truth of the statement."

"Successfully?" Channay inquired. "I've passed there myself twice this afternoon."

"I saw you. I also saw the person of whom I was in search."

"And who might that have been?"

"Where are you dining tonight?" Martin Fogg inquired, with apparent irrelevance.

His companion's eyebrows were slightly uplifted. He answered after a moment's hesitation.

"With a lady whom I met on the night of my arrival here."

"The Marquise de Valborde?"

"Have you been spying on me?" Channay demanded.

"I have taken some account of your doings," Martin Fogg admitted slowly. "Just as well, perhaps. I offer no apology. You must remember that we are still partners."

"I do not for a moment deny it," Gilbert Channay assured him. "I hope that I shall never forget my indebtedness to you. At the same time I cannot see that there is any enterprise on foot at present which calls for our coöperation."

"Do you know who the marquise is?" Martin Fogg asked bluntly

"I know that she is the widow of the Marquis de Valborde and has plenty of friends here," Gilbert Channay replied.

"She is also," his visitor declared, "the sister of Nicholas Euphratos."

"The devil she is!" Channay exclaimed, genuinely startled. "How on earth do you know that?"

"I've been rummaging about a little at Scotland Yard. You seem to have forgotten that there are still a couple of men who fancy that you owe them thirty thousand pounds. I haven't. Nicholas Euphratos is one of them, and he is in Paris. I saw him not an hour ago. He is staying at the Hôtel Albert, across the square."

Gilbert Channay's eyes suddenly lightened.

"An adventure!" he murmured.

The adventure, if one it was to be, was slow in developing. The Hôtel Valborde was in one of the quiet but still fashionable streets of older Paris, and the dinner, as his hostess had promised, was a tête-à-tête one. They were served in a handsome but slightly somber dining room, and waited upon by an English butler and footman in the somewhat faded liveries of the house. The marquise—a very beautiful woman: pale, with black hair and deep blue eyes, a figure of the Italian type, thin, yet retaining the charm of unexpected curves—was a delightful hostess, witty and vivacious, interested in her companion, perfectly natural, yet always dignified.

After the meal was over Channay was left for a few moments alone to try some Burgundy which had been bequeathed to her by her grandfather. Later on he was shown, not into the formal salon but into her boudoir, a room on the first floor with a balcony looking out over the gardens. The curtains were closed now, however, and the marquise motioned him to seat himself on the sofa by her side.

She handed him coffee and cigarettes, and a footman served him with brandy in a tall glass. When at last they were absolutely alone it seemed to Channay that the moment which he had been expecting was imminent. There was a subtle change in her manner. She leaned back in her corner of the divan with an air half weary, half of purposeful abandon. The smile of the hostess had left her lips. She was suddenly a little tired.

"Well," she announced, "I have finished with entertaining you. We are hostess and guest no longer. I am going to be very frank. What do you think of me, Mr. Gilbert Channay?"

"I can answer you best," he replied, "by pointing out that I am here. Yours is the first invitation I have accepted, except from very old friends, indeed, since that unfortunate hiatus in my social career."

"Of which you took particularly good care that I should be informed," she observed. "You are like all men of honor, Mr. Channay—a little oversensitive."

He made no reply. After a moment she went on:

"I like you very much. I hope that you have not been disappointed in your visit, that you have found some pleasure in my company. . . . No, do not attempt a compliment. Anything you said would of necessity sound

obvious. Still, all Paris cannot lie. I suppose I retain in some measure my good looks. When I like people as I like you, I certainly find pleasure in talking to them. I find pleasure in having them near me. And now please be at your kindest, for I am going to make a confession."

So the moment was coming! The change in his face was only in the lines about his mouth, the slight hardening of the eyes. She looked at him in silence, a very seductive little smile parting her lips.

"You are a man," she murmured. "I like you when you look stern. Really I think I shall have to be very careful, Mr. Gilbert Channay. Women have always spoiled you, I suppose."

"Their opportunities ——" he began.

She waved him back into silence. Her fingers rested for a moment as though by accident upon his arm, and relapsed back to the divan almost with reluctance.

"Here is my confession then," she continued. "It was not by accident that I met you on the night of your arrival. I asked your cousin for an invitation. I wished to know you. You are a very important person to me—to us both."

"Both?" he repeated.

"To myself more, perhaps, and in a different way from any that I had imagined," she confessed softly, "and to my brother, Nicholas Euphratos."

He showed the proper amount of surprise. He was, as a matter of fact, taken aback by her candor.

"Nicholas Euphratos!" he exclaimed. "You really mean that you are his sister?"

"I am his sister," she acknowledged. "Nicholas lived in London for many years—went into finance there. My father always had a hôtel in Paris but we lived in Buenos Aires. I was married when I was quite young and then Paris engrossed me. I was always very fond of Nicholas though."

"You know, I presume," Gilbert Channay inquired, "that your brother was a business associate of mine?"

"I know it," she replied. "I know also that he treated you badly."

"Anything more than that?"

"I believe," she continued, "that you owe him something like thirty thousand pounds."

"From one point of view, that also is quite true."

"I told you that I was going to be very frank," she proceeded, with a wistful little smile. "Nicholas and I are the only two of the family left. My husband, as you know, was killed in the war. His estates have gone one by one. There is only this house left, and a château on the Riviera. Year by year the little he left me decreases. I keep up my position, but at times it is a struggle. Nicholas is practically a pauper. He has come back to Paris from a trip to Buenos Aires with scarcely a franc in his pocket. You are his one hope. I almost said our hope."

"Nicholas is in Paris then?"

"He is in this house," the marquise confided. "He will come when I send for him—not before."

Gilbert Channay was silent. The woman, who watched him, felt her concern grow. She leaned a little forward. Once more her hand rested upon his arm.

"Must you look so stern?" she pleaded. "Nothing that I can say for Nicholas would make any difference, because I do not understand—only that he behaved badly. But can't you forget? Those days are over. You still have youth. You have everything that man needs for happiness. Can't you be generous, Mr. Channay?"

Her voice had become a caress, the touch of her fingers a clasp of his hand, and with the realization of her unspoken flattery he seemed to feel himself growing colder. He answered her lightly, however. There was even a smile upon his lips.

"Perhaps I had better see your brother," he suggested.

"Now?" she asked, with a faint yet petulant frown.

"It is perhaps one of those things which are better finished with," he replied.

"Afterward," she begged, "you will not hurry away. We can be friends, can we not—you and I and Nicholas? He has suffered so much. He thought so much of you."

"I am a very selfish person," he sighed as he anticipated her movement toward the bell. "I had rather fancied that I was the one who had suffered most."

"If I had known you in those days," she told him softly, "I think I should have been more miserable than anyone."

Nicholas Euphratos was unchanged. His likeness to his sister, as he entered the room and came somewhat hesitatingly forward, was sufficiently marked. He was still wonderfully good-looking in rather an Oriental fashion, dressed with an almost overscrupulous regard to the niceties and details of his toilet, smooth of speech, feline of movement.

"My dear Channay," he exclaimed, "I hope that you are going to shake hands."

"Shall we leave that for the moment?" was the colorless reply. "Your sister said that you would like to see me."

The young man threw himself into an easy-chair.

"I have come back from Buenos Aires for that reason," he announced. "I see that Nyassas are higher than ever. What a stroke of genius your purchase was!"

"Instinct," Channay commented. "I was always very convinced about them, you know. You remember the day, perhaps, when we decided that I should sign those Siamese Corporation balance sheets so as to be in a position to apply for the full number."

The young man moved uncomfortably in his chair.

"I remember everything," he admitted. "I am not going to try any bluff. It is a hard thing to say before my sister, but I willingly acknowledge, Channay, that I behaved like a blackguard. It was really Isham's scheme, but we were all equally to blame."

"Your sister understands the transaction?" Gilbert Channay asked quietly.

"More or less," the young man answered.

"Still, lest there should be any mistake, let me explain this to you, marquise," Channay continued: "For the sake of dividing the whole of the Nyassa profits among themselves and getting rid of me, my business associates committed what I should term moral perjury, as a result of which I spent three years in prison. But," he went on, with a faint smile, "there is always a humorous side to every tragedy. The humor was that the Nyassa properties had been bought in my name—I being the only one able to raise the thirty or forty thousand pounds necessary at that moment—and the shares had never been transferred. The consequence was that when they came to divide the booty there was none. The Nyassa shares belonged, not, as everyone thought they would, to the members of the syndicate, but to me. They still belong to me."

"Every member of the syndicate," Nicholas Euphratos said hoarsely, "was entitled to a proportion of the shares by paying the par price. So far, not one of us has received an allotment."

Gilbert Channay leaned toward the bell and made a low bow to his hostess.

"And not one of you ever will," he declared as he took his swift and unexpected departure.

With the coming of Gilbert Channay there passed from Catherine's somewhat depressed consciousness the Paris of the great tourists' hotel, the horde of uniformed guides, the shops which advertised their English-speaking assistants, the Paris of chars-à-bancs and sight-seers and superficialities. She found herself seeing the city with entirely different eyes. She penetrated into restaurant and cafés, many of them not in the least gorgeous or extravagant, where atmosphere reigned supreme and roast beef Anglais was not upon the menu. She saw something of French art and architecture from an individual point of view. She was even inducted into the mysteries of the Rue de la Paix and of the inner circle beyond, where shops become temples of art and none but true disciples are welcome.

The change was gradual enough, and culminated in the removal of her father and herself from the great hotel in the boulevard to a smaller one near the Champs Élysees. Here, one evening, Gilbert Channay had a sudden revelation. He had called to take them out to dine and was drinking an *apéritif* with the former in their small sitting room. In the midst of their conversation an inner door

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"I Remember Everything," He Admitted. "I am Not Going to Try Any Bluff"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1925

Defeatism in Business

SOMEWHERE in every business organization there should be a gloomy Scotchman who always fears the worst and is always taking steps to prevent its happening. Such a business rarely fails. But a business that carries too many gloomy Scotchmen on its pay roll rarely succeeds.

Business thrives on hope, on optimism, on the will to succeed—on the belief of its head, permeating on down through to the rank and file of the organization, that theirs is the best possible business, and that if their house is not the strongest in it they are going to make it so or know the reason why. A man who does not really believe in the house, who disparages its goods, even in talk among his fellows, is like a sliver in the thumb, and the sooner he is drawn out the better for the business.

This halfway, half-sold, doubting Percy is the exact equivalent of the propagandist who did so much at one time during the war to destroy the morale of the Allies. The Allied armies were invincible; they were bound to win if they only believed. Their greatest liabilities were the doubters in their own ranks, and not their open enemies and secret spies. They could fight the first and hang the second. But the man in the Allied trenches who viewed with alarm, and finally with despair, who was afraid the Germans could never be whipped, was the danger spot.

What is true of a business is true of a country. If in a period when every sign points to prosperity; when the needs of the world and its purchasing power are at their peak—for despite the waste of war the actual wealth of the world is greater today than ever before in its history—if then the men in the business trenches and their generals begin to doubt and to wonder if an advance is in order, we shall have business digging in or withdrawing to its second line of defense. Actually the conditions are favorable and the time is ripe for a great business offensive. Only defeatists can stop it.

Handsome Is as Handsome Does

IF AN eccentric foreigner, passing through a succession of strange American towns, desired to inspect the least lovely spot in every neighborhood with as little delay as possible, he might save a deal of time by demanding at once that he be driven to the nearest gas plant.

Occasionally, but not often, this seeker for the unsightly would be jolted out of his cynicism by beholding a smartly kept-up property with good-looking buildings, a well-groomed stretch of lawn adorned by flowering shrubs and a gas holder whose harsh red lines were broken by the green masses of cleverly planted trees.

Unsightly gas works have always been taken so much as a matter of course that it is pleasant to hope they may be on the eve of a general sprucing up. Mr. John F. Weedon, writing in the American Gas Association Monthly, directs attention to the need for just such a movement.

"Beauty," he says, "has been recognized by the United States Supreme Court as something of definite value, and that value is probably very much greater than most people imagine. There is now no reason why a gas-company property cannot acquire much additional value by the simple means of being made pleasing in appearance to the passer-by. The cost of doing so is an investment and not an expense."

With such an expert opinion for a text, this may be a favorable time for committees from civic clubs and improvement associations to call upon local utility officials and take the matter up with them in a friendly spirit.

The refinancing of public utilities through sales of stock to customers has worked out so well in recent years that it looks as if it will become a practice of steadily increasing importance. The success of such flotations depends partly upon the security and return offered, partly upon the goodwill of the territory served. It is to be doubted if there is any means whereby goodwill can be obtained more cheaply than by making utility properties as attractive as circumstances permit.

It would be quite unfair to single out the gas company as the sole objective in a local clean-up campaign. Rare, indeed, is the American town that cannot count a number of manufacturing plants with down-at-heel premises and buildings that are needlessly ugly. Beauty is not always attainable, but neatness usually is; and plant managers should not forget that well-kept premises are a much better fire risk than those which are cluttered with broken crates and boxes and inflammable litter of every description.

Some of the great oil companies set an admirable example in this respect and maintain stations which are so strikingly neat that they resemble the grounds of a Quaker meetinghouse. The Bell Telephone system has long been noted for the pleasing and appropriate character of its exchange buildings; and other concerns which do a nation-wide business have seen the wisdom of exercising a like consideration for the people of local communities.

In the long run no corporation policy yields richer returns than a decent regard for public opinion. Good will breeds good will; and well-kept plants are a form of advertising that never falls on barren ground.

Postponing the Inevitable

ONLY a little time ago the currencies of Germany, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Russia were the objects of the financial concern of the world. Today the currencies of these countries are stable, due in part to revaluations, in part to cessation of issue of paper money and the grounding of the note issue on real values.

In contrast to this, the currencies of France and Italy are again on the down grade; especially is this true of France. Not many months ago these two countries participated in loans to some of the countries named above, designed to aid in stabilization of the currencies. Now while these beneficiaries enjoy stabilized currencies, depreciation of the franc and the lira threatens France and Italy.

In France the situation is as difficult as it is complex. There seems to be a flight of capital from France, due to Frenchmen sending out their resources. There may be another foreign attack on the franc under way, like that of a year ago, something difficult to prove at the time. Large amounts of short-term national obligations will fall due in a short time. The budget exhibits an improved condition, but there is trouble in the field of taxation, the result of new legislation. The new law makes it incumbent on holders of bearer bonds to make declaration of ownership for purposes of taxation before the coupons may be cashed. Designed to uncover hidden securities, the new law has had the opposite effect; it has led to enormous new concealment. A secondary effect of this flank attack on the secrecy of the French investor has been to make him shy at taking additional national bonds. Back of it all stand the shadows of the failure of commercial treaty negotiations with Germany and debt-funding negotiations with the United States.

France has a considerable stock of gold that has not been used to protect the currency. She has been, and is, in position to raise loans for this purpose. But she has no currency policy. At the basis of the currency reforms of the countries named above was devaluation of the unit of currency. France and Italy have not been willing to face definite devaluation and revaluation. The franc is hard to hold to five cents because it is still supposed to be trying to get back to twenty cents. France could peg and hold the franc to a reasonable new value—say, five cents—once that were put into practice. It would be a wrench for a financially proud people, but it will have to come sooner or later, and the longer deferred the harder. It is often said that France and Italy cannot stabilize their currencies until they have refunded their debts. It is equally true that they cannot refund their debts until they have stabilized their currencies. It is suggested that Dawes committees shall undertake to appraise the debt-paying capacities of France and Italy. The first act of such committees would be to devalue their units of currency and make them convertible into real values.

The Bootlegging Diogenes

AN AMUSING development in the bootlegging industry is the frantic search by the owners of rum privateers for honest men to captain their ships. After flouting the law and debauching some of those whose business it is to enforce it, they find that there is neither safety nor profit for them unless they can hire men of character and proved honesty to handle their affairs on the high seas.

They are offering big pay to men who will be law-abiding aft and lawless forward, who can be trusted to obey the law in their dealings with their owners, and to break it in their dealings with others. They are between the devil and the deep sea, with the devil crowding them to the rail; because having hired their honest master for a dishonest purpose, they must constantly be tormented with doubts of his honesty. No one is stronger for honesty in others and more insistently demands the protection of the law when he needs it than the lawbreaker.

American Money for Armaments

THE progressively increasing volume of foreign investment of American capital has naturally provoked cumulative attention on the part of all classes of society. It is not possible to determine specifically the uses being made abroad of American capital sent out during the past five years. Gradually, however, it has become possible to discern the broad general lines along which, in effect, American loans are being employed. These may be roughly segregated as follows: The refunding of matured domestic and foreign bond issues; new issues of government securities, of one type or another, for internal purposes; stabilization of foreign exchange; the indirect payment of obligations of Continental countries to Great Britain—these, in effect, being returned to the United States in the form of British debt payments; the financing of imports from the United States and from other countries; the financing of manufacturing enterprises; the financing of military armaments. The utilization of funds from the United States in these directions—with the exception of the last—may, in general terms, be regarded as contributing to the readjustment and economic stabilization of the financial and trading relations of the world, in which the United States holds a large positive interest.

It is to be questioned whether any scrutiny from this side can prevent a European country from utilizing foreign funds in the maintenance of military armaments, as long as state budgets are subject to political manipulation.

The Destruction of Rural America

Game, Fish and Flower Hogs—By Elizabeth Frazer

IT WAS a big day at Bear Mountain. A warm, radiant Sunday in early summer, with all the 30,000 acres of the great rugged woodland park and game preserve lying along the lower reaches of the Hudson resplendent in robes of tender lucent green and starred like the evening meadows of heaven with millions of delicate wild flowers. This magnificent stretch of untouched wilderness, with its refuge of wild plant and animal life, is the people's playground, and the people use it—and abuse it. Situated within an hour and a half's motor ride from New York, into it sluices each summer week-end the great restless tide of the city's pavement-weary millions. They come by the tens and hundreds of thousands, a vast, picnicking army, a turbulent invading horde. Trains and river boats deliver their quotas, but the overwhelming majority arrive in their own cars. The grand total for 1924 was well over 3,500,000, of which more than 3,000,000 came in private automobiles.

Upon this particular Sunday of the opening season, Captain Gee, chief of police of this superb public domain, tall, spare, grizzled, with a plainsman's clean, straight gaze, had planned for 100,000 visitors. A hundred thousand guests—that requires careful planning on the part of the government host. But his records had taught him what to expect, and those records showed that in the previous year of similar date more than 118,000 visitors had registered in the course of a day, five-sixths of them in automobiles. So there were great parking places to be arranged and extra squads of motorcycle police detailed to patrol the entrances to prevent speeding, stealing, destroying the wild life, or parking or camping on the public highways. For the chief knew by sober experience that among his visiting throng he could count upon a certain percentage of undesirables or, as he bluntly described them to me, hell-raisers, week-end wild men, bad eggs and cheap jazz sports from the city who, once out of sound of the Elevated's roar, dropped all sense of fair play and moral responsibility and seemed to think they could get away with murder.

"They're like the little city girl," he remarked with grim humor, "who, on the eve of her summer vacation, wound up her prayers with, 'Good-by, God. I'm going to the country now.' Those fellows figure that, once outside of their own precinct, any kind of rough stuff goes. And with lads of that caliber you can't turn the other cheek. Pacifist stuff won't go down. Force, superior force, visible to the naked eye—that's the only master they own. So you'll mark our police carry their .45 revolvers handy, holsters at the hip. Got to do it for the tough bunch of wild hurrah boys!"

In addition to the motorcycle police, who maintain a vigilant but altogether friendly eye upon the holiday crowds, there are the forest rangers, whose business it is to protect the wild game, for this park is a great natural refuge in which no hunting or shooting is allowed. Here, in remote leafy coverts, deer with magnificent spreading antlers can, with luck, be spied; wild duck and geese flourish unmolested on the lakes; the streams are plentifully stocked with trout; on the ponds crafty beaver construct their dams like good government

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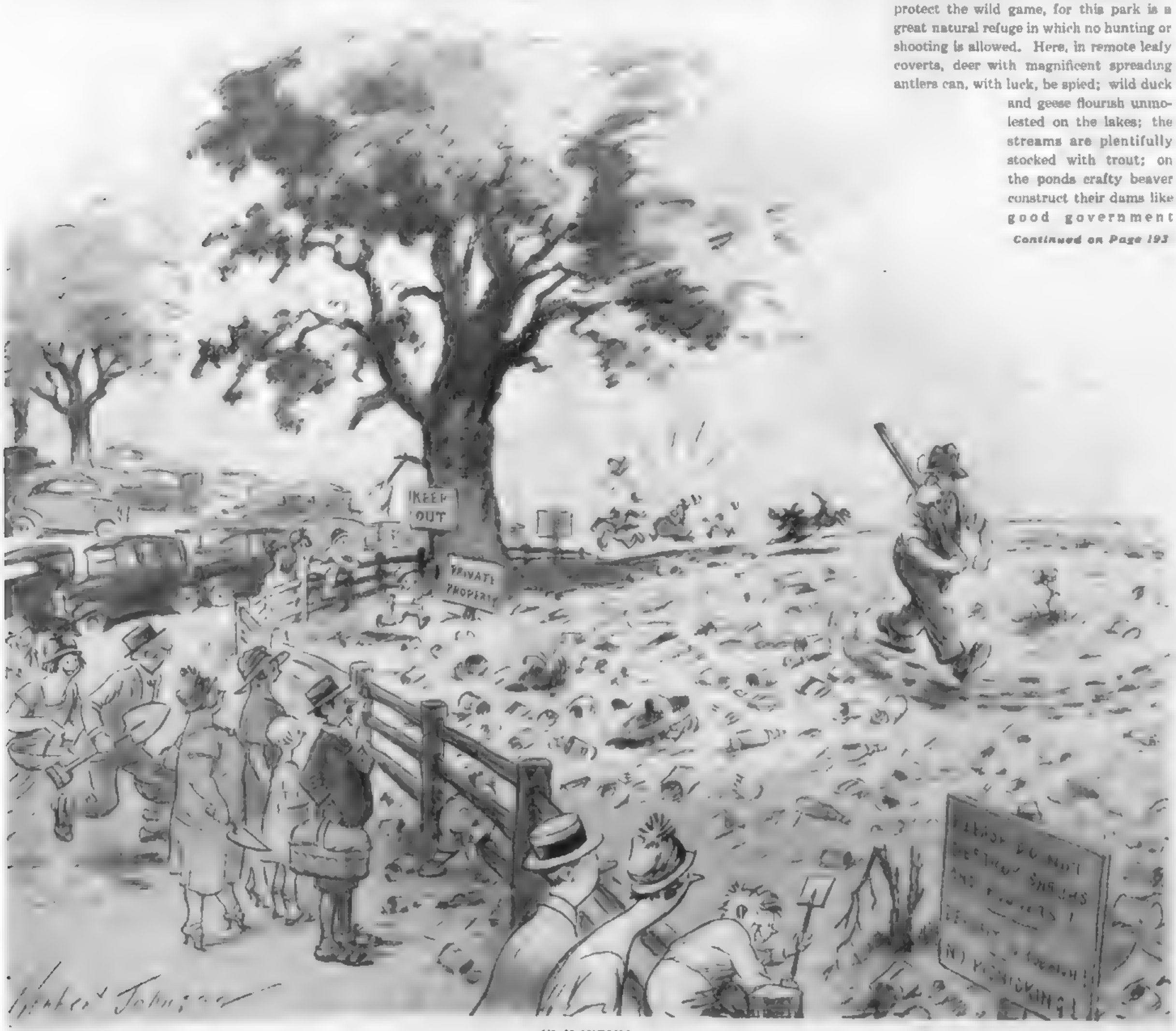

IN MAYTIME

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Making Allowances

IF SHOES were sold on the same basis as automobiles

SHOE SALESMAN: Good morning, sir. Can I be of any service to you?

THE PROSPECT: Yes, sir, you can. I'd like to look at your sport shoes; something like those tan ones you have in the window for twelve dollars.

THE SALESMAN: Very well; will you just step over this way? Now then, if you'll put your foot up here I'll take that shoe off and we can get the correct size. Did you find this pair you are wearing all right for size? I see. Well, I can give you the same thing—that is, the same last except it will be in the new color with the sponge sole. Just a minute.

THE PROSPECT: Yes, that feels very nice. I'll take that pair, providing the allowance on my old ones is O. K. Take that other old shoe off and look 'em over. Believe me, man, if you've ever seen a pair of used shoes that shows less mileage than those babies, then I miss my guess. Not a squeak in 'em anywhere; fact is they're just about broken in. Take a look inside of them. Clean as a whistle, ain't they? You'd hardly know that anyone had ever been in 'em. Besides, they've been washed and polished regularly, and you know how that preserves that kind of stuff. Anybody can see they've been given real care. Go ahead, try 'em out yourself. Run around the block in 'em and step on 'em for a square or two. If you don't come back and say they're the easiest things you ever covered ground in, then I'm no judge. And before you get through, make a note of the condition of the tops, and don't forget that the rubber on 'em is practically new.

THE SALESMAN *(later)*: Well, I must say they're not so bad. We can let you have a dollar and a half on this old pair.

THE PROSPECT: That's a little lower than I expected, but I suppose I'll have to take it. Put in the new ones.

—*C. H. Stanton Massey.*

An Intimate Outline of History—The Customers Join in the Merriment at Omar Khayyam's Paradise Café

They Call It ——

"WHAT!" roared the judge. "You mean to say
He killed her at a cabaret,
Amid the music's blatant blare,
Amid the bright lights' brilliant glare;
And not a diner, at that time,
Made effort to prevent the crime?"

"Just that," the answer came. "You see,
They went out on the floor, and we
Saw nothing wrong 'bout him nor her;
We thought that they were dancing, sir."

—*Henry Sucher*

Cheerio!

TEN-THIRTY—the very top of the morning. Donald W. Doorknob, author of the daily syndicate feature, Have a Smile on Me, which millions of people swallow every morning with their breakfast food, settled down to work with a groan. He had been out to a poker party the night before, and his head didn't feel so good. His tongue had never tasted worse. Swallowing a glass of ice water and adjusting his dressing gown, he faced his typewriter prepared to do battle. Methodically he typed off his heading: HAVE A SMILE ON ME, by Donald W. Doorknob. Then he held his head in his hands and wished he were dead. However, that was neither here nor there. There was work to be done; so with a sigh like an air brake he began to cast about for a title for his feature poem which was really the class of his column. Give Trouble the Chuckle, Keep A-Shovin', Keep A-Stickin', Smile a Pile, Try and Find the Silver Lining, Just Whistle, Let 'Er Rain—all had been used before.

Fresh key phrases were the very devil to find. In desperation he began to play with the word smile: "Smile—grin—chuckle—guffaw—laugh!" He took a deep breath. "Laugh away—laugh a while—win a laugh—WEAR A LAUGH! At last!" Gritting his teeth he typed it: Wear a Laugh!

Just then his wife came in with the mail.

"Nothing but one of your own envelopes. Looks a bit thick. Must be another story back from somewhere," she suggested.

"Rotten luck!" roared Donald, letting it lie where she tossed it. Then he typed:

If you want to look your best,
Wear a laugh!
Never mind the coat and vest—
Wear a laugh!
Let the others wear a frown;
If you want to win renown,
As you're walking up and down,
Wear a kaugh!

Savagely he erased "kaugh" and made it "laugh." "What a life!" he moralized, and took another swallow of ice water. His head had not cleared. "Second stanza, let's go!" he ordered.

A child's bleat in the adjoining room halted his inspiration. He got up from his chair and went out to his wife, who

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Commencement Day

The Young Couple From the City Plant Their Vegetable Garden

The beans with the famous Tomato Sauce!

Save Money!

Eat good food always—it pays. You get excellent quality in Campbell's Beans—splendid, nourishing food. Yet the cost is moderate—a real big money's worth!

Say Campbell's Beans to your grocer and you are sure to obtain the quality and the tomato sauce you like best. Cooked and blended in the great Campbell's kitchens!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

DULCARNON

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

Dan Holding Up the Candle, They Both Saw a Bare Stone Chamber, Whitewashed Long Ago, Now Streaked Brown With Damp

III

DAN woke to find his room filled with sallow-green brightness, the reflection of sunshine from trees that glittered near his window. The day began hot and clear. Nothing had happened; nor while he ate breakfast—a forbidding meal, watched in silence by the two sleepers, now on foot, but dead and alive—did it seem at all probable that anything would ever happen. His night thoughts had been rubbish. The long hallway, smelling of moldy neglect, appeared in its true nature, gray, shabby, common; its back door showed only a green glare, a jungle of weeds throughout the compound; its front door the same, with a great lizard basking upside down on the time-eaten stucco of a pillar; a consumptive white bullock, all ribs and shoulder blades, nosing the grubby lawn in the sun; and for background across the road another sorrowful old house, proud once, now a rookery of veranda, where some Eurasian family in their nightgowns, men, women, countless children, sprawled and jabbered among loose bedding, dishes and poultry.

"Out at elbow, down at heel," thought Towers. "Everything gone to the last run of pigweed. The same yesterday, today and for ever."

With helmet, stick and pipe, he went out a solitary figure of neatness. The road, clean-washed by those torrents overnight, lay steaming before him as it dried; the air, though heavy with damp, breathed fresher, and above his head the trees arched their masses of foliage revived, the outer leaves brilliant, the inmost black with shade at the heart of which a few last drops hung winking. Brown coolies in loin rags; waddling fat merchants diapered by voluminous white dhotis; pot-bellied babes dreaming stark naked; now and then a holy man, lank-haired, wild-eyed, his body smeared with ashes, his forehead sealed with yellow or vermilion, who chanted his doctrine that no one heeded; a sly, black-bearded lawyer conspiring as he went with a rabble of clients and false witnesses; a tailor, very modern, who lugged a hand sewing machine upon his back—all these and many more familiar shapes met or passed languidly, the same restless immemorial flow. Dan, among them, grew dejected.

"Last night you felt a charm working, did you?" he scoffed. "Here in this town? Yes, you were seeing things. . . . Dull, dull, my boy. Ditch water."

None the less, though ashamed to give any reason for delay, he did not then approach the jail, but meandered from street to street.

More than an hour he killed in the bazaar, watching traffic in curry powder, sandals, ghee, pink earthen jars, woven rattan, old silver, gobs of betel and lime, coconut sweetmeats glued on plantain leaves, pearly rings and bracelets carved from sea shells by artists who, crouching at their work, elbowed for more room and bandied obscene wit with passing friends. These were not new sights, yet Dan loitered. One superstition from the hours of darkness remained to haunt him.

"After all, you did hear a voice round midnight. Don't throw away any chance."

It was not until ten o'clock, therefore, that he came sauntering under the high walls of the *jailkhana*, an ugly fortress of wrongdoers, and halted in the gateway. No one had followed him. Down the road a blind beggar, squatting, whined an appeal to the solitude; up the road an infant lazily drove a black goat. Dan pulled a knob at one side of the huge iron door. A bell jangled, echoing within some cave. He waited. At last, with creak and clang, an iron panel slid aside and through a barred wicket peeped half a red turban, a dark forehead and two black eyes, keenly studying him. A voice gave polite greeting, which Dan returned.

"For the superintendent sahib. A chit from a friend in Calcutta."

Between the bars he poked an envelope containing Mr. Crowninshield's card. It disappeared and the wicket closed with a bang. After so long an interval that Towers began to think himself repulsed or forgotten, metal suddenly clicked, something rumbled and thumped, one leaf of the iron door swung ajar and a grave, respectable native in khaki uniform and breast badge, making salaam at his entrance, clashed the door behind him and locked it with a key as big as a hatchet.

"Ee-Smit Sahib coming," murmured this jailer.

They stood in a dark vaulted way. At its farther end, like a tunnel mouth, shone an arch of sunlight barred with iron gates, which two brown men at arms guarded. Somewhere in the dusk, among elephantine squared pillars and buttresses, a door opened and a tall man in white came down three or four steps of dungeon stairway.

"Good morning," said he. "Mr. Towers? How do you do? Smith is my name."

Quiet, deliberate, with good serious face and thoughtful blue eyes, the tall man seemed an extraordinary figure, being plain as everyday, in this limbo of medieval stonework, bolts, bars and locks, fit for a giant's castle. The mustache under his hawk nose and the close-cut hair at his temples were singed with gray.

"What," he continued, "can we do for you?" Dan suddenly found it hard to explain. "Our sights? And in particular the jute spinning?" Smith Sahib gave him a glance, hardly more than a flutter of the eyelids. "Very well; if you will come with me ——"

But the younger man did not follow. One spark of a glance had proved too much, and conquered him, saying clearer than words, "You don't look at all that kind."

It was an unexpected and a bitter pill. Dan gulped it down without choice; for not even on his friend's behalf could he lie to this plain Mr. Smith. His folly had run against the rock of character.

"Here goes," he thought, "to disgrace myself and break all off."

The tall sahib had given an order that caused a jangle of keys, and now stood waiting, a silhouette between the two armed men, holding the black bars apart in the archway.

"I can't do it, sir," Dan avowed; "not under false pretenses."

The other closed his gate and drew near again.

"What did you say?"

Dan felt his cheeks, tough as they were, burning.

"A lie," he answered. "Look here, Mr. Smith, I'm a fraud. You saw through me. I'm not an inveterate philanthropist, and don't care a pice for the jute spinners. What I truly and honestly am hunting for is a friend of mine, one Runa la Flèche. Do you know him?"

The superintendent's blue eyes hardened, gave Dan's a cold, thorough search, then relented with a gleam as of annoyance changing to humor.

"The name," said he dryly, "is not on our books."

"I don't mean that. It wouldn't be."

"Couldn't," amended Smith. "This jail, you know, is not for Europeans."

The retort gave great offense.

"Let me tell you," began Towers, mortified and angry, "my friend's no jailbird."

"Isn't he? Glad to hear that." His tormentor wore a lurking smile. "They say it's notoriously hard, all the same, to prove a negative." As Dan was turning away in wrath he added, "Wait a bit. Is the—no more names just now, please—is the person really a friend? Quite sure?"

"Of course."

Mr. Smith laughed.

"Then Lord help you! . . . Here, my boy, as you've come this far, step in with me anyhow and see over the place, won't you?"

Both laugh and invitation rang kindly. Whatever hidden joke the elder man had been toying with, he now dropped, to give the younger man a pat or push on the back and so most amiably conduct him through the iron gates.

(Continued on Page 44)

ENTHUSIASM everywhere—unbounded enthusiasm. The returns on the new Hupmobile Eight are rolling in. Dealers are reporting that everyone who drives this wonderful Eight wants one on the spot. They all say that they have never had such a completely delightful motoring experience. That is because the Hupmobile Eight brings something *distinctly new* to modern motoring. You'll get it before you've driven five miles—and you won't get it unless you drive this Eight.

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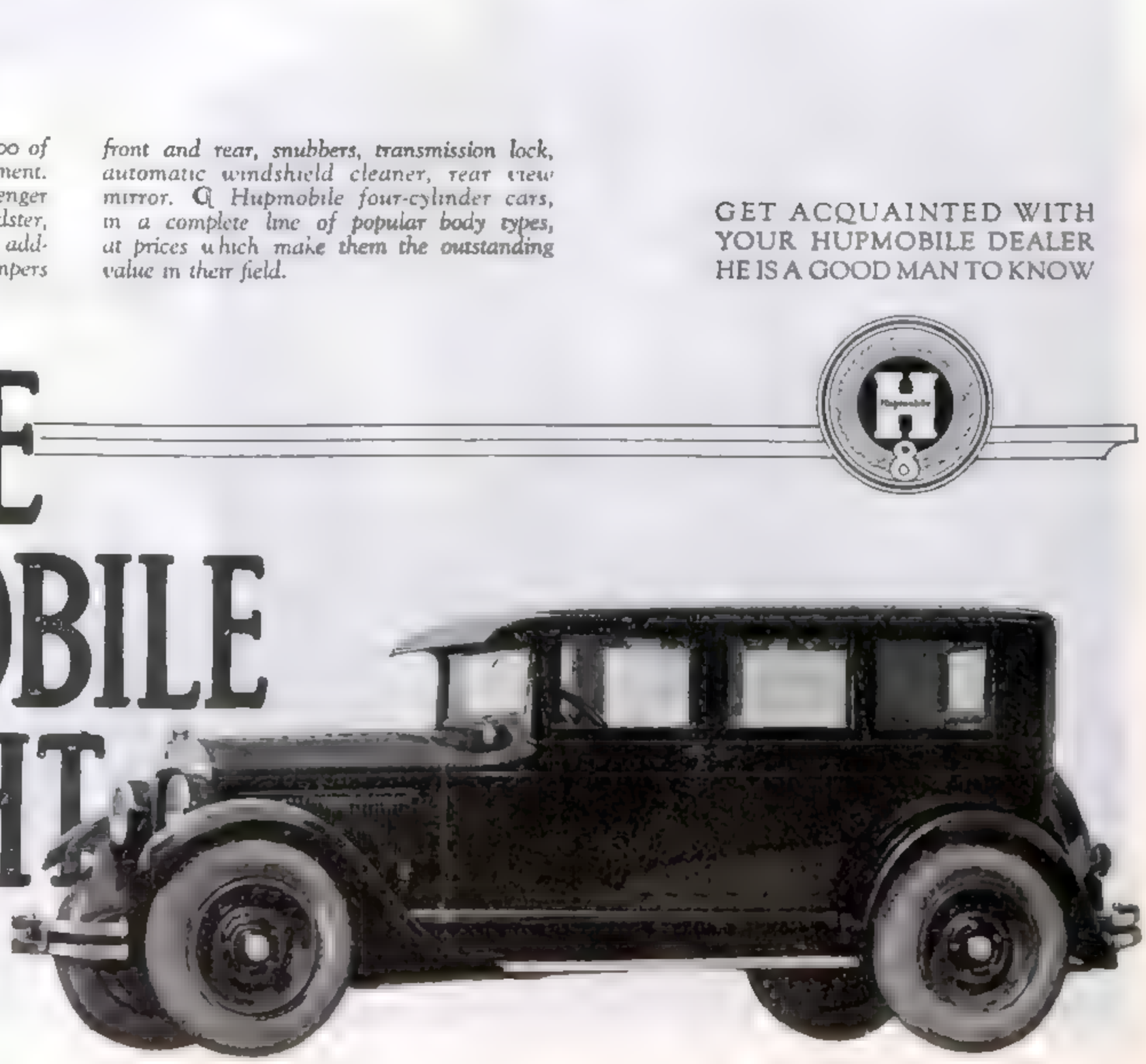
THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT



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"Anything I may suspect ——" he began; then broke off with: "No; it would be quite irregular for me to say more. . . . How did you leave Crowninshield?"

The jail yard, neat, spacious, bare as a cloister, palpitated in sunlight that beat the eyelids down, stupefying the power of sight. Gaunt *pukka* buildings with little height or breadth, but each as long-drawn as a chicken run, divided the place into courts and corridors, where now a block of empty cells, whitewashed alcoves, yawned behind their bars, now factory windows poured forth a hum and clatter of looms, or again through barrack doorways appeared glimpse after glimpse of brown workmen, tinkers, tailors, carpenters who squatted among clean shavings and gloomy dyers who paddled round ill-smelling vats. The prison drowsed in heat; a monasterial calm brooded over all; to one who had come here through street and bazaar the very ground underfoot, hard-beaten, swept like a hospital floor, unstained by the bloody splashes of free men chewing betel, had an amazingly foreign tidiness; and the prisoners themselves looked not only better ordered than their brethren outside but plumper, healthier, easier in mind.

Dan ventured to say as much.

"True," replied Smith. "Plenty of food, free doctoring and never a care. For the worst of bad men, we're a happy family rather. And now let me show you our heaviest punishment, a whipping. Rarely needed, on the whole, but I happen to have a flogging set for quarter past ten—one of a pair of jute spinners."

He led the way round a corner, chatting as he went.

"Hard cases, both. Last week one tried to kill the other. A beastly brutal assault. As for penalties here, we can order solitary confinement, it's true; the code allows a maximum of one month, to be served not more than seven days at a time. Personally, I doubt the good of it. Often your man will only curl up sweet as a hedgehog and go to sleep grinning. No nerves, no spine, no morals, nothing-so. . . . Here we are."

Guide and visitor halted in a small bare quadrangle, which the blind gable ends of buildings rendered austere and private. One gold mohur tree threw down a patch of shade. Comfortably embowered here, squatted by its trunk, a lone prisoner was carving a piece of hardwood as glossy-brown as his legs.

"And there's the gentleman who will operate."

A stocky little man with merry countenance and hair like a black wire brush, the wood carver flashed on them a charming smile, then returned to his art. All ten toes gripped by the base a taboret or flower stand, up the legs and round the sides of which ran twining in fairy profusion leaves, tendrils, vines, forest boughs and a long wild chase of monkeys intricately bearing off Rama's bride through jungle. The man's hands, no less wonderful than their work, poised an awkward-looking tool to sharpen the sting on a demon's tail—a fiend, half dragon, half lion, with pert human face and a bonnet like a spire, bursting the spray of foliage.

"A gorgeous job," quoth Dan. "Burmese?"

The chief of the jail nodded.

"Yes; none but a Burman does proper whipping. He has no love for these others. He won't pretend. He lays on."

A square of concrete like a threshing floor, near by, upheld the tall iron triangle that waited for its victim. Marching toward it came a squad of men, who halted alongside; two guards in khaki, a grizzled convict warder, prim with the sense of his own virtue, and a sallow, black-bearded wretch, trembling, babbling, who tried to fling himself prone at the sahibs' feet. Two more prisoners behind drew shoulder to shoulder and waited apart from the group like spectators.

"Do your duty," commanded Smith. "Trice him up."

The guards, having kept the black-bearded man on foot by main strength, now hauled him against the triangle, drew his arms and legs out starfish-wise, and quickly strapped them to the iron. Letting his head fall forward, he shivered and whimpered like a dog. His brown hide shone as though greased, while down the channel of his backbone sweat ran bright in long trickles.

"This man is punished according to rule for assault committed on a fellow prisoner."

So the dread Ee-Smit Sahib proclaimed to all curtly; to Mr. Towers he added in the same vein, but in English:

"There's the chap whom he did his best to kill, the nearer of that pair looking on. A thief—hereditary thief. The further boy was leading witness. I've allowed them to watch this. It may do them good."

Dan regarded the two men standing aloof. The prisoner who had escaped death was a lean, hang-dog ruffian with little black eyes cold as a snake's. He slouched there gloating on what was to come, his mouth wet and pulpy like a smashed tomato. The other convict appeared a most inoffensive youth, perhaps half-witted, for he gaped and blinked at the ground in maudlin fashion, hardly aware that he or anyone else was present.

"Ready!" Smith turned and beckoned. "Begin!"

Under the gold mohur tree the carver of leafy legends, who had meanwhile put them away, arranged his tools in order, and, stripped to the waist, now jumped up blithely He came forward like a dancer, and from a bundle of rattans laid near the triangle picked up a clean yellow rod. This he bent back and forth to prove it supple; then, caught by one end, waved it behind him full length, turning with airy grace on the ball of his foot, balanced—a bronze faun tattooed in velvet-blue patterns rippling to the play of muscle—grew rigid and cut home.

Cleaner than your perfect swing at golf or your true cast of a fly, his rattan whistled and fell smack. A howl answered it.

"*Ek*," said the grizzled warder, counting.

The Burman swung again with relish, and again.

"*Do, tin, char*." The warder kept score with voice and on fingers. "*Panch* ——"

It was a caning such as any well-reared boy would try to take without a sound. This grown thug writhed upon the triangle and yelled, sobbing, raging like a spoiled child. The two white men exchanged looks of comprehension

"Sorry to let you in for it," murmured Smith. "Part of our program today. You see what my pidgin's like, bringing up the sons of other men for them, too late. Well — 'Full of beauty is the path of duty.'"

While stroke fell after stroke they both turned elsewhere. Dan saw the half-witted youth poring on the ground, mouth open, eyes duller than lead, his companion gloating worse than before, hugging each elbow tight, wincing with joy at every swish of the rattan, and working his blubbery lips together as if they tasted pain and found it sweet.

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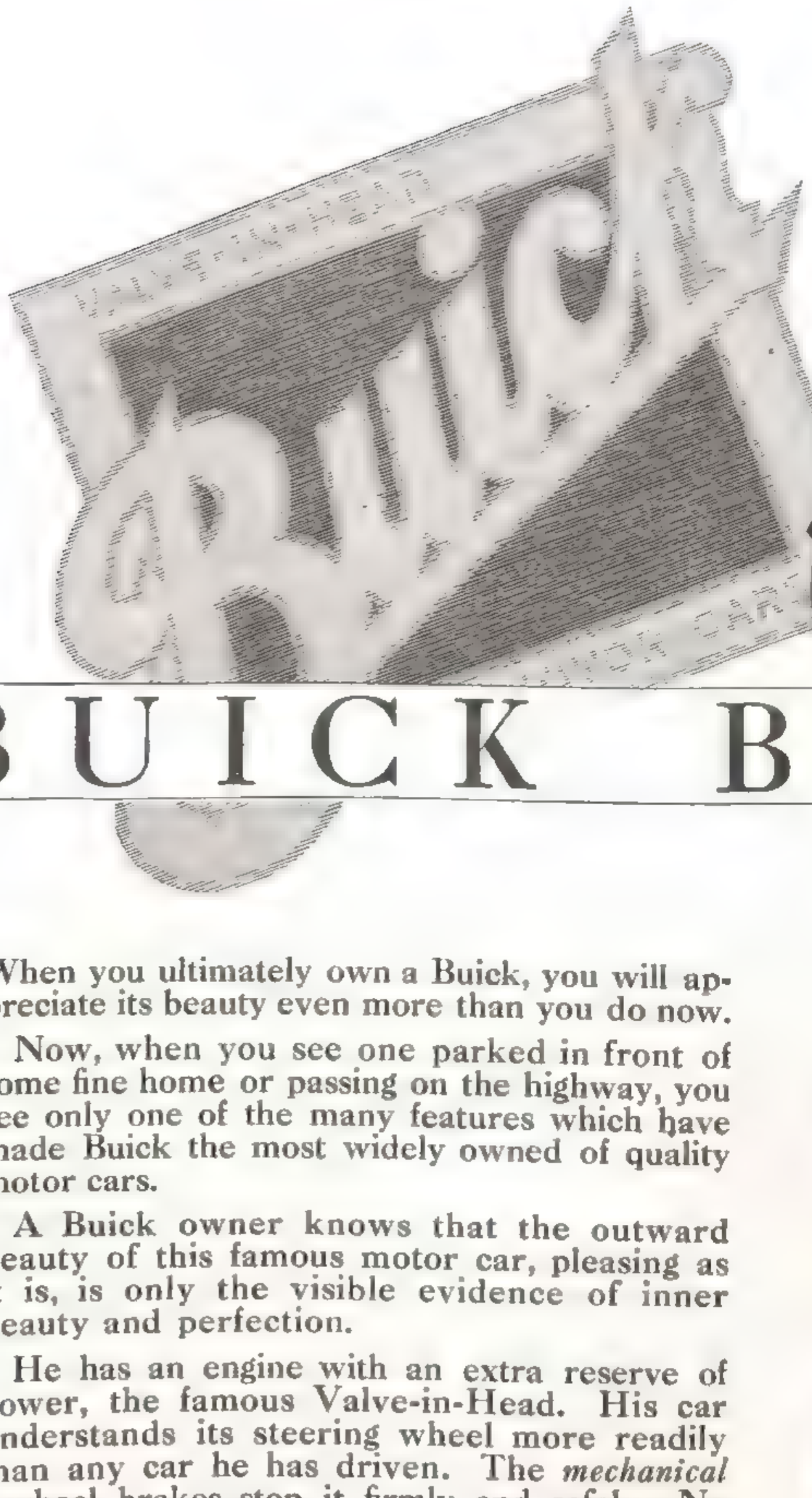
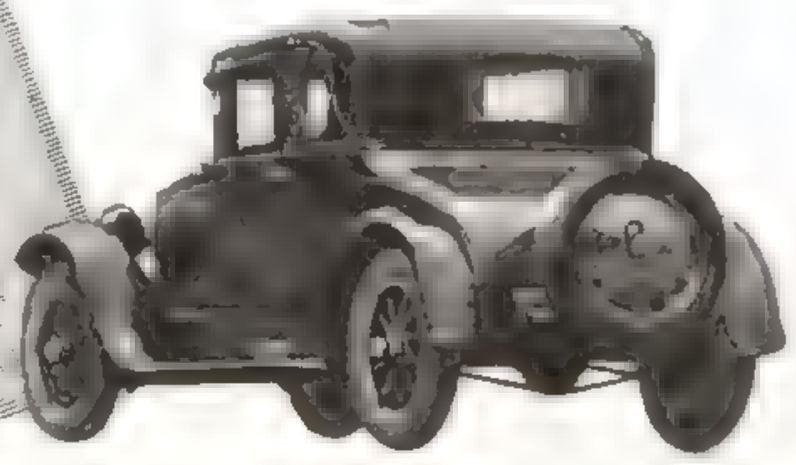
Dan, Wading After His Coolies Up to Solid Foothold, Saw on His Left a Pew Lamps That Drowsily Winked Beneath Trees





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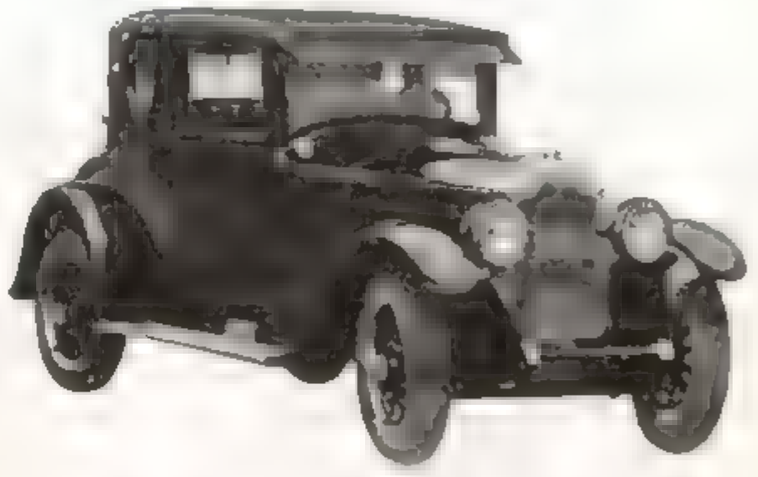

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 44)

"Enough!" called the sahib. "Your count is correct. Loose him."

The Burman spun on his heel, dropped the cane and smiled. The guards promptly unbuckled the straps from the iron. They had begun to lead the prisoner off, one by each arm, when something not in the day's program happened quick as light. For an instant their way in passing brought them face to face with the two bystanders. Bent double, a loose-jointed hulk of self-pity, the flogged man went limping and shedding tears. It may be that he caught some hidden gleam or smirk of triumph, for all at once he bounded up, roared, hurled off the guards, flew at his enemy's throat, sank his claws deep and, toppling him over, did his best again to kill barehanded.

It was a tigerish thing to see, but quickly ended. The guards next moment had him up and pinioned.

"Fetters," calmly ordered Mr. Smith. "Take him away."

He turned to watch them go. Behind his back the fallen thief, who had risen upon all fours, gasped, retched for air and was torn with braying convulsion like that of whooping cough. In his loudest paroxysm a tiny glinting object flew from his mouth and tinkled on the concrete floor. It might have had the color of dull brass and the shape of a key; or so Dan thought, for even as the fellow clapped one hand to his lips and began staring about with bleared eyes, it vanished. The vague young half-wit, still gaping, had covered the thing with his bare foot, crouched; then, swift as a conjurer, passing it from toes to fingers, palmed it, even while he awkwardly raised his half-strangled companion.

"Here." Smith faced about and beckoned the convict warder. "Take this man to hospital. Report him to the Doctor Sahib." He waved the youngster aside. "Back to your work."

The Burman was already trudging off, masterpiece under one arm, tool box in the other.

"Vanity of the artist; he lugged that out here to show it off. . . . Now for routine." The chief sighed. "On the whole, routine is better, isn't it? They feed at eleven o'clock; so if you like we have half an hour to visit them at work. You'll get a notion of what we do."

In less than that time Dan was to get something more. Their course of sight-seeing led them through one long factory after another, here noisy, there tranquil, and all filled with plump rascals working cheerfully enough, not by any means too hard or fast.

"These are comparatively new arrivals." His guide paused in a room where more of them were spinning *pat*, dreary thrums of jute. "Novices. Not much worth seeing."

A convict warder came gliding to meet them and saluted. After a word or two with this man, Smith drew him off toward the nearest door and held a brief conference in undertones. It was while waiting that Dan felt a twitch at the leg of his trousers, a nip and two jerks like a fish biting.

He looked, but saw only the humped back of the spinner beside whom he had chanced to halt. It was the feeble-minded young man, the spectator at the whipping. A clever brown hand suddenly tweaked a length of dun yarn out sidewise, touching Towers' hand on the fly. It repeated the motion, and this time left behind it in his palm a small brass key. "Keep it, Danny, for God's sake! Go hotfoot to Mayaganj and wait for me."

Dan was not sure he had caught this whisper when the youth turned his head. Over the shoulder a pair of dark eyes, not dull or empty now, but lustrous, haggard, burning with eloquence, implored him in a flash.

There, with back humped again to his work, the cord and disk of a numbered convict round his neck, sat Runa, spinning.

IV

THE shock of this discovery left Dan, for the moment, with no more power to think than if a club had crashed on his head. He neither spoke nor moved, keeping only wits enough to hold hard, be quiet and close the hand over the brass key. Twice he heard Smith call his name before he could turn without starting like a guilty thing.

"Lost in admiration?" The tall sahib could not have read his face. "Or shall we move on? That chuckle-nosed fellow in the corner—yes, the surly brute with his eyes bloodshot—is one of our prize lodgers. Dacoity, and so on. He's known to fame as Nak Maddu, and spends a good deal of time here. Seven or eight years ago he came in for attempting the life of an old man upcountry who calls himself the Maharaja of Mayaganj. Now, I believe, he's back for housebreaking. . . . This door next, please. Not bored, are you? The secrets of our prison house are fairly tame, you know."

Towers mumbled something by way of reply and followed in a maze. His pleasant guide had let fall one word, by chance no doubt, which came like an echo of Runa's whisper. It increased his bewilderment, his burden of guilt. What other sights they beheld on their tour that morning he never clearly knew. Like a man dazzled, he saw before him in the dusk of rooms or the outdoor sunlight Runa's haggard eyes imploring. The bit of brass made his palm itch and burn. Worst of all, as he went pretending to look and hear, was the sense of treachery toward this man, whom he liked.

The noon bell was ringing, and they stood once more in the dungeon vault of the gate, when Dan tried to unbosom; for as he came in so he must go out, by this archway of humiliation.

"I've been wondering ——" he said; then stopped, then began again: "Mr. Smith, tell me; suppose if a prisoner behind your back passed on word to a ——"

His tall confessor laughed.

"My dear chap, no." Smith caught him by the hand and shook it heartily. "That's a hypothetical question. I decline to answer 'em. If you knew how refreshing a breath of honesty in this kind of life —— Well, good-by and good luck. You mentioned a certain name some time ago. Any friend of that unmitigated little devil has my complete sympathy."

The warder's keys rang, the iron door clashed and the sun at midday blazed in the empty road. As if waking from a dream, Dan leaned against the wall, to remove his helmet and rub his forehead.

"Runa! Inside there! One of them! What's he done?"

It remained incredible, and turning to stare at blank masonry would not help him believe that his friend was a prisoner. The noon bell, its last vibration now humming, called Runa along with hundreds of wretches back to work. In jail! That man at Port Said, joking, had foretold the truth. In jail! Why under heaven? For what reason? There could be none. Surely this downfall had not happened.

"By gum, but it has!"

For proof, in his hand lay the brass key. It was a small one of good old-fashioned make, not an inch and a half long, with flattened bow, thick stem, heavy collar and web designed to fit no cheap or common lock.

"He said to muckle on and keep her." Dan clapped on his helmet, put the key into his purse and walked slowly away. He had not the least purpose in mind, nothing but wonder. "Well, boy, you are stumped."

A band of shadow lay drawn taut along the base of the wall. Here, crouched in the same attitude as before, with face hidden between pointed kneecaps, the blind beggar wailed the same prayer. Having his purse out, Dan dropped a coin into the bowl as he went by.

"An ill-chosen place for you, father. Few pass."

The filthy rag heap did not raise its head.

"May your voice," it whined through the nose, "be heard in Mecca and in Madinah!"

Dan, who had given alms and spoken without much heed, forgot this lonely being and would not have remembered again. At the turn of the way, however, he paused and looked back, brooding. He was just in time to see the beggar spring from below the wall, run like a wild man across the road and pop into the nearest alley.

"No more blind than you are." With that Towers came sharply to himself. "Put there on purpose. On watch."

It did him good, cleared his head for action, this little surprise jumping up in the middle of a greater. For the first time, after so many dark, intangible hints, here by daylight went a spy, flesh and blood.

"In a hurry to report. All right, brother Runa. Can do." At a good round pace and by the shortest cuts Dan made for his dak bungalow. "The game's on."

A bite to eat, a cup of tea to drink, the ready bags of an old campaigner to strap, a coop on wheels with a pair of bony horses to hire—these doings took so little time that within an hour he had left the town and was bumping along a muddy road. For the sake of anybody who might watch, he departed northward, then fetched a compass roundabout, the gharri wallowing through lanes of jungle, scraping beneath green branches, and so doubled south again toward a river landing.

"To Mayaganj. You might call this faith against odds."

How Runa could follow him to Mayaganj or elsewhere Dan made no guess; but, rejecting all surmises now, did what he was told.

"Go hotfoot and wait. That's the word. We've got our dander up. Go wait and keep on waiting, as the little chief said, even if he's in for life."

All next day, free from care, Dan lay back and let the world slide. Forward, near the wheel, on the deck of a steamer, a long lazy chair held him in deep content, while the artificial breeze of motion rushed past to fan him cool. Broad, shining, yellow as clay, the river, like a muddy sea gilded with intense light, came pouring, mile after mile of ripples that met the bow, splashed, coughed, gurgled and swirled monotonously by. The low green banks kept their distance, changing no more than if one or another clump of trees on the sky line ahead were the same that dwindled far astern.

Dan went to sleep, woke, saw everything unchanged, blinked owlishly at a book and dozed off. Once indeed, rousing, he made a tour of the flatboat.

Down in the steerage den, behind the palings of a wooden stockade, natives lay or squatted thick as bees, eating, quarreling, smoking, chewing betel. A few stared at him vacantly. One big fellow, with a dark virile face, his heavy lips pouting scarlet in a coal-black beard, frowned and swung away. It was the burly Mussulman who had puffed a hookah of coconut shell the other night in the train. There was no one else on board whom Dan had ever seen before, no other white passenger. He returned to the luxury of his chair in the breeze. All day that grateful coolness bathed him with slumber; or, being intermitted, by its absence waked him to find the steamer's nose in a village, her deck a bower among branches, the river bank a swarm of white-clad men, half-veiled women who disclosed their large eyes with a gleam of brass ornament at their nostrils, and naked boy peddlers blackened by the sun, who fought through eddies boiling waist-high, shrieked, and passionately offered to the lower deck baskets heaped with yellow mangoes, doubtful eggs, or tiny silver fishes curling and flapping. Then these were gone; the blaze of turbid water pained the eyes again and closed them on its dream.

At sunset the river changed in a breath from primrose flame to deep-lighted indigo. Almost as quickly came twilight, then darkness and the stars.

"There, sahib," called the old serang, holding his wheel with hand and bare foot; "there is the Ganj."

Off the port bow, where lamps twinkled, two red balls of Roman candle shot up into the evening sky and went out. Later, with a bump and a swash, the boat churned alongside a white landing hulk, to which her lines flew over, bow, stern and spring, in a yelling confusion and a sickly odor of steam and marsh gas. Her lights revealed four or five naked coolies clambering on board, a fat baboo skipping about distracted with official importance, and a crippled beggar crawling on all fours in the mud, mewing horribly like a cat.

As Dan followed his luggage, which bobbed on the heads of coolies along the gangplank into the hulk, he felt his arm seized by a timid hand.

"Oh sir if you please this way one moment pardon me the detention and kindly wait."

It was the skipping baboo, who fawned upon him and drew him aside.

"Tawah Sahib unless I mistake the identity? Yess. Quite right—O sir then oblige me stepping in here as a favor conceded and await my return most urgent sir."

Amidships the hulk was a dim godown littered with bales and other freight. Among these the babbler went threading his way, holding Dan's arm and trembling with haste.

"A chit here in my confidence for you sir which your humble servant having long guarded like the Adam's apple of his eye will presently deliver zealously to prove bona fide of all parties during your friend's temporary absence. Presently, presently."

Through a bare little office, a cabin or locker in years gone by, where a lamp smoked on a desk, the baboo hurried to some outer darkness.

"Here, sir. Your presence will not readily be detected here."

He went flustered away, closing a door and leaving Dan to wonder what his attentions might mean. On this desolate mud bank, how could he or anyone expect a stranger who until yesterday had never thought to come? For what reason did he haul the stranger at once into hiding? Towers leaned against a bulkhead which threw black shadow all round and before him, but let a faint radiance, the glow from lights aboard the river boat, touch a line of railing, a bamboo *charpai*, an upright stanchion or two, and overhead a diagonal patch of iron roofing ribbed with light and dark. From these, and the mewing of the cripple somewhere below, he judged the place to be open deck in the bow of the landing hulk.

"We know where we are, but not why."

Many voices filled the night with water-side language. Suddenly a loud one close at hand cut through them all.

"*Kubberdar!* Back her, you *jungliwallah!*" The voice of a white man, it spoke with rough good humor, devil may care. "Right, then, stave her bows in if you like!"

There came alongside a hollow crash like shipwreck.

"All serene! You've done it, my gondoliers! Full speed and damn the paint!"

With that the speaker burst lightly into song, humming:

"All serene as a young sardine
That was tinned for the siege of Troy, oy, oy,
Oh, when I was a boy!"

"Here, catch before she swamps," he continued. "Money! *Ek rupia sub-log ki wasti.*"

Dan moved to the rail and peeped over. Down where lamplight wriggled on black water, a fat native dinghy, all beam, lay jammed between the boat and the hulk. She rocked and slanted while her crew, gibbering with fear, clawed at everything within reach. On her gunwale a square-built man in white, with a white helmet, stood balancing as free as a tight-rope walker. His back was turned. He trumpeted through his hands.

"On deck! Ahoy! Did a sahib land here tonight?"

Out of some hole farther along aft, the baboo's head popped out like Noah's from the ark.

"No, sir, not one," replied the baboo sweetly. "Neither hides nor hairs of any, I regret to inform."

"What? Are you sure?"

(Continued on Page 80

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

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7½ feet x 9 feet	11.70	9 feet x 10½ feet	16.40
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.75		

Patterns No. 586 and 408 are made in the sizes. The other patterns are made in the larger sizes only

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.30	3 feet x 6 feet	2.60

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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The Recollections of a Consul

He Was Transferred Before the Boat Was Completed and I Think It Was Broken Up in Place

By Lorin A. Lathrop

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE follow some suggestions to beginners in the foreign service. They are not for the perusal of the Department of State, that august and mysterious entity which appears to have an independent life of its own and to roll on in majestic isolation without human guidance. "The department instructs," "The department is of the opinion," "The department feels," "The department observes with regret," "The department approves," "The department commends."

The department, you note, instructs, holds opinions, feels, thinks, observes, approves, and once in a very great while commends. This is personification to the nth degree; small wonder that the beginner listens with that reverent awe with which the Greek received the answer of the Oracle. But there are marked differences between Delphi and Washington; the department is never obscure; it can enforce its utterances.

This desirable and necessary contempt for the pronoun "I" is of immense advantage in maintaining discipline and in inspiring respect. I think that some officials go through life without consciousness that a human being is behind every communication received, and that the State Department is but a collection of mortals, some naturally of far greater ability, some of equal talent, and a few perhaps of lesser intellect.

Above All, No Zeal

IT IS an interesting literary exercise humbly and stumblingly to follow a long way off the example of the department and to endeavor to invest the consulate with a soul. "This consulate respectfully ventures the opinion," "this consulate has noted," "this office has observed ——" But there are sharp limits to the effort to elevate the consulate into an institution. It may never instruct, nor command, nor plead. "This consulate finds its salary too small for its imperative needs. Its table is insufficiently supplied, its wife inadequately dressed, its children improperly educated ——"

You see that it simply cannot be done.

The consul must come into the open when he wants anything, and he does frequently want things. In such a case he puts his plea according to temperament. Some young men, oppressed by narrow incomes, appear to regard the department as a benign goddess invested with tenderness and pity, and they pour out domestic details with a touching confidence. Others coldly set out figures and austerely marshal convincing facts. The result will be the same. In what manner so ever you put forward your case, if it be proved, you will have your wish if the granting be within the power of the department. Its sympathetic fairness is felt throughout the service down to the youngest newly appointed clerk in a consulate in Irak.

It was war experience that taught me the profound significance of Talleyrand's apparently cynical maxim: "*Surtout, pas de zèle.*" I said to myself every morning for years, "Above all, no zeal." It is the cool, industrious, detached, patient worker who achieves the most effective results in official life. A consul, in time of war or shipwreck or revolution or earthquake, should be all brain and no emotion. What is good for parlous times is good for days of peace. The iceberg serenity of a Talleyrand is an impossible ideal for us ordinary human beings who have hearts, but the maxim is a nerve sedative and its application has helped me to record, with a clear brain for essential details, the harrowing narratives of war-stricken victims. So I say to youthful officials, No zeal; but be sure you understand the meaning of the maxim before you attempt to apply it.

The second rule is: Avoid humor. If you have the spring of it in you and it bubble ever so slightly, cement the lid. In the distant past I sometimes thought to enliven an official report with what I thought a sprightly phrase. It never got past. Sometimes I yielded when I knew better. In the early days of the war, Ernst and Walter, aged fourteen and eight respectively, with a combined weight of 448 pounds, were thrown on my hands by the internment of their impresario, and I arranged through my chiefs in London for their transfer from the side show of a circus to their German home. I forwarded a photograph of the bright-faced tots which showed four legs like those of a white elephant of Siam.

"I have the honor," I wrote, "to inclose a photograph that the little boys may be identified at the London station."

Promptly came the answer that it appeared undesirable to vary the usual procedure and that photographs were unnecessary. I cannot at the moment of writing lay my hands on records of similar snubs, but I have a collection sufficiently numerous to justify again and once again, my injunction—avoid humor.

More Blame Than Praise

THE third rule is: Never tell the department, or any superior officer, that it or he is wrong. Do not be disturbed that the rule is not reciprocal. You will promptly be advised of your errors and once in a very great while be told that you are right. Let the censures be buried in the official files and paraphrase the commendations in your private notebooks. At the end of forty years you may have, with luck, a thin volume of praise. You will naturally forget the other kind, and your grandchildren and their descendants, as they glance over the family archives, will admire your memory. Thus shall you disprove Shakspere's dictum that the good men do dies with them.

During the war a secretary of an embassy had nothing better to do than to write to me that the "Ambassador regrets to observe" that in two successive communications I had got his excellency's initials wrong. But this cold censure was addressed not to Lorin A. Lathrop but to Lorrin. Did I, in my humble apology, point out this regrettable and inaccurate duplication of *r*'s? Not I; I no more than sued forgiveness, explaining that new and overworked clerks had unwittingly landed me in this abyss of error.

The crew of a merchant vessel once malingered in a French port for three days, thus bringing to an end their six months' contract. They refused to reship unless given a substantial increase over the prevailing war wages of $112.50 a month. They had the captain by the throat, as no substitutes could be found. The youthful consul was

(Continued on Page 188)

Watch This Column

HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BELLAMY IN "THE MAN IN BLUE"

If you lovers of moving-pictures notice any incongruities in Universal Pictures—any inappropriate or discordant elements or details such as a Summer suit in a Winter scene, a modern revolver in the hands of a Colonial soldier, or a heroine who jumps into the lake and comes out dry, I wish you would write to me about it. I want every detail in Universal Productions to be absolutely accurate. I hate "sloppy directing" as the devil hates holy water. *Lend me your eyes.*

In ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** Universal's sensational mystery spectacle, there are hundreds of exciting scenes and a profusion of detail. Please notice how Rupert Julian has handled them. Read Gaston Leroux' great story before you see the picture, then note how faithfully LON CHANEY plays the role of "The Phantom," and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY the lovers. I want your opinion on the detail. All these are contributing to the extraordinary success of the picture at the Curran Theatre, San Francisco, where it is being shown at prices ranging up to $1.50 per seat.

Look for ***"The Man in Blue"*** (HERBERT RAWLINSON) and his beautiful little Italian sweetheart (MADGE BELLAMY). It is a splendid story of a courageous young cop who finds his heart's desire in the Little Italy section of New York City. Melodrama predominates as you are aware if you read it as Gerald Beaumont's "The Flower of Napoli" in the Red Book Magazine.

What new faces have you seen on the stage and in pictures this year? Are there any promising stars among them in your estimation? Who did you like best and why? A letter from you will be appreciated. I will be glad to answer it.

YOU MUST SEE PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in ***"Smoldering Fires"***; LAURA LA PLANTE and EUGENE O'BRIEN in ***"Dangerous Innocence"***; HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Saddle Hawk."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)
Send for the "Phantom" magic package which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

OLD TOWPATHS

(Continued from Page 7)

$60 a bushel. It was asserted that enough money was wasted during the war for lack of good roads and canals to turnpike the whole Western country.

As early as 1808 Secretary of the Treasury Gallatin, at the request of Congress, had drawn up his famous Report on Roads, Canals, Harbors and Rivers, in which he recommended the construction by the Government of a number of canals and trunk roads whose total cost would be $20,000,000. This was a vast sum for those days, but so rapidly had the national wealth increased in twenty years that Gallatin declared the country could afford it. The Treasury was full and a surplus accumulating. But the embargo and then the war with England came on, and states and corporations begging for help for canals and roads were told that nothing could be done.

Elkanah Watson, De Witt Clinton and other forward-looking citizens of New York had meanwhile been busy with the Erie Canal project, and the state had appointed canal commissioners. These men, after some years of congressional delay, determined to go ahead and build the canal unassisted. Remember that New York then had a population of less than 1,500,000, and was assuming the burden of constructing a public work which, with its branches and connecting canals, finally cost more than $9,000,000!

But all New York did not favor the canal scheme. The southern tier of counties opposed it bitterly. New York City could see no good in it. The bill for it was saved in the Senate by just one vote. Even after the canal was begun and hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent on it, Tammany Hall headed an effort to stop it.

The Triumph of De Witt Clinton

The idea of connecting the Hudson and Lake Erie was considered preposterous by most people. It was difficult to understand how the river could be united by a waterway with a lake whose surface was 550 feet higher than its own. Even those who conceded its feasibility united in declaring that the generation which began the work would not finish it. Not even its most sanguine advocates guessed less than twenty years for the job. The common remark was, "We shall never live to see it finished, but our children may."

But the dynamic Clinton triumphed over all opposition. It was on July 4, 1817, that he turned the first shovelful of earth on the big job, near Rome. Thereafter it became almost an ironclad rule to begin canal projects on the national birthday. The new canal organization which did not break ground on the Fourth was considered to have made a bad start.

The warfare on the canal was kept up in more or less virulent degree until the work was almost done. The canal played a large part in making Clinton governor in 1817. It helped to overthrow him in 1823; but he came back powerfully and dramatically in 1825 in time to preside at the completion of the mighty task and to be the central figure in a triumphal pageant in which he received honor and laudation almost equal to that of an ancient king returning from foreign conquest

A Cargo of Steel Rails and Automobiles at Lock II, Amsterdam, on the New York State Barge Canal

Rondout Creek, the Tidewater Terminus on the Delaware and Hudson Canal

In October, 1819, the water was turned into the first completed section, that between Rome and Utica, and the first boat—drawn by one horse—passed from one town to the other, bearing the commissioners and other "respectable gentlemen and ladies." In 1823 the first boat passed from the canal into the Hudson just above Albany. Meanwhile the shorter canal connecting the Hudson with Lake Champlain and thence with Canada had been completed; but it was so overshadowed by the greater work that it did not receive its due notice.

As section after section of the canal was opened and the rest of the country realized that the great project was not a vain chimera but would soon be an actuality, enthusiasm and demand for waterways in other districts rose to a high pitch. Boston and Philadelphia saw with much uneasiness the enormous advantage the Erie Canal would bring to New York City. Boston straightway fell a-dreaming of a canal built westward to the Hudson at Albany. Philadelphia, menaced on one side by New York and the Erie, on the other by the proposed Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, decided that she must build her own water connection through to the west or lose the bulk of its trade.

In truth, the need for transportation in the great interior parts of the country was becoming urgent. The producers in those out-of-the-way districts, even in the interior of the seaboard states, were forced to accept extremely low prices for their wares because of the difficulty and high cost of getting them to market. And as the country became more settled, they were pouring forth an ever-increasing flood of agricultural products, which for lack of a better method they floated down the rivers to the coast, some of the streams being so small that the flat-bottomed boats could attempt them only at the height of the spring flood.

One-Way River Traffic

Some of the most picturesque scenes in American history were those of the old flatboat days. To market his own or his neighborhood's products, a man built a craft which was called variously flatboat, keel boat, ark or raft, according to its lines, and committed it to the waters. In earlier days, or if west of the Alleghanies, the boat was apt to be put together with wooden bolts or pins. Some of the larger craft required crews of from four to twelve men. Having reached his destination and sold his cargo, the captain must sell his boat, too, for of course it was out of the question to take it back up the stream. Usually it was broken up and sold as timber. Then the boatmen walked back home, picking up a ride on a wagon whenever they could.

For several decades, even after the steamboats came, thousands of these home-made craft went down the larger rivers every year. No one today has any conception of the heroism and bodily labor that went into that traffic, nor of the quantity of products thus carried to market. Even as early as 1790, 150,000 bushels of grain had come down the Susquehanna, destined for Philadelphia and the export trade. In 1804 the quantity had doubled. By the 20's the volume sent forth was astounding. Niles's Register said that from February 28 to June 23, 1827, a count was made at Harrisburg, which showed that 1631 rafts, 1370 arks and 300 keel boats had passed down the river, estimated to contain, besides other things, 40,000,000 feet of lumber, 468,000 barrels of flour and whisky, 244,000 bushels of wheat and 11,000 tons of coal At Catawissa, far up the river above Harrisburg, from 100 to 200 craft passed downstream daily in spring and early summer

In the thinly settled Middle West, as early as 1817, it was said that 1500 flatboats

(Continued on Page 52)

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HERE is the same secret blend of rich milk and choice cocoa beans that Daniel Peter invented over fifty years ago in Switzerland—now molded into a new form—the perfect five cent croquette package.

Only trained experts in the art of chocolate making know this blend. That is why only in Peter's can you find that rich luscious flavor.

Don't be satisfied with ordinary milk chocolate. Try Peter's in the new 5c package today! Plain bars and almond bars too. The fine rare flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 129 Hudson St., New York.

Daniel Peter invented his famous milk chocolate over 50 years ago in Switzerland.

PETER'S

MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 50)

and 500 barges went down the Mississippi to New Orleans, which was the great market for the central valley. When the steamboats came to western waters in the 20's this traffic did not stop, but rather increased. Perhaps you will find it hard to believe that on the little Wabash River, in the spring of 1826, 152 flatboats passed Vincennes, carrying 250,000 bushels of corn, 100,000 barrels of pork, 2500 live cattle, besides great quantities of hams, venison, live hogs and poultry, oats, beeswax and other products. Apples, potatoes, lumber, horses, dried fruit and liquors were other products that went southward, and certain states sent their own peculiar products—as Kentucky her hemp, tobacco, bagging and rope, and Missouri her lead.

All Steel Fleet in Waterford Cut, New York State Barge Canal

At New Madrid, just below the mouth of the Ohio, it was no uncommon thing for 100 boats a day to arrive in spring. From there they often floated the rest of the way to New Orleans lashed together in groups or rafts of eight or ten. Of course, New Orleans could not absorb all this merchandise, and much of it was reshipped to New York and foreign ports. Sometimes the boatmen found the market glutted and had to wait several weeks for better prices or sell at starvation figures. You may see old houses in the French Quarter today partly built of planking from those Western boats.

Opening of the Erie Canal

"People nowadays," said Dr. Samuel C. Busey, in his Pictures of the City of Washington in the Past, "talk of push and enterprise as if it were a new invention and they the discoverers of it. . . . I assure you I have seen evidences of a get-there spirit among the grandfathers of the business men of today that surpassed much of their so-called push. Those ark owners had goods to sell, and though they did not come with lightning speed, they got down to market just the same."

It is not to be wondered at that these people in the interior hailed the suggestion of canals with enthusiasm. Canals in conjunction with the newly invented steamboat meant easy navigation, comparatively free from danger of loss, from early spring to December; and the boatman, instead of being compelled to sell his craft, could bring it back home again and again, picking up business on the return trips. All the Eastern states had begun or were planning canals, and now the infant states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois caught the enthusiasm.

The function that took place in October, 1825, when the Erie Canal was opened from end to end, was so noteworthy that whole books were written about it. It began at Buffalo with parades, florid eloquence, cannonading, fireworks, poems and songs written for the occasion, food, drink and toasts. Then an imposing cavalcade started eastward through the canal—Clinton leading the way in the packet boat Seneca Chief, drawn by four gray horses. Behind it came several other boats, mostly loaded with personages; but one of them, the Lion of the West, carried a bear, two eagles, two fawns, two Indian boys and many birds and fish, all typifying the western wilderness before the white man came. In the cabin of the Seneca Chief, among other things, was a wonderful painting "made by a young artist of the name of Catlin." The Albany Journal describes it thus:

"It was a classical emblematic production of the pencil. The piece on the extreme left exhibited a figure of Hercules in a sitting posture leaning upon his favorite club and resting from the severe labor just completed. The center shows a section of the canal, with a lock; and in the foreground is a full-length figure of Governor Clinton in Roman costume. He is supposed to have just flung open the lock gate, and with the right hand extended—the arm being bare seems in the act of inviting Neptune to pass through and take possession of the watery regions which the canal has attached to his former dominions. The god of the sea . . . stands erect in his chariot of shell, which is drawn by sea horses, holding his trident and in the act of recoiling with his body as if confounded by the fact disclosed at the opening of the lock. Naiades are sporting around the sea horses in the water, who, as well as the horses themselves, seem hesitating as if half afraid they were about to invade forbidden regions not their own."

A Modern "Canal Ship" 258 Feet Long on the New York State Barge Canal, Capable of Traversing the Great Lakes and the Ocean, if Necessary

In the cabin were "two elegant kegs," so an enthusiastic scribe informs us, full of water from Lake Erie. "Elegant" was a favorite adjective then. Do we not read of six large and elegant cotton presses having been erected in the city of New Orleans? And in the grass-mowing contest, which was the leading feature of a Fourth of July celebration at Canandaigua, was not the first prize, as recorded by the Canandaigua Repository, "one elegant scythe, with snath"?

The news of the departure of the fleet was signaled by the voices of a row of cannon stationed within hearing distance of one another—that is, from eight to twelve miles apart—all the way from Buffalo to Albany and down the Hudson to New York. The cannon were mostly from Commodore Perry's ships and from the British vessels he had captured on Lake Erie in 1813. The news is said to have been thus carried to New York in eighty minutes; and when the guns in the harbor had acknowledged it, the signal was sent back to Buffalo in the same manner.

An Immediate Success

As the fleet moved eastward, it was saluted with music, musketry and the cheers of crowds in every village; for even Rome, Utica and Schenectady, the largest settlements along the route, were no more than villages.

At Albany there was a great demonstration, and the pageant, now augmented by many gayly decorated steamboats, moved down the river to New York. The Seneca Chief was towed out to Sandy Hook, and there Clinton, with appropriate ceremonies, poured the Erie water into the Atlantic, thus symbolizing the union of the two seas. Then all returned to New York, whose populace was swelled by 30,000 visitors; and again ensued the parades, fireworks, illuminations, balls and banquets.

Clinton's Big Ditch, as its detractors called it before it was completed, seems a small affair to us now—hardly worth making so much fuss about. It was only four feet deep, forty feet wide at top and twenty-eight at bottom; but it changed the destinies of cities and states and left traces still visible of its handiwork upon the nation. Even its most ardent advocates did not dream of the results so quickly to flow from it. Before it was fully completed its tolls had begun to exceed the interest charges. In 1825 the tolls collected were $500,000 and in 1826, $765,000.

It was no unusual thing for fifty boats to start westward from Albany in a day. For a long time the Albany newspapers recorded daily the arrivals and departures of canal boats by name, as modern New York journals do of ocean vessels in the shipping news. During 1826, 19,000 boats and rafts passed West Troy on the Erie and Champlain canals. New England ordered lumber

(Continued on Page 54)

Driving 3558 Miles Without a stop

A Remarkable Test of Delco Dependability

"Smiles" Marow recently drove 121 hours, 59½ minutes—more than five days and nights—continuously while shackled to the steering wheel of a Delco-equipped Oldsmobile Six. During that time he covered 3,558 miles.

The hood of the car was sealed at the start by Mayor Charles C. Green of Battle Creek, Michigan and was not opened once during the entire run. Both driver and car were kept under constant official observation. At no time did the car come to a stop. Gas, oil and water were taken on as the car was slowly driven backward and forward. Food and drink were served to Marow in the car while he was driving.

During this long, continuous grind, Delco furnished ignition to the motor without a single failure—and once again proved worthy of its universal recognition as the world's finest starting, lighting and ignition system.

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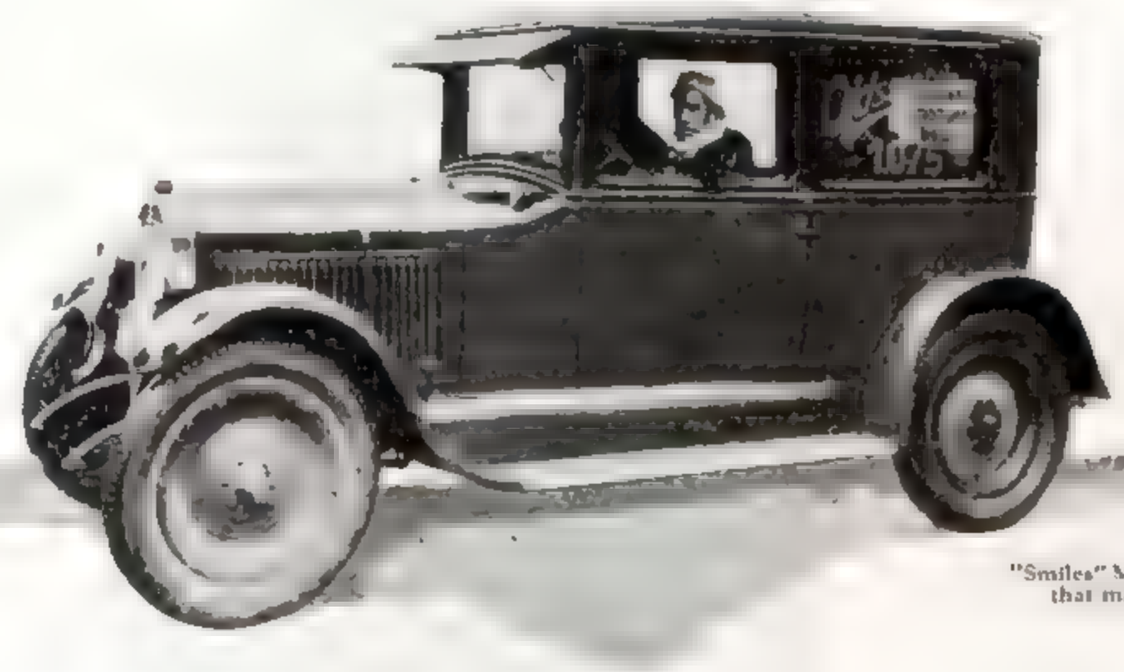

"Smiles" Marow in the Oldsmobile Six that made the record breaking endurance run.

"What a delicious drink!"

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NOWADAYS up-to-date women make their own beverages, catsup, relishes, and also delicious rootbeer from Hires Household Extract.

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With the Everedy Bottle Capper the old bugaboo of corking has become a simple task. Just think how easy it is to cap or seal your bottles now. Place the bottle with Crown cap in position under the Everedy and press the handle—zip it's sealed and sealed tightly against evaporation or fermentation. No more fussing with unsanitary corks or other misfits. Crown caps can be procured at your dealer's.

Everedy Bottle Capper never wears out. It is as necessary in your kitchen as a meat grinder and just as useful. Approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute and sold by hardware, department and housefurnishing stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $1.50 and we will send you a Capper and our Book, "A Hundred Time Tested Recipes," postpaid anywhere.

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Frederick, Maryland

DEALERS—If your jobber cannot supply Everedy Cappers, send us his name and we will see that you are taken care of.

EVEREDY

Price $1.50

(Continued from Page 52)

from Buffalo. The Middle—then called Western—states sent their grain, timber, fur and other products to the Eastern markets; and in turn, manufactured goods flowed back from New York and New England and even from Philadelphia, to the West and South.

In 1826 a boat passed east through the canal bearing a cargo of fur valued at $100,000; and a boat cleared from Albany for Buffalo with merchandise, principally for Ohio and Michigan, on which the tolls alone were more than $300—tolls being charged partly on valuation. In 1828 we read of nine tons of merchandise shipped from New York up the Hudson and through the Erie to a firm in Little Rock, Arkansas Territory, via Lake Erie and Sandusky, thence overland to the Ohio River. Even Nashville received its goods from New York via the canal. And in 1830 Niles's Register tells us of travelers passing between New York City and New Orleans through the Hudson River and the Erie Canal, crossing overland from Lake Erie to Pittsburgh and there taking the Ohio River steamboats. The distance was 2995 miles and the fare was seventy-three dollars, including meals.

Far from being called a ditch, the Erie was now known the country over as the Grand Canal. Rochester, Lockport and Syracuse owe their existence to it. Where there was only forest in 1812, Rochester had become a city of 6000 in 1827, and soon was producing 150,000 barrels of flour in a year. Col. William L. Stone, traveling over the canal in 1829, was astounded by the growth of Utica, which he had but recently known as a hamlet; and Syracuse seemed to him like a city risen by enchantment where nine years before there had been only "some five or six scattered tenements . . . the whole being surrounded by a desolate, poverty-stricken country, enough to make an owl weep to fly over it."

Canal-Building Fever

A projected branch canal at Utica in the early 30's caused such a boom in real estate that eleven acres of wharf lots brought $1,000,000. As for New York City, early foe of the project, her present position as America's greatest seaport and a world metropolis is due largely to the impetus she received from the first twenty years' functioning of the Erie Canal.

The Erie was not yet completed when several other projects, spurred by its already roseate prospects, began digging with feverish haste. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company had been organized in 1823 and the Morris Canal and Banking Company in 1824. When subscriptions were opened for D. & H. stock, the whole amount of $1,500,000 was taken by two P.M. of the same day. Both these canals were built primarily to haul the new fuel, anthracite coal.

On July 4, 1825, De Witt Clinton—by that time regarded as the presiding genius of canals—turned the first shovelful of earth on Ohio's great project, the Ohio and Erie, which ran from Lake Erie at "the beautiful village of Cleaveland" to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River. Men wept for joy at the sight. Seventeen days later Clinton broke ground on Ohio's second great work, the Miami and Erie, which connected Cincinnati with the Maumee River and thence with the lake. So near was Ohio yet to the primitive that the Miami Canal was built "literally through and amongst Indian villages and wigwams." That same month, in the presence of a jubilant throng, work was launched on the Delaware and Hudson.

Meanwhile Pennsylvania, with Philadelphia at the helm, had planned a great system of state-owned waterways, the main line of which was to connect the Susquehanna at Harrisburg with the Ohio at Pittsburgh. The main range of the Alleghanies lay across the path, and the first suggestion was that the canal climb a part of the distance and then pass through the summit by a tunnel four miles long; and as a tunnel was then an unheard-of thing in America, the investigating committee explained to the legislature that it was "a passage like a well, dug horizontally through a hill or mountain."

But this route was too difficult and costly and so it was planned to end the canal at Hollidaysburg, and a railroad was built thence up the 1398-foot slope to the summit, dropping again to Johnstown on the western slope, where the canal began again; a railroad consisting of ten inclined planes and eleven level stretches of track. The cars were drawn up the inclines by stationary engines and cables, and on the levels by horses. Thus passengers and freight were carried over the mountain for several years. As a carrier between Philadelphia and the Susquehanna, a railroad—also horse-operated—was built. A network of branch canals was planned, one enthusiastic legislator hoping that the whole state would soon be "nothing but a congregation of islands."

Pennsylvania began work on her system in 1826. In 1828—on July Fourth, of course—the Chesapeake and Ohio Corporation, newly organized to take over the old Patowmack Company, broke ground for its great waterway which was to connect Washington and the Potomac with the Ohio River. No less a personage than President John Quincy Adams wielded the spade on this occasion, but the omens were inauspicious. His first thrust struck a root and failed of its purpose. He then calmly laid down the shovel, took off his hat and coat—we have searched eagerly but in vain for assurance that he also spat on his hands—then made a second attempt and was successful. Perhaps that first thwarted stroke was by way of presage that the canal would never reach its hoped-for destination.

It really seemed in those stirring 20's as if Robert Fulton were likely to be gratified in his desire, expressed in a letter to Governor Mifflin several years before, to see the day "when canals will pass through every vale and wind around every hill." The whole land was now aflame with the fever of progress. Canal construction was solving the labor problem—if there was one. Before the end of 1825, 1200 men were working on the Delaware and Hudson. In 1826 there were 1100 working on the Morris, 1500 on the Chesapeake and Delaware and 1000 even on the little two-mile Louisville and Portland Canal around the falls of the Ohio. In 1828, 5000 were working on the Pennsylvania canals, and the following year, when forty-six miles of the Chesapeake and Ohio was under way, 1800 were employed. And remember that these jobs were each and all in progress for several years. Between 1820 and 1830 more than 700 miles of canals were opened; and in 1830, 1400 miles more were nearing completion. Meantime other small canals were being planned, and Indiana and Illinois had entered the canal-building stage.

"Freight could now be moved," says McMaster, "from New York to Buffalo through the Erie Canal for four cents a ton per mile, tolls included. These rates revolutionized business. Merchants and manufacturers' fields seemed boundless. West as well as East became his market, and transportation companies for the handling of freight had been established in order to enable him to reach that market. Banks were multiplying. Insurance companies, steamboat and canal companies, mills and factories, were springing up on every hand. The whole course of life was changed."

Already Doomed

"Tens of thousands of men who under the old conditions would have been doomed to eke out a scanty livelihood by farming or cobbling or by toiling in the crowded ranks of unskilled labor, now found new occupations opening before them. They became mill hands and operatives; they turned machinists and mechanics; they served as engineers and firemen on the steamboats, as clerks and bookkeepers in banks and insurance companies; they handled freight, tended the gates on the turnpikes or the bridges on the canals; drove the horses that dragged the canal boats or found employment in some of the older industries which . . . had been greatly expanded since the war."

"The pathos of that era," wrote Joseph Conrad of the old sea life, "lies in the fact that when the sailing ships and the art of sailing them had reached their perfection, they were already doomed."

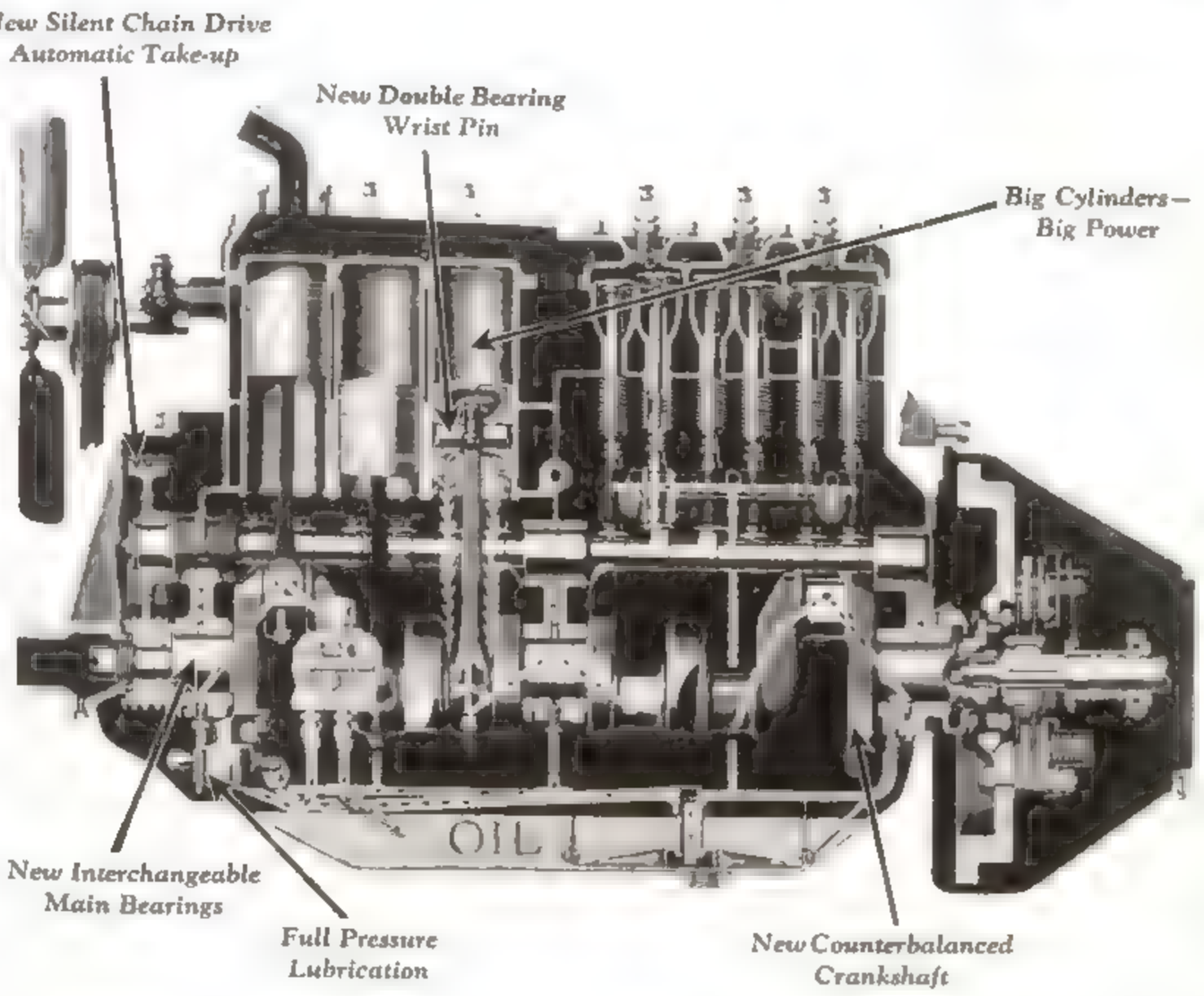
Even so with the canals. While the fever of digging them was at its height George Stephenson, over in England, was perfecting his locomotive engine, the first machine in history to draw passengers and freight on land by steam. The little cloud had appeared in the sunlit sky of the American canals' prosperity; but some people did not realize it and others refused to believe it for several years.

Strangely enough, it was a canal company that first brought the new invention to America. When the Delaware and Hudson was built, its greatest obstacle was at the beginning of its route—the mountain between Carbondale and Honesdale. Inclined planes operated by stationary engines were at first built over the ridge; but this method was clumsy, and so the company presently decided to build a railroad and get two of the new locomotive contraptions from Stephenson to handle the trains. The engines arrived in May, 1829, and one of them, the famous

(Continued on Page 56

Where Once the Boatmen Cried "Low Bridge!"

25% More Power *in New* Jewett Motor



The Jewett Motor improved! It seemed impossible. For no motor of any type or size has ever equalled Jewett's amazing past performance.

Records on hill and track, established three years ago by the first great Jewett Motor, still stand—unchallenged by any car.

But even this remarkable performance was not enough. Months of research and testing have now produced this new—greater Jewett Motor. A motor so smooth—so quiet—so vibrationless at all speeds you will scarcely hear it. Yet with power that seems limitless! 25% more than the old Jewett without increasing the size.

And years of experience are back of it. For basically it is the same, big sturdy motor that has powered Paige-built cars for 8 years.

Think that over! Eight years of constant improvement with the same basic design. Far over a billion miles beyond experiment.

A $15,000,000 company builds it. A company whose principal executives have remained unchanged for 16 years. And a five million dollar plant produces it. The most modern plant in the industry today.

Study this motor! It's a six—big enough—powerful enough to do the biggest job you'll ever ask of it. To the mechanically inclined—Jewett's tremendous increase in power is easily understood. Just read these facts:

New Counterbalanced Crankshaft

A massive new counterbalanced crankshaft—weighing 102 pounds—eliminates distortion. We know of no heavier crankshaft in any car. 30 pounds heavier than the old Jewett crankshaft. Its pins and main bearings are a quarter inch larger. Vibration is eliminated through dynamic and static balancing and the addition of counterweights. There can be no whip in such a crankshaft. Smooth, quiet operation through this motor's long life is thus assured.

New Silent Chain Drive

A new silent chain now drives pump, cam and timing shafts. Automatic tension adjuster takes up chain wear as it occurs. You do not find a feature like this in other cars near Jewett's price. And there's no need for service. We proved this feature right with two years' use in the Paige without complaint. Now—improved—it is in the New Jewett. Permanent silence is the result.

Full Pressure Lubrication

The New Jewett Motor has an oiling system identical in principle with the systems being used in the costliest cars. It's a high pressure, hollow crankshaft system that forces two gallons per minute through all main and connecting rod bearings—now extended to chain drive, valve tappets, camshaft and water pump drive shaft bearings. Forced out from the ends of these bearings by high pressure—oil is broken into a fine spray, lubricating pistons and pins. Metal never rubs metal—always a protective film between. Heat is carried away from bearings, insuring the absence of friction. Wear is banished. Hence—Jewett's long life—years of service-free operation.

Big Cylinders—Big Power

Extra cylinder size gives the New Jewett its amazing power. Each cylinder is 3¼-inch bore—5-inch stroke—giving the motor 249 inches piston displacement. That means a motor with ample power—to carry Jewett's sturdy weight up hills and through rough going in high—without ever straining. It's the biggest motor ever put into a car in Jewett's class—so big that it makes play of the work that taxes lighter, less able motors. Jewett's power is *never* taxed. So it keeps its vitality longer—stays new for years.

New Carburetion

The improved intake manifold of the New Jewett is one of the biggest factors in increasing the horsepower developed by the motor. Square in shape—it provides a flat floor surface where the heavy, unvaporized ends of the fuel lie—spread out—completely exposed to the vaporizing influence of the mixture passing through the manifold. More complete vaporization is assured—hence—more power. And crank-case dilution is practically eliminated. A new top outlet carburetor is used, mounted on the right side of the motor—shortening the intake manifold. The manifold has a more intensely hot spot and functions ideally without a stove. The qualities of easy starting—quick acceleration and smooth running for which Jewett has always been famous—are now greatly improved.

New Double Bearing Wrist Pins

Jewett's wrist pins are large—much larger than pins used in other cars in its class. Now, instead of being fastened in the pistons and having their bearings in the small end of the connecting rods—Jewett wrist pins are clamped in the rods and oscillate in the bosses of the pistons. Wrist pin bearings are longer—bearing surface is spread over a greater area, reducing the possibility of pin noises. Here is another typical example of Jewett's new sturdiness that means long life—service-free operation.

New Interchangeable Main Bearings

Main bearings in the New Jewett Motor are universally interchangeable. Inside and outside diameters are held to one-half thousandth of an inch. Bearing surfaces are as near 100% as possible. If replacement is ever necessary—it can be done on the road without special tools. A simple operation gives you a new car job.

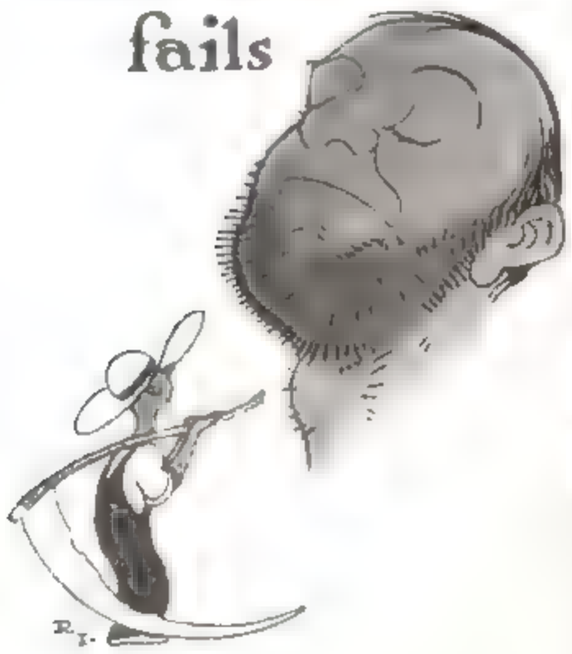
Ask any Paige-Jewett dealer to show you this remarkable new motor. Get the facts—then take the wheel of a New Jewett and make your own test. Five minutes will demonstrate its superior performance.

(542)

New PAIGE 6 *New* JEWETT

Built by the PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · Detroit, Michigan

The crop that never fails



ONE of the few things a man can forecast with absolute certainty is that when he gets up in the morning he will need a shave.

If beards didn't have that habit of getting unpleasantly visible over-night, it wouldn't matter much whether you finished this column or not.

But you can't get a shave the way you get a hair-cut—once every week or two. Not if you expect your friends to recognize you on the street.

As long as you have to shave in order to live in a civilized community, you might as well shave right.

Anybody who shaves needs a preparation that will do four things. It must work with hot or cold, hard or soft water. It must keep your face in fine shape. It must soften your beard *absolutely*—what the chemists at our place call "Dermutation." It must keep uniform at any range of the mercury.

I don't suppose there's very much suspense left in your mind as to the shaving cream I am talking about. It's Mennen's, of course.

I've been keeping my weather eye open for a good many years now, to see if there was any other preparation that could give you the Big Four in shaving comforts. I'm still using—as well as selling—Mennen Shaving Cream. Giant tubes cost 50c.

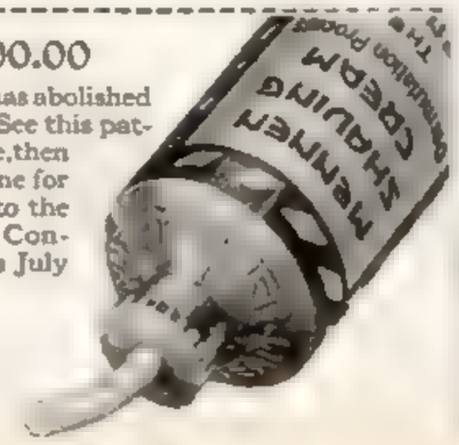
If you aren't acquainted with Mennen Skin Balm, there's a thing you'll appreciate, too: Cools and refreshes your face, and soothes it at the same time. Vanishes instantly, without a trace of grease. Handy 50c tubes.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

$100.00

Mennen has abolished the cap! See this patented tube, then coin a name for it. $100 to the winner. Contest closes July first.



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Stourbridge Lion, was tried out on the company's own track. It looked so formidable that they were afraid to use it even then, but the damage had been done. The canal had taken to its bosom the serpent which later was to sting it to death.

The speed mania, the principal factor in the downfall of canals, was becoming evident in American character even 100 years ago. Steamboats, stagecoaches, all lines of travel, were making an effort to increase their speed. The New York Daily Advertiser, speaking of the "mania of steamboat passengers to make the trip between New York and Albany a few minutes quicker than any others have ever done," said, "An old gentleman in New England conveyed a just idea of the character of those who were so fond of traveling at such wondrous rate, when he said he believed that his son John, if he was riding on a streak of lightning, would whip up!"

Speed, of course, brought its perils. Steamboat boilers began to explode and stagecoaches to be wrecked. Two four-horse coaches racing into Wilmington, Delaware, locked wheels and had a terrific smash-up, in which several were killed and injured. Perhaps in that accident died the man who was buried in a New Jersey churchyard under the epitaph:

Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stagecoach and thereby killed.
John Sykes was his name, a maker of sassengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers.

Niles declared that "it has become necessary that travelers should take a decided stand on the subject," and prosecute those public carriers whose recklessness was responsible for such havoc. But in spite of the danger, speed was demanded. With such a temper in the people, it is not to be wondered at that they looked with interest upon the newly invented locomotive, which, as had been proved, was capable under the best conditions of the unheard-of velocity of fifteen miles an hour, though the controversy still raged as to whether locomotives or horses were the best all-around motive power for railroads. Horses had certain superiorities, even furnishing good arguments in favor of canals; for it was shown that a horse could pull thirty tons of cargo in a boat weighing fifteen tons, while on the first railroads built he could draw only fifteen tons all told. Improved tracks enabled a horse to move thirty tons gross, but still the water had the advantage.

Railroads Versus Canals

Niles declared in 1829 that "the public mind is every day more and more settling into a belief that railroads will supersede canals"; but then he immediately mars his reputation as a prophet by remarking that "we rather think that from improvements now presented, locomotives will never come into general use. The ascent of considerable heights," he continues, "over which railroads shall pass will possibly be assisted by stationary engines or the use of additional horse power."

Even in 1829 a Connecticut editor, after describing the recently completed Morris Canal, remarked, "For ourselves, we believe that a railway might as well have been constructed along the whole route." And a Pennsylvania opponent of the canals proposed in that state declared when the Erie was scarcely completed that "it does not require the voice of prophecy to predict that the period is not far distant when the New York canal will be superseded by a railway." The quickness with which America was learning new ways is demonstrated by the fact that only two or three years before this an inquirer had written to a newspaper, asking, "What is a railroad?" and the editor had passed the buck by saying, "Perhaps some other correspondent can tell."

During the latter 20's, while most of the great Eastern waterways were under construction, the controversy between canals and railroads raged with great violence. Canals, said the water enthusiasts, are facts; railroads are only theories, and as they permit monopolies, are contrary to the American idea. They are not so well adapted to general use as either roads or canals, for "they will admit upon their tracks none but public vehicles of a peculiar construction." Anybody could own a boat on a canal; could buy one for $100 or build one for less than that, and haul twenty-five tons on it, which could not be conveyed on a railroad with anything less than a locomotive and eight carriages, costing $4000. Canals could even haul livestock and other material too heavy for the little railroad wagons to handle. Then it was pointed out that snow or earth washed over the rails in cuttings would put railroads out of business for weeks, to say nothing of the dangers from fire and wrecks.

Foolhardy Ventures

The railroad protagonists, on the other hand, pointed out that canals in a Northern climate could not be used more than eight months in a year, but railroads at least eleven months.

"It requires a number of years to complete and get it in order, the owners losing the interest of their capital during the time; but a railway of considerable length may be completed in a single year."

It could not be denied that canals, in spite of the low cost of labor and material, were very expensive. The Eastern canals cost from $16,000 to $23,000 a mile. Ohio built hers for $11,000 on an average, but the Chesapeake and Delaware, which, though short, had a long and deep rock cutting, was variously figured at from $150,000 to $161,000 a mile. Railroads never cost more than $15,000 a mile, it was asserted, and branch roads—which would run from every village contiguous to the main line—as low as $600.

In an endeavor to keep the canals in the running, steam navigation was proposed on them. One inventor had planned, so the newspapers said, a steamboat "calculated for canal navigation, being so constructed as not to injure the banks." It must be explained that all American canals had earthen banks, and it had been found that a speed of more than four miles an hour by the average tublike canal boat caused erosion. Sharp-prowed steamboats were built on both the Erie and the Miami; but they operated at a loss and were abandoned.

In desperation because Philadelphia and Washington seemed to have sewed up the nearest available canal routes westward, and determined to have her share of the great interior business, Baltimore threw down the gauntlet to her neighbors by boldly adopting the new invention. On July 4, 1828, the "corner stone" of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid. It was only a horse railroad, it is true—ridiculous enough, it seems now—but Baltimore had built better, far better, even than she knew.

In other quarters, however, the faith in canals was shaken but little or not at all by the railroad. In the early 30's the Western states, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, had caught the enthusiasm for public improvements and planned roads and canals on a scale that was foolhardy in its magnificence. Indiana, in 1835, had hardly 500,000 population; Illinois and Michigan far less. Millions of acres of land in those states were still held by the Federal Government, and a goodly percentage of the inhabitants were still log-cabin frontiersmen. Yet Indiana planned 1200 miles of railroads, pikes and canals, to cost $20,000,000, and bonded herself for $10,000,000—which meant twenty dollars apiece for every man, woman and child in the state. Illinois, which was in debt and whose revenue was not even meeting the cost of government, borrowed $21,000,000 for roads and canals, or about thirty-five dollars a head for every one of her population. Michigan borrowed $5,000,000.

Indiana planned three great canals, the principal one of which followed the Wabash River from its mouth up the state and across it into Ohio, where it joined the Miami Canal and so passed into Lake Erie. Illinois commenced work a little later on her main waterway, which was to connect the Illinois River with Lake Michigan. Both began at an inauspicious time. Prosperity overspread the land in the middle 30's and labor, materials and provisions were higher than ever before known in a time of peace. Furthermore, the territory was still too sparsely settled to support canals; and lastly, they began too late. Railroads had already established themselves in the Eastern states as the coming method of transportation; but when this was suggested to a canal advocate he always pointed to the Erie, which—favored by the peculiar advantages of its situation—was still the greatest artery of travel in America.

Indiana's great work, the Wabash and Erie, was to be 484 miles long. Not a third of it had been built when the hard times of 1837–39 came along. Eastern banking concerns, which had taken the Western state bonds but had not paid for them, closed their doors, and the construction work of Indiana and Illinois was thrown into confusion. Michigan fortunately had not begun her canals, and never did begin them.

After many vicissitudes, the Illinois and Michigan Canal was finished in 1848. By 1839 the Indiana Board of Public Improvements was unable to pay its bills. The state thereupon sold the two short railroads and other unfinished links in the system, retaining only the Wabash and Erie Canal. Slowly this work struggled along, paying its bills in the early 40's with scrip issued by the chief engineer, the contractors and others. This scrip was almost the only circulating medium in some places along the canal, and by its depreciation many merchants were ruined.

Only Muddy Ditches

The business of the canal was increasing; Fort Wayne, Peru, Logansport, La Fayette and Terre Haute were thriving on it; but its troubles were many. By 1860 the newest portion, that between Terre Haute and Evansville, had been abandoned; and in a few years more the portion above Terre Haute was only a muddy ditch. The Wabash and Erie would seem to have been the most colossal failure in the history of canals; and yet it played a large part in the development of Indiana and the West.

By 1850 the age of canal building had practically closed. In that year the Chesapeake and Ohio reached Cumberland, 184 miles from Washington; but during the years of its slow progress, its lower portion had been carrying millions of tons of merchandise to tidewater. It never went beyond Cumberland, but it continued to be the outlet for great quantities of coal, ore, timber and agricultural products. In the early 60's 800 boats were operating on it.

The New England canals practically all went out of business in the 40's. None of them had paid for themselves. It is said that the only dividend ever paid by the Hampshire and Hampden—it ran from New Haven to Northampton—was apportioned one summer when the grass on its banks was cut and sold and the money divided among the stockholders. And yet these canals all did much to develop not only the country through which they ran but that far beyond their termini.

Even for a few years after 1850 the James River and Kanawha Canal struggled onward in its hopeless effort to justify the latter half of its name by climbing over the Alleghanies. Since 1787 it had been creeping westward from Richmond. A second and then a third company had taken up the work. It reached Lynchburg in 1840 and Buchanan in 1851. It built a pike from Covington to the mouth of the Big Sandy and improved the lower Kanawha. Its engineering plans were on the grand scale. At one

(Continued on Page 59

Striking cuts in manufacturing costs

THE WISE EXECUTIVE seeking to economize on costs will first make sure of the efficiency of his lubrication.

Why? Because correct lubrication bears directly on economical operation.

In a hundred dollars' worth of your finished products, your lubrication expense will amount to only a very few cents.

A few dollars' apparent saving in lubricating oil may easily cause you thousands of dollars' worth of waste, distributed among such items as

—wasted horsepower—at upwards of $60 per h. p. per year;

—shortened life of your machinery; this can easily run into high figures;

—interrupted flow of your production, through stops for machine repairs;

—wasted time and wages of men who are waiting for the repairs to be made.

The sum total of these wastes is a very real burden to production costs.

On the other hand, the most efficient lubrication obtainable costs relatively little.

It is our business to manufacture and apply oils which eliminate the wastes and dangers of incorrect lubrication. We know of no industry in which we have been unable to effect striking cuts in manufacturing costs.

With the cooperation of your plant operatives we will gladly assume full responsibility for the correct lubrication of your entire plant. In effect, the plant which engages the Vacuum Oil Company adds the facilities of an immense lubrication laboratory.

If you will address our nearest branch office, we will get in touch with you.

New York *(Main Office)*, Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

Vacuum Oil Company
NEW YORK

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Lubricating Oils
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IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 50 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

Is America losing its appetite?

TODAY, health authorities point to loss of appetite as a growing menace in American life, due to the increase of indoor workers. Millions of people sit down to their meals without the appetite to enjoy them. And the less they eat the more urgent it is that *what* they eat shall contain the vital elements of nourishment.

A food that tempts the breakfast appetite of millions and makes a vital contribution to their health

YOUR appetite tells you what you like to eat, but it does not tell you the things you *should* eat. For modern appetites are tuned to modern foods. And the average diet of today does not give you a sufficient quantity of the various food elements necessary to vigorous good health.

Without a scientific knowledge of foods, how can you know which foods will give you these vitally necessary things? You can't. Neither can millions of others. That is the reason an expert in food-values originated Grape-Nuts.

This delicious food was designed purposely to supply important food elements often deficient in the average diet—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin B, a builder of the appetite. With milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

In Grape-Nuts is all the healthfulness of wheat and malted barley—with the flavor of these delicious grains brought out to a richness and fullness never equaled in any other food.

Buy a package of Grape-Nuts today and try it tomorrow morning. Two tablespoonfuls are enough for a serving. Add cream or whole milk. Taste for yourself the nut-like flavor. Enjoy the crispness of Grape-Nuts—a crispness that gives your teeth and gums the exercise that authorities say they must have to keep them beautiful and healthy. Then realize that Grape-Nuts is baked by a special process that makes it easily digested.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

A series of health breakfasts—with four servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you four individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for four breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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Please send me, free, four trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

(Continued from Page 56)

time the scheme was to carry it through the main range of the Alleghanies by a tunnel nine miles long! But it had dug only fifteen miles beyond Buchanan when its money ran out, and then came the Civil War and stopped it forever.

A great flood in the James in 1877 and a smaller one the following year damaged the canal beyond its financial power to repair. In 1880 it was sold to the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad and became only a memory.

Others among the great canals had endured and even enjoyed some degree of prosperity—notably the Erie, the colossus of them all. Again and again it was enlarged to accommodate the necessary business. By 1845, 4000 boats were operating on it and its branches and it supported a working population of 25,000. By 1847 more canal business was concentrated at Albany than New Orleans derived in the same year from the Mississippi and its tributaries.

One of the greatest services performed by the old canals, one for which they deserve always to be remembered, was that of helping to colonize all the vast territory lying beyond the Alleghanies. Westward through all the westbound canals in the three decades preceding the Civil War poured a ceaseless, eager, yet patient, dogged, yet fiery and enthusiastic throng of pioneers, with eyes straining toward the new lands beyond the horizon. And as they went they sang the wistfully humorous songs which the great hegira had brought forth—"Oh, Susanna!" "Ah, ha! Bound away for the wild Mis-sou-ree!" and "Oh, who among the mountains, 'mid clouds and snow would stay, when he can buy a prairie in Michigami-ay?"

When New England Went West

It was a pioneer's houseboat which was the first to be carried bodily on the railroad cars of the Pennsylvania Canal, up the inclines over the Alleghany backbone and down the slope to Johnstown, where it was launched in the westbound waters and went on its way to "the wild Mis-sou-ree." Other emigrants who had no boats of their own were so numerous that special second-class passenger boats were operated for them on the Pennsylvania and Erie Canals. Through tickets were sold from Philadelphia to Nashville or St. Louis for thirteen dollars, not including meals, and two weeks were required for the trip.

Through the vast artery of the Erie poured so much of the sturdiest, most vigorous blood of the Northeast that Michigan, Southern Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and Northern Ohio were largely peopled by pioneers from New England and New York—especially New England. Lois Kimball Mathews, in a study of the subject, found that of the first fourteen governors of Michigan, six were from New England and six from New York; she points to the preponderance of Congregational churches in Michigan and also to the fact that the township system of Michigan is more like that of Massachusetts than any other local government outside of New England. And the Dutch and Yankee flood which rushed through the Erie rolled on, on beyond Michigan, across the Mississippi into Iowa and Minnesota, into Missouri and Kansas, sending its wavelets even to the shores of the Pacific.

As this human tide pressed forward it swept the aboriginal inhabitants of the land along with it toward the sunset. A significant picture of the times is that drawn by William Dean Howells of a memory of his early childhood along the Miami Canal:

"In 1831 the Senecas ceded their lands, forty thousand acres on the Sandusky, to the United States and were removed to the southwest of the Missouri. Each of the other reservations were given up in turn for lands in the Far West, and in the early forties I myself, when a boy living in Hamilton, saw the last of the Ohio Indians passing through the town in the three canal boats which carried the small remnant of their nation westward, out of the land that was to know them no more forever."

It was about the year 1857 that the first sharp break in canal prosperity occurred. In that year traffic on all the canals declined by 772,000 tons from the preceding year. And it was in that year that the main Pennsylvania Canal from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh was sold to its youthful competitor, the Pennsylvania Railroad. Within seven years the new owners had closed the division from Pittsburgh to Johnstown. A few boats continued to operate on the eastern section until 1889, when a flood almost ruined it and it was never put in repair again.

The Delaware and Hudson, in 1872, carried 2,930,333 tons of coal to tidewater—not to mention other traffic. It was abandoned twenty-five years ago. The Morris reached high-water mark in 1866, when it carried 900,000 tons of freight. Direct railroad competition put both these anthracite canals out of business. The Illinois and Michigan saw its peak in 1882, when it carried 1,011,287 tons. In 1900 this had fallen to 121,759 tons. The Chesapeake and Delaware touched maximum with 1,318,772 tons in 1872. Twenty-five years later it had fallen off 50 per cent. The Delaware and Raritan carried 2,000,000 tons in 1870; within twenty years it had decreased by one-half and today it may carry one-tenth of that amount. The Ohio canals displayed a greater vitality than most of their contemporaries, keeping up their operation over a slowly decreasing area until very recent times. Less than twenty years ago the state legislature talked of enlarging and repairing the two main lines, but this was not done, and today only short stretches carry any water; other sections are entirely dry. And once there was 1000 miles of active channels within the state!

So runs the story of the rise and fall of the canals; a brief, pathetic little story it is too. They did so much for us and deserved so much better at our hands! The four or five decades during which most of the canals were born and rose to greatest prosperity and which comprehended the entire life of some of them, was the period of greatest development in our history. Even today we do not progress so rapidly in a decade as we did then. During that period we grew from a handful of puny states strung along the Eastern seaboard to a giant community of 3,000,000 square miles area, whose sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific covered the choicest portion of the continent. Nowhere else in history has so large an area of country ever been overrun and put under government in so short a time by a civilized people. To achieve this result, transportation was necessary; and the canals were our first really efficient means of transportation and for a long time our safest, surest and cheapest.

"Canals," said William Dean Howells, "were a greater achievement in 1837 than railroads are in 1897."

A Matter of Temperament

Even the least of them did not exist in vain. Prof. James W. Putnam, in his monograph on the Illinois and Michigan said, "The great services of the canal have been in the economic development of the Middle West, particularly of the northern part of Illinois, and in its influence on railroad rates. For the performance of these services the canal has been worth all it cost the state."

With slight modifications, this statement is applicable to and well deserved by all the old waterways.

One wonders why canals are useful and profitable in Europe and not in America. The principal explanation lies in the difference in temperament of the people and in the difference in national wealth—neither of which excuses us Americans or makes our neglect of waterways logical. A congressional committee report on roads and canals, written in 1834, accounts for the growth of railroad sentiment as against canals in words which even today apply with peculiar emphasis to our character:

"A prejudice of natural origin pervaded all the inquiries on this subject. The imagination was led captive by the flying motion of a railroad car, impelled by one of the most powerful agents hitherto discovered by the ingenuity and subject to the control of man."

The railroads tried to throttle the Erie in the latter 50's. Railroad mad though America was at the time, yet public sentiment, aroused by the newspapers, rallied to the support of the canal and enabled it to escape. In 1875, 6000 boats were in operation on it and the canal population numbered 30,000. From its inception until tolls were abolished in 1882, the "Grand Canal" showed a profit of $42,599,718!

Later its traffic began to decrease, which was attributed to its being too small and too poorly equipped. Accordingly, the state in 1903 set about enlarging it, and the result is the present great Barge Canal, which cost $155,000,000. Some shippers have been quick to realize the advantages of this mighty waterway. The Standard Oil Company, for example, beginning with tug-towed barges, then built self-propelled vessels which became larger and larger at every experiment. Their latest model is a tanker 260 feet in length, 40 feet in the beam and 14 feet in depth of hold. It carries 705,000 gallons of oil and has propelling engines of 700 horse power. The company finds the canal so economical that practically the entire distribution of Standard Oil products for the state of New York is now carried on by water.

European Waterways

There are at least two other companies owning ships which pass through the Hudson, the canal and the Great Lakes, carrying freight all the way between New York City, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Duluth. It has been proved that immense quantities of goods can be handled simultaneously and speedily, and often carried through the canal in quicker time than by the railroad. And yet so neglectful has the public been that the canal is used to not more than a tenth of its capacity, and there are not lacking citizens who advocate its abandonment. The imagination is led captive still by the lure of speed.

Water transportation has always been and still is cheaper than any other method of carriage. Europe, always forced by necessity to economize, gives her heavy merchandise a little more time for its passage and sends it by water. Although disorganized by the war, her transportation tools are still highly efficient and the cheapest in the world. Belgium, with an area less than that of Massachusetts and Connecticut, has more than 1200 miles of active waterways. At the present moment preparations are being made to deepen a canal between the Rhine and the Danube—built forty years ago—so that vessels of at least 1500 tons will have a new 2000-mile waterway clear across Europe, from Rotterdam on the Atlantic to the Black Sea. So conservative a nation as England believes so strongly in this canal that her shipowners are preparing to operate vessels on it.

With the recklessness engendered by our wealth, we would rather pay higher freight charges and move the goods faster. We would rather wait until the last minute and then send merchandise by what we believe to be the swiftest carrier; it tickles our craving for speed and our belief in our own superior efficiency. Perhaps not until our land shall have become much more densely populated than now, our natural resources much more attenuated and our wealth begins to flow toward newer Midases, shall we think of economy in such little matters as transportation.

"America," says Seymour Dunbar in his History of Travel, "has not developed beyond the era of canals, but is on the contrary apparently still to enter upon it."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Harlow. The next will appear in an early issue.

They're your kind

A collie curled on the window-seat of a city apartment, dreaming of wild highland pastures

Two hundred pounds of bone and sinew chained to a desk and dreaming of lively water, lashing pines, rifle sights held true on flaming eyes, the smoke of camp-fires, the honk of geese and partridge whirr, leaping bass and the sting of salt spray—

—that's civilization.

As conventional in appearance as any white-collared lover of the open are Packard Shoes. Distinguished in any company, smartly correct—vigorously stylish.

Yet built into them is the sturdiness that strong feet love—muscles of heavy linen cables; mellow calfskins tanned in the slow Scotch way; honest oak soles flexible as rubber and tough as rawhide.

They're modelled by men who learned how to handle leather before machinery lowered price and quality.

Try a pair. You'll like them in the way you like a seasoned brier or the rod that mastered your prize salmon.

The dealer who tries hardest to please you probably carries Packards.

$8 to $10
A few styles higher

Packard

Bristol Model

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

Stop Wasting Tea use TAO TEA BALLS

What a Tao Tea Ball is

10 BALL TIN

Tiny bud leaves from the tips of the tea plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India, and Java, accurately measured and packed by special machines in handy gauze balls.

Quality of Tao Tea

10 BALL TIN

Three generations of tea experts have labored to produce Tao, the *supreme* tea—the finest tea you have ever tasted, Flowery Orange Pekoe Blend. The Tao Tag on every Tao Tea Ball is our trade-mark and your guarantee of *supreme* quality. Indorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation & Health, serial No. 3070

Economy of Tao Tea Balls

100 BALL CADDY

Tao Tea Balls take all the guess and waste out of tea-making. Tao Tea Balls are *pot* size. Each ball makes 4 to 5 cups, according to strength desired, of delicious tea. A half of a cent a cup—less in the big fifty-ball Caddy.

Convenience of Tao Tea Balls

This modern and economical way of packing eliminates all guess-work and waste from tea-making. No messy tea leaves to clean up—so convenient, so economical, so good.

A Marvelous Discovery!

Delicious Iced Tea—Without Boiling Water

Made possible by the use of Tao Tea Balls. Drop a Tao Tea Ball into a teapot containing four cups of cold water (not ice water) at breakfast time and for luncheon you have the most fragrant and delicately flavored tea you ever tasted. A chip of ice—a dash of lemon—and serve. Sweeten with powdered sugar.

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

TAO TEA CO., Inc., 103 Park Ave., NEW YORK

VACATION

Continued from Page 23

She stood back so that the other new arrivals preceded her across the tiled terrace and enabled her to cross the wide lobby without feeling very conspicuous. Signing the register, she couldn't help seeing the names just above her own—Mrs. E. George Bunce, Jr., from Onawanda; Eben G. Bunce, with ditto marks. It was almost like meeting folks from Haleyopolis. Onawanda was only twenty miles away and pa'd always done a lot of business over there. Hadn't she heard him talk about some Bunces?

"Ah, Mrs. Pollard!" The young man on the other side of the desk was formidable in spite of a splendid affability; he made you feel as if he was shined and polished with a piece of chamois skin every morning. "We have your reservations—Suite B. I think you'll find the rooms comfortable."

His smile conveyed the effect of a joke. It seemed to indicate that there was something deliciously funny in the notion that anybody could possibly feel anything but comfortable in Suite B; but Abby Pollard found that her answering smile needed an effort. Fred must have pulled another one of his wires in this connection. She was already a little overawed by the prospect of those rooms; they'd all judge her by them, too; she'd be pestered most to death by maids and bell boys and porters.

"Is Mrs. Frost down yet, do you know?"

The expression of the beautifully varnished young man suggested that he meditated profoundly.

"Mrs. Frost? Mrs. —— Oh, yes, of course. Mrs. Frost left us some days ago." He smiled with tolerant compassion. "I believe some friends persuaded her to motor on down to Florida with them."

"When's she coming back?" Abby Pollard drew a long breath. If Hattie wasn't here to boss her around ——

"She didn't say, but it won't be long." He shook his head. "Florida won't suit Mrs. Frost."

The look and tone implied that only a nice regard for professional ethics restrained him from revelations highly damaging to the reputation of a sister commonwealth. Mrs. Pollard nodded a sober assent; very few places suited Hattie. She'd come back, sure enough; but meanwhile —— She followed the bell boy to the magnificence of Suite B, and under the spell of its state gave him not only the dime she had intended but two odd pennies as well.

She was almost too tired to unpack, and something had happened to her appetite; she wouldn't have gone down to breakfast except for a feeling that it might be more restful in the dining room.

Mr. Bunce and his daughter-in-law were at a near-by table. She observed, with an unreasonable disappointment, that he had changed his clothes and now wore short trousers and bright stockings, like the other men in the room. She felt ashamed of a fancy that tried to picture pa in such garments, as if the thought dishonored his memory. Afterward, as she was choosing colored post cards at the news stand, she witnessed Mr. Bunce's departure with a bag of golf clubs, and in spite of another downward revision of her earlier estimate was distantly aware of a certain compassion. He didn't look, she decided, as if he were well enough to be playing those rough games like a boy. If that daughter-in-law had good sense she'd put a stop to such foolishness; men never knew what was good for them. Even pa —— She thought of the time he had gone into the old-timers' foot race at the Knights of Damon picnic and how he'd had to be rubbed with arnica every night for a week.

Post cards preoccupied most of the morning; she sent them to Fred and Marian and to quite a lot of Haleyopolis people, not altogether displeased now with Suite B. It was nice to be able to mark four crosses on the windows of the photograph. Maybe Jennie Essick would be sorry she'd talked that way about Fred's going to New York when she saw what kind of vacation he could afford to give his mother! It was only fair to Fred to let folks back home know how well he was doing.

At lunch she was dimly alarmed by the nonappearance of Mr. Bunce, and a disapproval of his daughter-in-law was deepened by a certain frivolity on that lady's part. She laughed and talked too much and too loudly, visibly stimulated by the society of the dudish young fellow who sat in Mr. Bunce's chair.

"Father? Oh, he always gets his lunch at the clubhouse so as to be right on time for his afternoon game. You never saw anybody so crazy about golf! Every winter he swears he'll stay home and tend to business; and then, along about Christmas, he backslides and begins talking about his health and by the end of January I'm fairly dragged down here to take care of him. George says he's a golf widower-in-law."

Mrs. Pollard compressed firm lips over her cutlet. It did beat everything the way you could misjudge folks if you went by looks! The idea of thinking Mr. Bunce was kind of like pa!

She tried to sit in a rocker on the terrace after lunch, but it was sort of tiresome. She couldn't rid herself of a persistent and distressing sense of untidiness. Yellow flowers blooming outdoors in the middle of winter instead of waiting decently for spring; women who were old enough—and fat enough—to know better, strutting around in outlandish breeches or sitting at bridge tables with their short skirts exposing a great deal too much length and breadth of flesh-colored silk stocking; some of them smoking cigarettes, too, in long holders; bobbed and shingled heads that would be gray if they belonged to self-respecting folks; paint and powder laid on thick as plaster!

A dull, weary discontent prodded her. Habit demanded an objective errand as an excuse and justification for a walk, however, and it was only the happy thought of going down to the post office in the village that released her from the terrace. A bell boy told her about a footpath through the woods, giving her, in masculine fashion, so much and such explicit information that she hadn't gone two hundred yards before she was lost; there were too many paths, running every which way between a thick second growth of long-leafed pine. She resented their number and their casual aimlessness as of a piece with the flowers that bloomed in winter and the women who smoked and wore breeches. A distant sound of hammering guided her; building, at least, would be one familiar thing in a place that was upside down in almost every other way, and the workmen would tell her how to get to the post office.

The path wandered presently to the edge of the woods. A row of little cottages hung to the steep slope overlooking the town at its foot and a new one lifted a skeleton of studs at the end of the file. One of the negroes at work upon it sang in the rhythm of his hammer. Mrs. Pollard paused among the trees to enjoy the music of both. Something about the nearest cottage made her think of a house back in Haleyopolis—one of the last for which pa had furnished the lumber. It looked sensible and plain and homy; the whole street looked that way, when you came right down to it, as if neighborly folks lived here. She nodded approvingly at a line of washing that moved lazily in a gentle stir of air and conceded that this winter sunshine would come in handier on wash days than the Haleyopolis weather. Back there, this time of year, clothes would freeze stiff as a board if you hung them outdoors.

There was no longer any need to ask her way to the post office; she could see it from where she stood; but she stopped before the nearest cottage, nevertheless, and spoke to the woman who sewed in a splint rocker on its porch. She looked kind of worn-out, but you could tell she was real nice.

"The post office?" She had a nice voice, too, and her face lighted up when she talked. "It's that brick building right down there."

Mrs. Pollard thanked her, without at once resuming her walk. There was a sign of some sort beside the door, handwriting on a sheet of note paper that drew her toward it even before she could make out the words. Room and board. She was a little frightened by the daring of an instant willful resolve. Back there at that fussy high-toned hotel they'd charge goodness only knew what wicked prices, and you couldn't get a minute's peace from the servants, and you had to have your dinner at night and dress up for it, and ——

It was a real nice room, and as neat as a new pin, too; and besides, a person couldn't have felt easy in her mind if she went back to that hotel and paid out hundreds of dollars when it meant so much to this Mrs. Tilford to have her room rented for ten! She was right nice, even if she was kind of close-mouthed about her affairs, so that Mrs. Pollard didn't know anything about her, by the time the bargain was made, except that her husband was getting over a bad case of pneumonia and so they'd taken the eight hundred dollars out of the building and loan association and come down to Pineville, where Mr. Cliff, the credit manager, said he'd get better fast enough to go back to his position in May, which was the longest they could hold it open for him; and, of course, it was awfully good for him being outdoors all day, and everything would have been all right if things didn't cost so much more than you figured, so you couldn't help worrying a good deal with no money coming in and the baby expected next month and ma not being able to come down on account of the long trip and the expense.

Mrs. Pollard was able to feel quite defiant toward certain uneasy reflections as to what Fred and Marian would say. After all, she'd get a lot more rest in a nice quiet cottage like this than in a big noisy place like that hotel, and she guessed she had a right, didn't she? to take her vacation anywhere she wanted anyway. Besides, there wasn't any call to tell them about it, especially after sending them those postal cards with crosses marking her windows. They'd only fret and fuss. Thinking it over, Abby Pollard saw quite clearly that it would be much more considerate to let them continue in the belief that she was staying right on at the inn.

It was lucky that her trunk hadn't come. Packing her suitcase put her in a frame of mind that made her more than a match for the glittering young man at the desk, who fallaciously asserted a claim for a week's board and lodging on the ground of Fred's telegram, and ended by agreeing, almost eagerly, to transfer the trunk as soon as it came and to send a bell boy over every day with the mail. Mrs. Pollard walked back to the cottage with a high head and came out to Mrs. Tilford's spotless kitchen to repeat the more pungent of her repartees.

Her attention wandered as she observed the beginnings of supper. Mrs. Tilford looked like a pretty good housekeeper, but she'd never get light biscuit if she skimped on her shortening. Experience with Marian's cooks had made Abby Pollard cautious about volunteering counsel on such matters, but Mrs. Tilford's tone and manner seemed to indicate that she wasn't the kind to snap a body's head off for a well-meaning word of advice.

"If you got an extry apron anywheres ——" said Mrs. Pollard presently.

Mrs. Tilford had—a nice starchy garment that buttoned in back of your shoulders and tied in snug at your waist so you almost forgot you had on one of those loose

(Continued on Page 62)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-B SEDAN

It can be said in all truth that ten years were required to bring this car to its present state of perfection.

True, Dodge Brothers have not actually been building the Standard or Special Type-B Sedans that long.

But they have been at work steadily, for a decade, perfecting the chassis, the engine, and the principles of closed car construction which are so admirably coordinated in these two popular types.

Five Balloon Tires

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

(Continued from Page 60)

Mother Hubbards and felt dressed and respectable and kind of chirked up at the feel of flour on your hands. The window above the baking board gave you a first-rate view of the new house they were building next door, and that singing darky had a lovely voice, especially for a hymn about saying goo'-by to trouble and pain and going to hevvum on the morning train.

"Tell you what, Mis' Tilford," said Mrs. Pollard. "Why don't you go lie down a minute and let me get supper? I'd just as lief—just as lief as not."

III

HER scant respect for grown-up men who went around in short pants and stockings that had been copied from a rattlesnake's back did not make Abby Pollard wholly proof against the quality of Mr. Bunce's recognizing gaze. She was pleasantly conscious of the happy fit of the new gingham dress, and smoothed its crisp starchiness down over her hips with the backs of her damp hands as she acknowledged Mr. Bunce's greeting in a bow and smile that were neighborly without being anything more.

Ever since Mr. Bunce had taken to hanging about the new building next door she'd foreseen this encounter and had avoided it—as far, at least, as seemed consistent with a clear conscience and a proper self-respect. He'd never arrived quite so early in the day. She had counted on getting that basket of clothes on the line long before he came through the woods in that funny sly way he walked, always turning around to look behind him as if he was afraid of somebody.

"Told me over to the hotel that you was boarding out in town somewheres, but I didn't know it was so close." He twisted his head to glance over his shoulder in the direction of the inn; and Mrs. Pollard, a little pleased by the implication of his statement, felt a certain sympathy for the apprehension she detected in his look.

"Saw your name on the register," he went on. "Wondered if your husband didn't use to be in the lumber business up to Haleyopolis. I'm from Onawanda myself—Eben G. Bunce—and ——"

"I kind of thought I remembered Mr. Pollard mentioning the name," said Mrs. Pollard. "He was in the Knights of Damon."

Her glance rested on the emblem. You didn't see many of those nice watch chains nowadays; Fred never wore that one of pa's.

"Say, ain't it a small world, though?" Mr. Bunce was visibly impressed by the smallness of it. "Here I know Henry T. Pollard for thirty years, do business with him and belong to the same order, and never lay eyes on his wife; and then I go traipsing off on this darn vacation in the middle of winter and set down right across from you in the dining car!" He shook hands with ceremony. "I'm mighty glad to make your acquaintance, Mis' Pollard. I always set a sight of store by Henry T. Felt real bad I couldn't get up to Haleyopolis for the funeral, but my wife was so low that day I didn't feel I'd ought to resk it." He sobered. "She died right soon afterwards—sixth of September, at half past ten in the morning."

Mrs. Pollard clicked her tongue against her teeth. He certainly seemed nice; it was too bad about those stockings. She told him about pa. It was kind of pleasant to talk about it now with somebody that was so interested. Mr. Bunce also clicked his tongue. He turned sharply to call to one of the darkies who was setting a window frame all wrong, Mrs. Pollard gathered. Mr. Bunce showed him how it ought to be done.

He was thus enguged when Mr. Dill, the builder, came around the corner.

"Much obliged to you," said Mr. Dill. "I'd ought to have a foreman on a job like this, but I can't seem to git holt of one't's wuth his salt. Can't turn my back a minute without something goes wrong."

He shook his head. "I'd ought to be over in Tyre right now too."

"You go ahead," said Mr. Bunce earnestly. "I got plenty of time on my hands and I'd just as lief hang around here as go set on the porch of that club and watch 'em play shinny." He scowled. "Liefer."

His tone deepened Mrs. Pollard's approval. She saw Mr. Dill drop a dubious glance at the snaky stockings. Mr. Bunce seemed to understand the look. He laughed.

"Guess I'm able to handle a job like this, son. I was building houses before you had any use for 'em. Built the new courthouse up to Onawanda when I was twenty-six."

He produced a card which seemed to impress and reassure Mr. Dill.

"Hate to leave you cut in on your vacation," he began.

"You get along over to your other job," said Mr. Bunce. "Be a pity if us builders couldn't give each other a lift once in a while. Give me the blue prints and ——"

It was evident that he had wholly forgotten Mrs. Pollard, but she didn't mind. Pa had been the same way—forget everything when he got near a building job. She carried in the empty clothes basket and mixed up a nice stiff eggnog for Mrs. Tilford, who was feeling kind of poorly and had consented to go back to bed right after breakfast. Mrs. Tilford agreed with Mr. Bunce that it was a remarkably small world; had she ever told Mrs. Pollard about the way she ran right into Lyman at the fair grounds when they hadn't seen each other since they'd been in the eighth grade? It was the strangest thing!

"I kind of thought I'd go down street," said Mrs. Pollard presently. "I saw some real nice apples in Miller's window and I'd kind of like to make a couple of pies."

Mr. Bunce went down the hill with her. You couldn't be always thinking about your clothes on a building job and there must be a place where they sold overalls, he supposed. Mrs. Pollard was sure of it; she'd bought her gingham dresses in the store just across from the station, and they had men's things there too. He carried the bag of apples for her on the way back, and it was only polite to ask him to have dinner at the cottage instead of going clear back to the inn or over to the clubhouse.

She rolled her pie crust before the window. Some men looked right nice in overalls. She'd always liked the way pa looked in them when he helped out on some rush order in the lumberyard.

"Baked the undercrust a mite before you put in the apples," said Mr. Bunce confidently. "Can't fool me on apple pie!"

It would have been better, Mrs. Pollard said, if she'd made her crust yesterday and let it stand overnight in the ice box. Mr. Bunce, disputing the possibility of improvement, agreed with a certain alacrity to return for further experiment, and Mrs. Tilford urged him to make himself entirely at home. Any friend of Mrs. Pollard's, she declared, was sure of a welcome. Mr. Tilford, a little rounder of cheek than when Mrs. Pollard had first seen him, was emphatic in his support of this assurance. Mrs. Pollard tried not to look too pleased.

Later, as she finished washing the dishes and went out to take down the clothes from the line, she stopped for another little chat with Mr. Bunce. If he was going to keep on helping Mr. Dill for a day or two, it would be easier to get his dinners at Mrs. Tilford's, and the money would help. She explained how they were fixed.

"I was going to s'gest it myself," said Mr. Bunce. His face darkened. "Can't seem to relish my meals over to that hotel—little dabs of fancy stuff in them birds' bathtubs! That dinner I just et was worth any three I've had sense I started on this fool vacation." He frowned again. "Milly—that's my oldest boy's wife—was bound and determined I sh'd come along, and Junior kep' pestering me 't I needed a rest."

"I didn't seem to cotton to the notion either," said Mrs. Pollard. "But I don't know but I've kind of changed my mind. Seems as if a nice vacation was good for a body, even in winter. Don't know when I've felt so rested."

He shook his head.

"Pretty near wore my feet off trying to play that darn game, before I got the notion to go and set on the porch and leave Milly think I was traipsing up hill and down after a dinky little rubber ball!" He glanced over his shoulder uneasily. "'F you sh'd happen to run into Milly over to the hotel, don't let on, or she'll kick up a fuss about me needing exercise. Ain't got a word to say against Milly, but she's notioned—terrible notioned, Milly is."

Mrs. Pollard clicked her tongue. She discovered a fresh regard for Marian, who had sense enough to let a body go off on a little trip without tagging along, even though she was in many respects -she examined Mr. Bunce's word and adopted it -notioned.

IV

"IT'S real lovely," said Mrs. Pollard for the twelfth time. She tried to speak heartily and with conviction, but something about the finished cottage depressed her, in spite of the familiar smells, clean and friendly, of new plaster and fresh paint and lumber; in spite of the shining porcelain sink and the exciting perfections of the oil stove, which lessened, in the kitchen, that feeling of melancholy emptiness that had come upon her in the other rooms.

"Don't know as I ever done a better job," said Mr. Bunce; "not on a place this size, I mean. 'Course I've handled a lot of bigger ones. Turned out better'n I expected when I took holt."

"I can't help feeling sort of sorry for Mr. Dill," said Mrs. Pollard. "Seems a pity he couldn't 've held on and finished it."

"Guess he was mighty glad to get it off his hands." Mr. Bunce wagged his head. "Sight of young fellows go bust in the building business, trying to bite off more'n they can chaw. Dill'd be up higher'n a kite by now if Milly—if I hadn't been fixed so's I could take over this here job just when I done it."

Mrs. Pollard nodded. If that notioned daughter-in-law hadn't gone back home last month, she'd have been bound to find out where Mr. Bunce spent those days she imagined were given over to that silly game; she'd have fussed and talked and argued till he gave in too. Daughters-in-law, even nice ones like Marian, couldn't seem to get it through their heads that a body could have a married son without having to be treated like a baby.

She repressed a sigh.

She ought to be ashamed of herself for feeling this way about going home next week.

"I guess maybe it's because it's empty," she said. "Makes me kind of lonesome for my furniture, seeing all these nice rooms with nothing in 'em."

Mr. Bunce struck his thigh.

"Say, I was just thinking that very thing! Funny—built a couple hundred houses, I guess, in my day, and it never struck me before 't they look kind of dismal till there's furniture in 'em, and folks. You keep your things when you broke up housekeeping, Mis' Pollard?"

"They're stored." Her tone sounded as if she were complaining and she made haste to defend Fred and Marian from its implication. "There wasn't any sense moving 'em to New York. Fred and Marian had their own things."

"You're lucky." He frowned reminiscently. "Milly got rid of most every stick in the house before she and Junior'd been married a year. Notioned, Milly is. Sold the nicest parlor set I ever see and bought this high-toned mission stuff. Plush it was, and good as new."

"Mine's plush," said Mrs. Pollard. "I always did like a nice plush chair."

"Wouldn't have anything else, if you give me my way; but Milly ——" He shook his head. "Couldn't have treated me nicer if she was my own daughter, but ——" He shook it again. "Seems as if I couldn't get used to the notion't vacation's pretty near over. Never did take any stock in this idea't a man'd ought to lay off work in the winter, even if it is the slack time in the building business. Pestered me into it, Milly did, and now I got so used to loafing I'm dogged if I don't hate to go back to work."

He meditated gloomily.

"Keep thinking up excuses like a regular loafer; try to tell myself't there's no sense to getting back in the harness, with Junior and Ed and Bill running the business just as well's ever I did—better, maybe, now't it's mostly steel and see-ment. You see, I started in as a carpenter, and I guess it'll never feel like regular building if I ain't working on frame jobs. That's one reason I kind of beat Dill's figures on this here house. I know frame, if I do say it. Looks like this'd always be a frame country too—so much cheap lumber right on the spot. Why, say, there's been three parties at me to build houses for 'em sence this one commenced to look like something! And labor—say, these darkies only need a good foreman over 'em to ——" He stopped short. "There I go again, trying to talk myself out of going back to work where I belong!"

"I know." Mrs. Pollard nodded understandingly. "I never expected to have such a first-rate time when I came down here, and now I got to go back, it seems as if I couldn't stand the notion. It's not just on account of Bessie and Lyman and the baby, either. They're going back, too, and it isn't as if they were own relations, even if I am real attached to 'em. I don't know as it's a good thing to take vacations, though I'm bound to admit I've had a lovely time and the rest's done me a sight of good. Seems as if they kind of spoil you, vacations do. A body gets to feeling they'd ought to last forever."

"That's it!"

Mr. Bunce jerked his head in assent. He looked up suddenly, and Mrs. Pollard felt a funny little flutter in her throat at something in the defiant, resolute decision she saw in his sunburned face. She tried to move away from his abrupt approach, but the wall was against her back. The new plaster certainly did smell nice.

"Look here," said Mr. Bunce, in quite a new voice—"look here, Abby Pollard, what's the matter of shipping that there furniture of yours down here and fixing up this house and finding out how far you and me can make this here vacation stretch? We don't have to go back home and leave our daughter-in-laws boss us around and we don't neither of us want to."

"Seems as if I didn't, much," said Mrs. Pollard reflectively. "They certainly do spoil a body—vacations."

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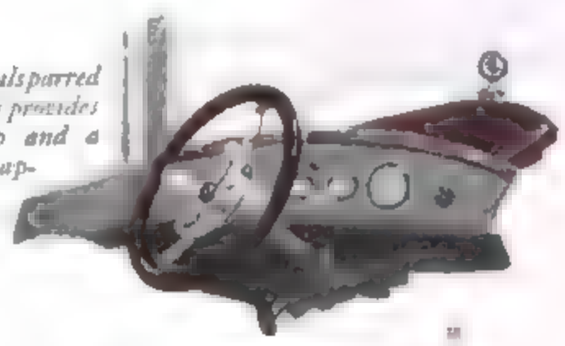
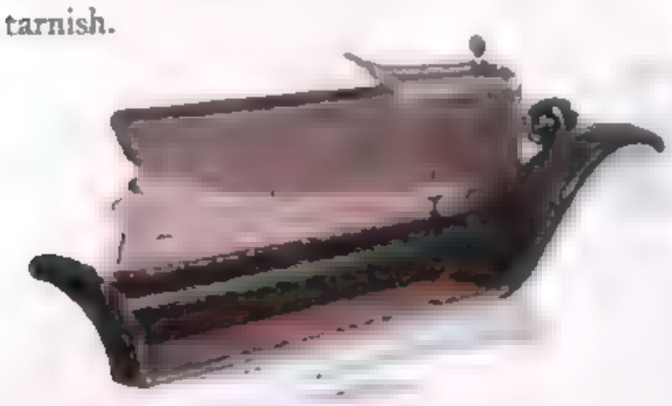


A brightly Valsparred steering wheel provides a better grip and a much neater appearance.

You will find many uses for Valspar on your car. First of all, paint the car itself with Valspar-Enamel. You can do a workmanlike job yourself in an afternoon, and at very little cost.

Then put a coat of clear Valspar on the *steering wheel and instrument board, and all metal work—lamps, radiator, hood, hub caps, etc.* A coat of Valspar on bright metal work keeps it free from rust and tarnish.



Running boards and floor boards: No surface of your car gets more hard wear and knocks than the running boards and floor boards. Protect them with an occasional coat of Valspar. Valspar makes them bright, new looking, easy to clean.

And don't forget the *fenders.* Valspar-Enamel will keep them shining like new, for Valspar is proof against rain, mud, grit, oil and dust.

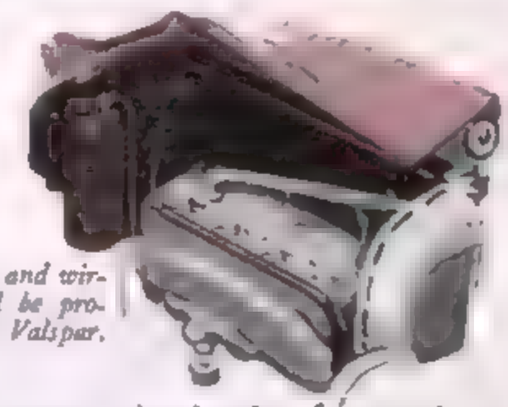
For the Top of your car, use either Clear Valspar or Black Valspar-Enamel. The result will be worth the trouble, for a bright, new looking top lends distinction to the whole appearance of a car.

Valspar not only makes the top look new, but waterproofs the fabric as well.

If there are any large holes in your top, first cement a small cloth patch over the hole with Valspar before Valsparring the whole top.

On the Motor

A coat of Aluminum Valspar-Enamel on *the motor itself* will brighten it up and keep away rust. (Valspar-Enamel resists heat, so it will keep your engine *shining* for many months.)



The motor and wiring should be protected with Valspar.

To protect *electric wires* from moisture and prevent short circuits, use Clear Valspar. Valspar absolutely waterproofs the insulation and prevents trouble.

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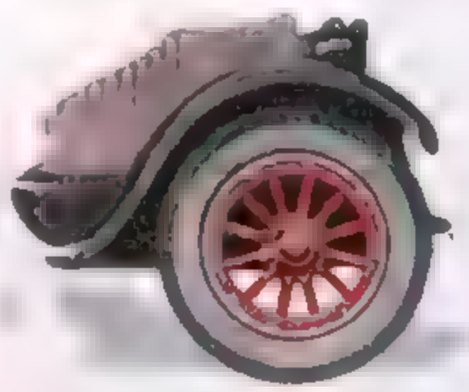
Clear Valspar or Valspar-Enamel on *your wheels* makes them waterproof, brilliant, easy to clean. Aluminum Valspar-Enamel on the rims keeps them always trim looking and free from rust.



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A FRIEND FUR APPLE BUTTER

Continued from Page 19

county or either the other. And I conceit some high-up ones had ought to go talking with them, mebbe, fur to fetch the road this way."

His mouth remained open, as though he were slightly winded, as he stared at the smitten group upon the porch; then he went slowly and steadily toward the gate. Hottenstein was the first to recover breath.

"Would youse think any soul where was that dumb could be borned into this here world?" he demanded heavily.

His daughter was the first to move. She suddenly pushed the child from her lap and rose.

"Take shame to yourselfs!"

She whipped about and went swiftly into the house. More correctly, she went swiftly through the house. Upon the edge of the kitchen porch she hesitated, looking after a lonely figure as it swung down the wide slope of the pasture. Then she ran after it. Enoch had almost reached his own gate when he heard the footsteps. He turned and stood waiting.

"Enoch, don't you know oncet you got to pay fur that there road—them assessments or whatever?"

"Yes, well," said Enoch. "Elewen dollars a hunert feet."

"But where you gittin' it from? Och, what made you do it fur?" Her fingers worried her dress.

"I conceit to make the apple butter pay fur the land. And if the assessments come to pass, well, that's somepun else ag'in."

"But you can't! Och, what does it make to talk?" She stared at him, at the crumbling house behind him, at the wide, insensate pasture. "Did you lose your job ag'in?"

Enoch shifted embarrassed weight from one foot to the other. He looked at one of his thumbs.

"I don't rightly know how it happened me that way. But I was just settin' listenin' on them road men one day and the foreman he ——"

"Don't tell it!" said the girl sharply.

"But fur two weeks back I been trampin' at this here county ag'in. I seen all the sceneries into it, I guess." He smiled satisfiedly.

"It ain't nothing more to say." She turned with finality. "Only it does make wonderful how some such like Kreistelmeier has got all the gumption into them and others ain't none."

Enoch's body tautened. He took a quick step forward.

"What's Kreistelmeier to you? I seen you holdin' his Katie."

He towered above her. His red-brown eyes looked black. She twisted under them; but they held her. Startle raped her breath; for an instant she felt that another than Enoch was confronting her.

"Well, I ain't, just to say—but pop —— Och!" She wrenched her eyes as from some physical grasp. "What it is anyway? I kin have fond ower Katie, can't I? I have fond ower all little childern. And I'm goin' on twenty-two ——"

He stepped back, at that. Again he was only Enoch, humble and stooping in the shadow.

"Yes, well. I don't fault you fur that, fur I —— Well, only just don't make hurry with nothing, Tina, fur I'm thinkin' out somepun."

"Thinkin'!" The word pricked her like a thorn. "Well, just don't you go thinkin' nothing about me! Now mind it! Six years I been waiting fur youse to do someping but think! And I ain't waitin' no longer. Go on ahead with your thinkin'. But don't go thinkin' nothin' about me. Never no more!" She darted up the hill.

Before daylight upon the following morning, Enoch moved the huge copper kettle beneath the gnomelike trees. Then, gunny sack in hand, he crossed the dry creek and began picking up the culls. In the afternoon, upon his three-legged stool he sat paring, expertly throwing into a stone jar the peelings from which he might later ferment vinegar.

When his muscles became cramped, he seized a spade and dug.

This latter activity afforded Mr. Hottenstein considerable amusement. He put down the ancient marine glasses through which he had been surveying the movements of his new neighbor with more or less curiosity and suspicion, and chuckled aloud.

"A-diggin' fur a well! Can't the loony see the dry hole where was dug deep a'ready onto the next acre from where he's diggin' at now? What was he give a head fur anyway, that feller? Not to pack no brains around in, that's fur sure, fur he ain't no brains to pack. And he don't use his eyes none, and he ain't ever actin' like he was hearin' nothing, and he ain't ever got a tongue by him. So what's his head fur anyway?"

The question may have been rhetorical. At least, Christina went on in silence, dusting the room. Her father twitched his bristles like a sagacious rabbit as he squinted at her.

"Now Kreistelmeier ag'in, there's some head fur you. Three hunert acres that feller has got it a'ready, and a good brick fur a woman to step into. And he's even willing fur to hire fur her if she ain't just so feeling fur the housework; that much he give me off his own tongue. Yes, the girl where gits dare to stand up before the preacher with Kreistelmeier will be settin' tony fur the rest of her life, that's easy seen." Christina went on with her dusting. "Hey! What's your sentiments on that there?" demanded her father. "Have youse got a dumb tongue like that dopple down there a-diggin' fur a dry well?"

"I ain't got no sentiments," said Christina.

"Well, you better be gittin' sentiments," expostulated Mr. Hottenstein. "And you better be gittin' them in the right directions too. I brung you into this here world and you got the right to obey to me. I put it now plain. I ain't leavin' you set in no more cricks with no more simples. Take shame to yourself fur such behaviors! You're to stick at this house and set up onto the porch with whoever I give you darst to. Now you pass me your agreements on that."

Christina backed against the wall and spread her palms against it.

"I pass my promise," she said steadily.

"Well, then," Mr. Hottenstein paused to give impressive emphasis to his climax. "The feller I give darst to set onto that porch is Sam Kreistelmeier, and not no other."

Mr. Hottenstein was not essentially a cruel man. It is possible that his intermittent glimpses of Enoch expending needless energy with the spade subconsciously worried even while it amused him.

Or it may be that his sense of efficiency was affronted. At any rate, some ten days later he puffed heavily up the opposite bank of the dry creek and stood silently upon the edge of the hole in which Enoch was delving.

"You can't git no water here," flustered Hottenstein. "Ain't you seeing that hole where I tried it a'ready?"

Enoch looked up at him with his wide furry eyes.

"Yes, well," he said.

"What fur good is work if you ain't workin' nothing?" demanded Hottenstein irritably. "What was you doin' it fur?"

Enoch heaved out of the hole. He went over to the stool and began paring.

"I guess I was wantin' to see the insides of what I bought a'ready."

Hottenstein regarded the sizable heap which Enoch had spaded forth. He kicked at the poor stuff with his toe. Enoch watched him.

"Now looky here." Hottenstein tapped his inner pocket significantly. "Don't go gittin' it in your head where you ain't satisfied with this here soil, fur you can't anyways go back on a tight contrac' like this here one I drawed between us."

"I'm satisfied," said Enoch. He paused, thumbing his knife blade. "Was you in Buthouse a'ready yet?"

"Now that there little matter," began Hottenstein importantly, "no; me and the superwisors ain't exactly took it up yet. Not only by letter anyway." He eyed Enoch cautiously. "But don't git scared ower the assessments now. Mebbe the other end of the county will git the road, fur all."

Enoch went on paring.

"Mebbe they will. They been ower interwiewing the commissioners, anyway, and they're some favoring it."

His visitor's head rammed forward.

"What do youse know so much?"

"I packed my first kittle of apple butter into Buthouse fur to sell it day behind yesterday, and I set around listenin' some."

"And they been ower, was they?—them property holders? Well, we will see oncet if they —— But you, now"—his voice lowered blandly—"don't you make worry ower the assessments. We ain't gittin' the road just yet anyways."

Enoch stopped paring. He searched his visitor's face. His eyes were impelling, almost threatening in their earnestness. Hottenstein gazed back as though he were seeing Enoch for the first time.

"Letters don't make. If you want somepun, you got to go fur it. You got to show somepun." He had risen. He stood, paring knife clenched in fist, like one at bay. Hottenstein's bristles shifted; but his eyes did not. Enoch's voice rang high as though he were addressing the deaf: "The way they do. They make such a meal and inwite the commissioners fur to come and eat along, and they make speeches at them, and they show them from auttamobiles."

Mr. Hottenstein swallowed these chunks of information noisily.

"Yes. Well, well, to be sure. Yes, that's business. Just to say, business details." His heels drew up raspingly. "But, see here oncet. Youse ain't thinkin' you're givin' me notions, was you?"

He essayed a scornful laugh, but it clogged in his throat. He scuttled toward the bank. Enoch followed him.

"I'll give the apple butter fur that there meal."

Something impelled Mr. Hottenstein half down the bank to stop and turn his head. The urgency, the hint of threat, was still in the red-brown eyes burning down upon him.

"A body might think youse was wanting that road," he flustered. He scrambled up the farther bank and again turned. "I'm going to git onto the tellyphone," he said, as though in obedience to some command.

"Yes, well," said Enoch, and went back to his spade.

Mr. Hottenstein went scuffing redly beneath his plethoric apple trees. He had never felt so foolish in his life. He was angry with himself for feeling foolish, and he was angry because he did not know exactly what he was feeling foolish about. But that dopple of a boy now, that scarecrow with his silly clothes flapping at him—what right had he got to be—well, to be giving advices, now, about this here road; and to be making him—Hottenstein oncet!—feel like—well, like he was feeling now?

"Ach-h-h!" rasped Mr. Hottenstein. "Most everything kin come to pass in this up-mixed world!"

The following morning, as Enoch filled his gunny sack, he beheld Hottenstein's automobile wedged with the leading landholders of the district speeding in the direction of Buthouse County. In the afternoon he beheld Kreistelmeier, with Christina by his side, purring past in an oily black roadster. He sat for a moment. Then he flung

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down his paring knife and made frantically for his spade.

It was only the first of many times that he saw them. They passed almost every day now, Christina with chin upflung, eyes forward.

Two weeks—three—three and a half. The last of the culls were upon the ground. He was working with the apples at night now. During the day he dug. He had abandoned his first well and was deep in another, making the try at some distance from the two others.

He had grown thin. He had grown very, very tired. He had grown so tired that at night, as he sat paring or stirring, he felt dizzy. And as he looked up dizzily one night at sound of some unwonted rustling, he saw an apparition. It seemed as though he saw Christina flurrying up the bank. It seemed as though she spun before him in the fitful flare of his little fire, racking her arms as though she would rid her soul of her body.

"He kissed me! Och! He kissed me!" She scoured her cheek with her palm, then flung her hand from her as though it had touched pollution.

Enoch did not speak. One does not address the supernatural. She came at last and knelt down beside him, pressing her cheek against his knee. Enoch touched her hair.

"I don't want silk," she said quietly. "I don't want nothing."

They sat thus, then they talked. Once she pleaded, "I could help youse—make apple butter always. I'm a friend, too, fur apple butter." Once she said, "But I can't live another month like this here back one."

They stood together when she was to go. She looked at him steadily.

"Kiss me, Enoch; kiss me oncet. I feel fur provin' if it's like that there other one." Shudder riffled through her. "Then I'll know."

All that was Enoch started toward her. But he swung back. He looked at the impoverished trees behind her, around her, everywhere; their gnarled, naked fingers clawed toward her; their misbegotten fruit rolled forsaken upon the poor soil which had given it birth. Not that he saw them in such startling detail; not that he saw them at all, perhaps. But some quiver of desolation made him quail from her.

"Tomorrow," he said; "mebbe tomorrow. I'll know somepun tomorrow. Somepun I been thinkin' ——"

He stopped, afraid, embarrassed.

But she repeated the word softly:

"Thinkin'! Oh, Enoch, do think! You will think someping some day. I seem to see it at you now."

The long table spread in the shade of the poplars the following noon was a festive affair. Upon it crowded the cumulated output of a dozen anxious ovens. Upon either end a roasted suckling pig whose gooseberry eyes gazed blandly at its mate across a space densely populated with fried chicken, Ararats of mashed potatoes, lemon rice, pepper slaw, smearcase, every known vegetable, fruits in season and out, floating islands, continents of cakes and pies; and here and there, set like wide red-brown eyes staring curiously up at the more ostentatious viands, glass dishes of Enoch's apple butter.

Enoch, hovering in the background, gaunt in his Sabbath black, the part, as usual, disappearing from his wet smooth hair, was edged toward the table by Mr. Hottenstein himself. Mr. Hottenstein, puffing hospitality toward any and all, did not even kick at the cat which in the odorous intoxication was sharpening its claws upon his shin at the moment. The elder Phar delivered a long and gentle benediction while eyes surreptitiously ravened the victuals. Then knives slashed the sucklings. Dishes rotated in giddy succession. Earthenware jugs of coffee appeared between active elbows. Uprose above the stir and pour the solemn sounds incident to mastication.

The speeches began. Mr. Hottenstein spoke. The circumstance of his palms patting in full sweep of gesture into a sheet of fly paper detracted nothing from the good humor of the three guests; nor his ensuing vague disposal of the rustling incubus against the shoulder of the neighboring Kreistelmeier. Various other landowners spoke, flipping their coat tails rhythmically upward with laboring fingers, and sat down, condensing into steam.

The dogs slept. The cats slept. Two of the visitors nodded. Their spokesman, prodded surreptitiously, then openly, by the one survivor of the three, finally got groggily to his feet. But there was nothing groggy about his speech. Its few hundred words, condensed into their essence, conveyed to those assembled that the breaks would be in their favor, provided the gravel pit was as had been represented. In this particularly fertile portion of the state, however, the conjecture would naturally be that the gravel would be of only surface depth and therefore impractical for extensive use. The whole economy of road building, of course, rested upon sufficiency of gravel—coarse gravel for the foundation, fine screenings for use with the cement for the top layer. Long haulage must be obviated if possible. The gentlemen present would readily understand this. Allow him to present a few figures: One-inch rock ran approximately twenty-seven hundred pounds to the cubic yard; three-quarter-inch gravel ran approximately three thousand pounds to the cubic yard. Now since thousands of such yards were required for the roads in each county, and since the haulage upon it—figuring four or five yards to the load—amounted to something like forty cents a yard, those present could readily understand that a gravel pit conveniently located would prove a deciding factor in their favor. And now would the gentlemen interested kindly show them the gravel pit that they might judge if it were of the depth and quality indicated in the letter recently received?

The gentlemen interested showed nothing but dazed eyes and lengthening jaws. Hottenstein turned slowly toward Kreistelmeier. Kreistelmeier turned slowly toward Hottenstein. Each looked at his neighbor and economized on breath. Enoch got to his feet.

"Yes, well," he said. "I was the one where wrote off the letter."

In his eyes was the same urgency, the same desperate demand which had sent Hottenstein scurrying up the hill a few days before. They rose and followed him.

"Two dollars a yard he gits fur it yet! A dollar ninety per the ton if he gits him teams and delivers it hisself!" Hottenstein groaned when, late that afternoon, naught remained but surfeited dogs and cats and a few neighbors too limp from astonishment to get to their homes. "And on the top of it if he ain't got him a bonus of his own road free from assessments! A millionaire that there slinky boy will be yet! And look oncet how he sharpered it off me! Fifty dollars he gives me—and he will git off it mebbe twenty thousand or some such. And here when I go taxin' him with it, here if he ain't up and givin' me back talk about it bein' such a tight contrac' or whatever! Fifty dollars, Kreistelmeier, when it ought to be coming to me a fortune yet!"

"Don't come slingin' your bellyaches around me!" shrugged Kreistelmeier, who had been in parlous temper toward the Hottenstein family since Christina's astonishing behavior of the night before. "If you ain't got no more business head than to leave a dopplig boy git your land off you ——"

"Business head!" howled Hottenstein. "Business head, he says it! When you was offered it fur that same fifty and fetched yourself a silly laugh over it! And here ag'in, if youse wouldn't 'a' been settin' onto that there porch a-makin' hurry at me whiles I was wrotening off that there contrac' —— Och! That contrac'!" He clapped a palm of pain to his midriff. "Git oncet aways from me!"

Later, revelation blinded him as he rounded the corner of the house. He stopped short and addressed a hound somnolent against the clapboarding.

"That there dumb boy was a-workin' me. He never had no auttamobiles by him nur no fancy meals nur no influences. He was a-workin' me fur to ride them commissioners here and fur to eat them and fur to ——"

The hound opened one ribald eye and winked at him.

"What is it, pop? Was you callin' me?" Christina thrust a flurried head from the pantry window.

"No!" shouted Mr. Hottenstein, and added with dignity, "I'm a-goin' to the pigpen to see if they laid any eggs."

But there are, after all, more ways than one to retain wealth in one's possession; or, failing that, in the possession of one's family, provided, of course, one has a businesslike brain. Upon the fall of twilight Mr. Hottenstein transported his businesslike brain to the arid region beyond the creek bed and there engaged in converse sweet and plaintive with the owner thereof. At least, Mr. Hottenstein conversed; Enoch occupied himself with thriftily paring the last of the culls. What Mr. Hottenstein had really made the trip to say, however, he kept deferring, owing to a seizure of unwonted embarrassment. Finally he rose ponderously and ponderously brought forth:

"Well, now. Just to put climaxes onto this here pleasant day, I might mebbe not make objections of your—well, I might consider into you astin' Christina to marry with youse ag'in." Enoch critically appraised a worm-eaten nubbin. Mr. Hottenstein puffed his lips and teetered apprehensively from toe to heel. "Now we're neighbors this here way, and Christina such a good houseworker like what she is, and strong yet—I don't ever hire a doctor at her ——"

Enoch threw a peeling expertly into the vinegar jar.

"I ain't ever ast Christina to marry with me."

His visitor thereupon all but teetered into the copper kettle. His bristles hung, damp and weak, above a soundless tongue. Indeed, Mr. Hottenstein himself looked not unlike a beetle which has encountered a sudden shower as he ambled painfully toward the bank. Upon the opposite brink he paused, however, and furled and unfurled his antennae.

"Well, I ain't anyways pushin' my girl at you, take a thought oncet and remember that. Such a good looker like what she is, and sound in both body and both limb, and with such a good head inherited at her from her pop."

With this final inventory of Christina's charms, he turned and fumbled slowly and heavily up the hill.

By the flicker of his little fire that night Enoch stirred his apple butter. But another pair of hands also were guiding the rhythmic paddle. A pair of eyes, awe-struck and adoring, were lifted to his.

"And to think you done it all from just settin' and thinkin'!" she wondered softly. "Now tell me the rest part of it—it squeezes my brain! after you lost your job from listenin' on the road men."

"It ain't nothing to tell. I knowed this here county a'ready from losin' jobs all ower it. But I walked it ag'in to make sure this one was the only gravel pit. Then it wasn't nothing to do but to git the land off your pop and dig them holes fur to prove it."

It was a long speech for Enoch. He paused as though winded. A rare smile dreamed in his eyes.

"But leave us prove somepun else where's more important. Leave us try that there Kreistelmeier test ag'in."

Gabriel
Improved Balloon-Type
Snubbers

This is the Improved
Gabriel
Balloon-Type
Snubber

No matter what car you drive or what kind *of* springs it has or what kind *of* tires you use~

***Gabriels* will make *that* car**
Ride Easier

Edward N. Hurley

former chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, has one rule for all business men:

"Stick to the one thing you can do best."

That goes for farming as well as for industry, he points out in an article written for

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

In the same issue—
this week's—read
"Where Farming is an Art",
by A.C. D. deGraeff, Minister
from the Netherlands;
"Money Talks", by
Bishop William P. Remington;
and "Six-Legged Airplanes",
by Dr. Woods Hutchinson

Advertising and sales managers who are interested in reaching *more than 800,000 additional Curtis-picked circulation* should read these articles in the May 9th issue of *The Country Gentleman*.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

GREEN TIGHTS

(Continued from Page 13)

Add this—that Peter Ransome, Betty's father and the owner of the big farm where George Morton had worked since he left school, had made a stout pronouncement when Mrs. Ransome suggested that it might not look right for her daughter to be seen so much with a hired man:

"No, the girl is all right, Nell. So is George. When I started farming, I had just the same as George has—two fists. You know it, Nell. If our girl wants him she'll have him. We couldn't stop her, and we hadn't ought to try."

This promised well for George. But Ben Mildram, at this point, came into his life. Little by little, Ben's enthusiasm for public acrobatics percolated into George's consciousness. He began by saying to himself, "This exercise will be good for me anyway. Of course I don't hanker to be a stage actor or anything like that." It went from that to the point where Ben suggested that it was time they sent away and got some tights.

"Good Lord, I couldn't wear tights!" remonstrated George.

"Well, you can't do a turn like ourn in overalls, George," said Ben. "Besides, they all wear tights. Of course, we can walk on the stage in evening suits, but sooner or later we got to get down to tights. We're getting pretty nifty, George—about good enough to make our debutt. Let's see about our measurements." And George Morton found himself getting measured for tights. They measured each other. When George measured Ben, he made a slight mistake—only about two inches both ways. As to that, pretty soon.

"What about the color of our tights?" suggested Ben.

It was like that. Exactly so was George Morton beguiled from the farm and drawn toward the footlights. He remonstrated against tights on principle, and then found himself speculating on what color of tights would suit him best.

"White is always good, Ben."

"But gets dirty quick, George. Now there was a couple fellows with the circus, working on the high wire, and they had dandy green suits. Sort of a fringe all around and at the cuffs. Looked slick. And they don't soil easy. Let's make it green."

They made it green. Ben sent to Chicago for the tights, inclosing the catalogue number, the measurements and a post-office order. Meanwhile the boys were working diligently. That one where the understander has to lift the topmounter, one standing in front of the other, and locking hands with a back grip—the one where the front man turns over slowly and rises to a hand balance—that kept them busy for several months. Without a tutor, the boys had to sense out the fact that this trick is not a matter of sheer strength; that there is a center of gravity, with a leverage point somewhere, which has to be discovered and employed. They used to practice this trick till their eyes popped and they lay down flat on the barn floor and panted like hounds. But they got it at last. It creaked a little, true. George was the understander, and in spite of his muscle, he couldn't seem to send over the snap at the right tick.

"Well, we'll smooth out as we go along," said Ben. "We're as good now as some of 'em I've seen."

Along in June of the year following the partnership contract, the team of Morton and Mildram succeeded in conquering their hardest bit of business. George lay flat on the floor, balanced Ben hand to hand, and worked himself up to a standing position and back to the floor again. It nearly broke George's back; and once Ben fell on his collar bone and jarred it for a goal. But, oh youth! What cannot you do with everything except your head!

The green tights came late in August. George's pair was a symphony played by a fairy trombone on a hillside. But owing to the mistake in measurements, Ben Mildram received a pair which was not so much of a formal symphony. It looked like an attack on the chromatic scale by Debussy and Company, the playboys of the queer chords. The knees of this suit, when the belt line was normal, were three inches down Ben's legs. And the pity of it was that it was nearly time for the team to strike out for the fall season, and the company which had supplied the tights got into the habit of not answering the letter of complaint Ben sent them.

Finally, in desperation, Mildram said. "It could be taken up, George, so that it would do till we hit New York. Then I could go in and be fitted. If I could sew, I could do it all right. Can't your girl sew?"

"She doesn't know we've got tights," replied George, in a frightened whisper. "I don't know as she'd like it."

"My golly, you don't want to be soft, George! I know you're stuck on her and all that, but she can't expect you to do your turn in a Norfolk jacket. What are you afraid of, hey?"

"I don't know. Nothing, maybe. Only Betty's what you might call—you know—old-fashioned. But I guess it'll be all right. I'll ask her."

Ben looked sharply at his partner.

"George, do you mean to tell me the girl don't know we're ready to leave these sticks for the big time?"

"I—I haven't told her that," gulped George. "I—she—she only just knows about our practicing—what she's seen."

"You ain't going to throw me down at the last minute, George!"

"Throw you down? Not me! I've been planning to tell her."

The hazel-eyed Betty Ransome was just as much surprised when George told her that he and Ben were looking for a professional engagement, as though the Fourth of July had decided to remain a holiday. She had seen it coming for months. She was so little surprised when she was asked to do some sewing on Ben's tights that she merely remarked, "Oh, you must look like real performers, George, in those. I'm so anxious to see you in them."

"It means I'll have to be away a good deal at first, till we get established, Betty."

"Of course you will. I'll miss you a good deal, George. But I can see you now, out on the stage, with the people watching you, and not a sound in the whole theater, and then all of a sudden a tremendous sound of clapping and stamping and applause—oh, I can see it all!"

"Do you like the idea then?" burbled George, with a thrill. "Gee, Betty, I've been afraid to tell you! You don't mind then? And say, Betty, when Ben and I make good, and get into the real money, we can—wouldn't you like to travel?—see all the states and territories, and maybe go to Europe and South Africa. Aw, Betty, I don't care anything about all this applause you talk about, not for myself. All I'll be thinking about, out there on the stage, will be this dear girl back here in the hills, and wishing I could look into her eyes and hear her speaking to me."

"Don't, George!" said the girl, turning her head away. "I—I hope you'll be successful, George. I—I'll sew Ben's tights if you'll show me what to do."

There was a silence, awkward and sweetly painful. Then George asked, "Does your father—suspect ——"

"He knows, George! Goodness, do you think he's blind?"

"Has—he—said anything?"

"Not much. That is, not—much. He said to me, 'Betty, the only trouble with having an acrobat for a husband is that he might want you to be a contortionist; and if you weren't limber enough he'd begin doing handsprings with some other woman.'"

"Aw, if I thought you thought that, Betty ——"

(Continued on Page 72)

How Wonderful The Patented Super-Six Principle

UNMATCHED IN 10 YEARS— TODAY AT THE HEIGHT OF SUCCESS

It is Responsible for Hudson-Essex Today Being the Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars in the World

After ten successful years, the patented exclusive Super-Six principle today is responsible for Hudson-Essex being the largest selling 6-cylinder cars in the world. How amazing this supremacy to endure so long.

New "ultimate cars", new "ideal types", new "perfect designs" succeed each other at breathless rate. Each year sees a new crop. Yet, year after year, the Hudson Super-Six with its unchanged patented principle has steadily advanced its position in ever wider success. And always against brilliant competition. For these persistent efforts to rival the Super-Six have resulted in better cars than ever before.

ITS SUPER-SIX MOTOR NEVER RIVALLED

That important fact is more evident each year. No design, however costly, has been found to excel Super-Six smoothness, reliability and performance. In these things higher price can buy no more. So at the cost of a moderate priced open car, the Hudson Coach gives all closed car comforts with chassis quality that is not excelled in any essential by any car in the world.

The one issue with Hudson has always been to give greatest value for the money. Its leadership is based upon ten years' concentration in refining a great car around the famous Super-Six principle. Its simplicity has always meant a lower selling price than is permitted in complicated types. Today, economies possible only to the largest production of 6-cylinder cars give it value advantages never held by any rival. Never before was its supremacy so outstanding. And the greatest Hudson sales on record show how complete is public knowledge of the facts.

HUDSON COACH $1345

5 Passenger SEDAN $1795—7 Passenger SEDAN $1895

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"The World's Greatest Buy"

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WASHING TONTINE shades is simple. Just unhook the roller, lay the shade across a table, apply soap and water with a small brush. Rinse thoroughly with clean water, then dry lightly with a cloth and rehang the shade.

So easy! In a little while all your shades are clean again, and your draperies will remain fresh longer.

The beautiful, soft tones of TONTINE will add their note of harmony to your rooms. There are tints—the delight of interior decorators—for every color scheme.

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This coupon will bring you samples of Tontine and our booklet "When the Rainbow Appears." MAIL TODAY.

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Dept. A3, 233 E. 41st St., N. Y.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 70)

"I don't think it. That's what father said. . . . Where are the tights?"

After being remodeled, Ben's green tights looked better, though they did not shine so resplendently as George's. A photographer came over from the town and hazarded twelve dry plates against Morton and Mildram's money.

"We need about a hundred pictures from these, Mr. Joyce," ordered Ben Mildram.

"A hundred?" cried the photographer. The biggest order he had ever completed was eighteen, with a crayon enlargement.

"For advertising," Ben explained patiently.

Then the team of Morton and Mildram shot these pictures, with an explanatory letter written and composed by Mr. Mildram, to all the sources of jobs mentioned in the Billboard:

"*Gentlemen:* We are two young men, Perfect Specimends of Pysical Manhood, and after two Years of practicing are ready to take an engagement in Hand and Head Balancing, Gymnasts, ordinary Acrobatic work. Our act will run about fifteen minutes, or longer if Desireible. Photo incloced is of us in workeing costume. We are clean, no booze and swell dressers on and off. We have a short song to start act if thought Best. We do Not Pretend to be Top Professionals, nor do we throw any Bunk or Dodge, but are Ambious to Learn the Ropes. All we want is a Chance. Will come on Wire.

"MORTON AND MILDRAM,
"East Attica, Vermont."

"Do you think we'd better say 'Come on wire'?" asked George. "They might think we were tight-rope walkers."

"Oh, no, that's a regular phase in the Billboard, George. I've written this letter along the lines of the niftiest advertisements in that paper. We ought to get results from that, eh?"

But there were no results. It seemed to be a peculiarly dull time in head-and-hand balancing. The Billboard was replete with advertisements anxiously inquiring for men and wives who could handle snakes, people to take the cook house and juice contracts with a tab, skillful second-business people to double the piano and sell tickets, and clever hands to work the huckly-buck, string game and other legitimate grinds. But there was a depressing plethora of acrobatic experts At Liberty, offering to join on wire.

The stout neophytes were momentarily disturbed. They received a small mail, but no offers. Most of their correspondents wanted them to take a half interest in a promising stock company playing in tent, or to sell them a beano or corn-game outfit with which to Hong-Kong the brushwood darbies. They were offered a Pullman car, almost as good as new, with twelve sections and a complete kitchen.

"I'll tell you what, George," said Ben Mildram, "we've got to get out and make a personal contact. Letter writing is no good. They don't know us, and they think we're just a couple of hicks."

"As we are," added George with a great burst of revelation.

"Oh, not any worse than most of them. Now I know just what we ought to do. There are a lot of split-week picture houses, down in Massachusetts and Connecticut, that will give us a tryout if we look and act good. We'd better be on our way."

It was settled. Morton and Mildram left East Attica one night in the passenger coach attached to the sleeper, bound south. There was only one friend at the railroad station to give them a parting smile. Betty Ransome separated George from his partner long enough to go around back of the station and give him a good-by squeeze.

"Write to me often, George, won't you? I wish you both all the success you can have. And remember, even if it isn't quite all you expect, there's somebody here who'll know and understand."

The young man gripped her hand wildly, became incoherent for a moment, and was glad that it was dark. An acrobat must not show too much emotion.

The mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, was already up and at work, spreading daylight over the grim railway yards, when the sleeper pulled jerkily into Springhaven. Two unslept young acrobats got off the train with their suitcases, and stared around in a lonely puzzlement for a few minutes. Then they espied an all-night lunch room across the street and repaired to it. Over their egg sandwiches and coffee they discussed ways and means.

"These fellows who run lunch rooms know everything that's going on in a place like this," said Ben. "I'll ask this man behind the counter what's the best picture house where they run vaudeville acts."

A little later he came back and sat down beside his partner.

"Well, this fellow says that the best house here is the Olympic, run by a man named Abe Lowman. They put on a picture and three acts every day, and if the acts are good they give them a full week. Lowman is rich, and owns a big wholesale grocery business here too. The lunch man says Lowman is an old circus man, or something like that—good-hearted and easy to approach. So we'd better rustle out and get us a room as cheap as possible, and then look over the outside of the Olympic, and get down to Lowman's grocery place about nine o'clock."

"All right, Ben. You're the leader," replied George Morton, gulping down the rest of his coffee in a homesick plunge.

Together they investigated the rooming possibilities, and chose a place which seemed to have been swept within a reasonable period. A little after nine o'clock they presented themselves at the De Luxe Wholesale Grocery Company office.

"You'd better let me do the talking, George," suggested Ben.

There was no dispute over that point. If George had done the talking Abe Lowman would have needed a microphone.

Mr. Lowman sat in his office, smoking a large cigar which pointed northwest from a corner of his mouth. He was bald, except for a fringe of black hair above his coat collar, and he had a closely cropped black mustache which gave him a fierce appearance; but in his eyes there shone a good deal of whimsical good humor merged with keen business sense.

"So all you boys want is a chance, eh?" said the theatrical magnate, running his thumbs down in the top pockets of his waistcoat and tilting back in his chair. "You're hand-and-head balancers, what? Any professional experience? Did Albee or Martin Beck ever get dizzy watching you? Did you ever stop one of Gus Sun's educational shows?"

The bombardment was too much for Morton and Mildram, who merely managed to stutter that they had had no professional experience. Abe took pity on them.

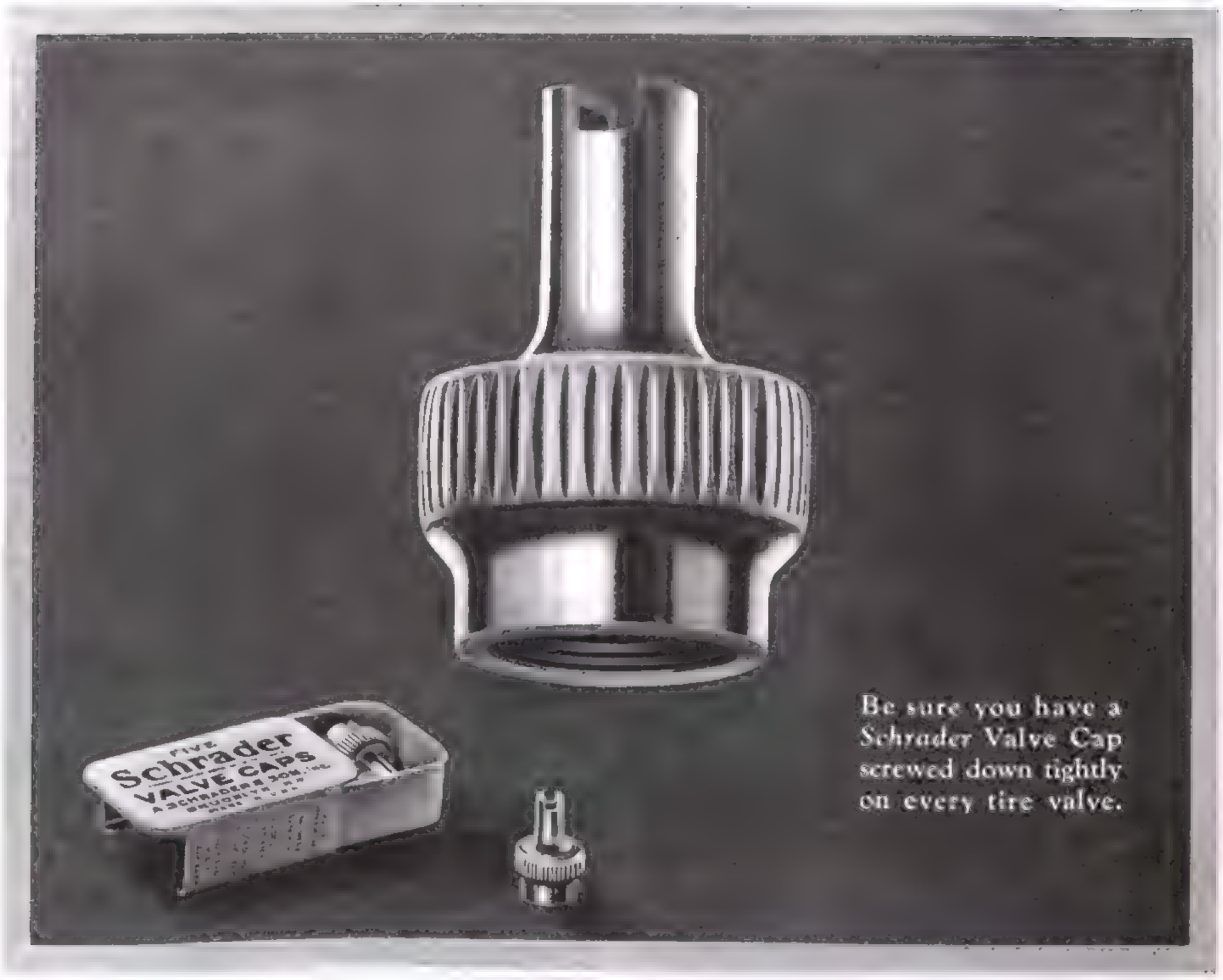
"Now look, boys," he bawled at them, "you're just cluttering up my office here. This is my business, see, around here. I make money in this plant and lose it over at the Olympic supporting a lot of picture sheiks and small-time hoofers. But I was young once myself. I wouldn't turn no kids down without looking over their routine. You boys be over at the theater about half past ten, which is the hour I go over there to see how much money we lost last night, and I'll look over your act. I suppose you got wardrobes. I was going to say if you haven't, I've got a couple sets of skins which was left behind when a pair of acrobats gave up the profession here during the influenza epidemic in 1917. I could let you have those cheap, for cash. No, you don't need no card. Just tell 'em I told you to come."

"Shall we bring our tights?" asked Ben.

"No, you can work in your regular clothes. If you're good I'll know it without having my eye knocked out by your spangles."

"We're as good as engaged! Say, he's a regular fellow, ain't he, George?" exulted Ben Mildram as they gained the sidewalk.

(Continued on Page 74)



No Schrader Valve can "Slow Leak"

if this Valve Cap is screwed down tightly by hand

The Schrader Valve Cap keeps dirt and dust from damaging the mechanism of the valve inside. It acts as a secondary airtight seal if the valve inside should become injured.

Always carry extra Schrader Valve Caps in your car, in case a valve cap should be lost or damaged.

Dealers everywhere—over 100,000 of them—sell Schrader Valve Caps in the red and blue metal Schrader Box. A box of five costs only a few cents.

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

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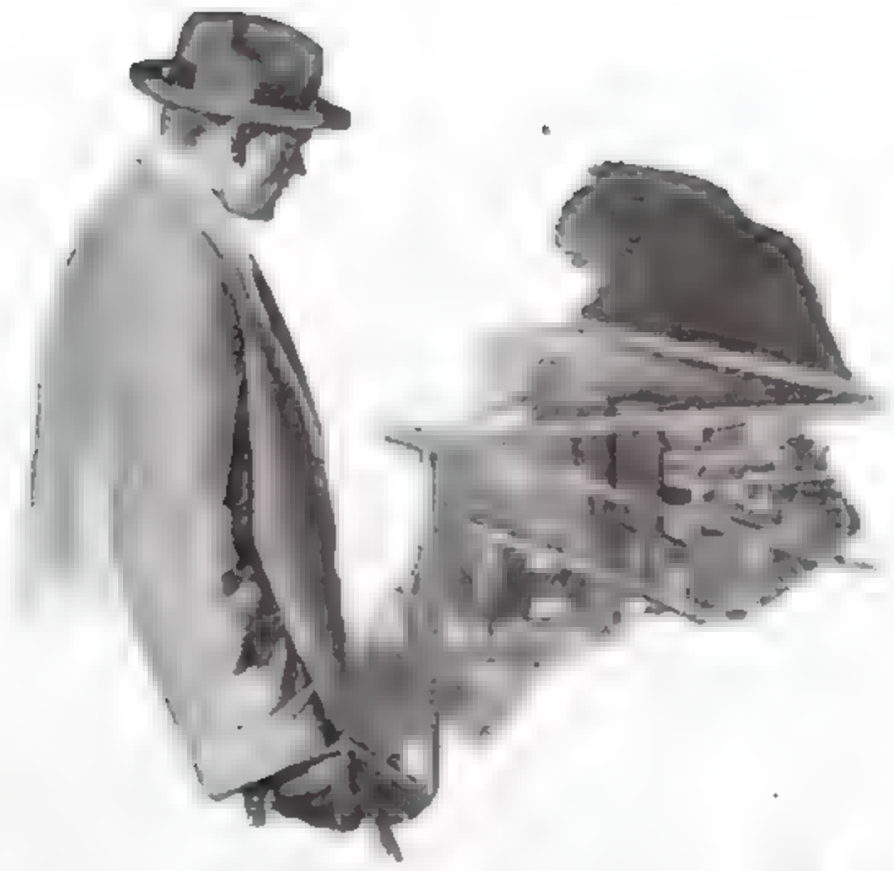


Wait—Don't Buy

Find out first that our claims are true. Make this 10-shave test.

DEAR SIR:

You're a fair minded man—and as such will give other men a chance to prove any sincere claims they advance.

Now the ones we make for Palmolive Shaving Cream are pretty broad. You may question them.

So we say, "Don't buy yet"—Let us send you a 10-day tube to try. And thus, grant us the opportunity of proving how true those claims are.

Men by the millions have shifted to this unique cream. Today it occupies pinnacle place in its field; its success is a trade sensation. 80% of its users were wedded to rival makes. Only outstanding merit, you'll agree, could shift so hard a market.

1000 Men Told Us

We started out by asking 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

They named four. And we met them. Then added a fifth—strong bubbles—the most important of all.

130 formulae were discarded before we found the right one. And when we did, we changed the whole shaving situation.

Frankly, we didn't dream so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream—soap experts, as we are. Our toilet soap—Palmolive—is the leader of the world. So we speak as masters of our subject. 60 years of soap study stand behind us.

Find Out, Please

Now in fairness to us both, please mail the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find. After 10 days of new shaving delight, few men go back to old ways.

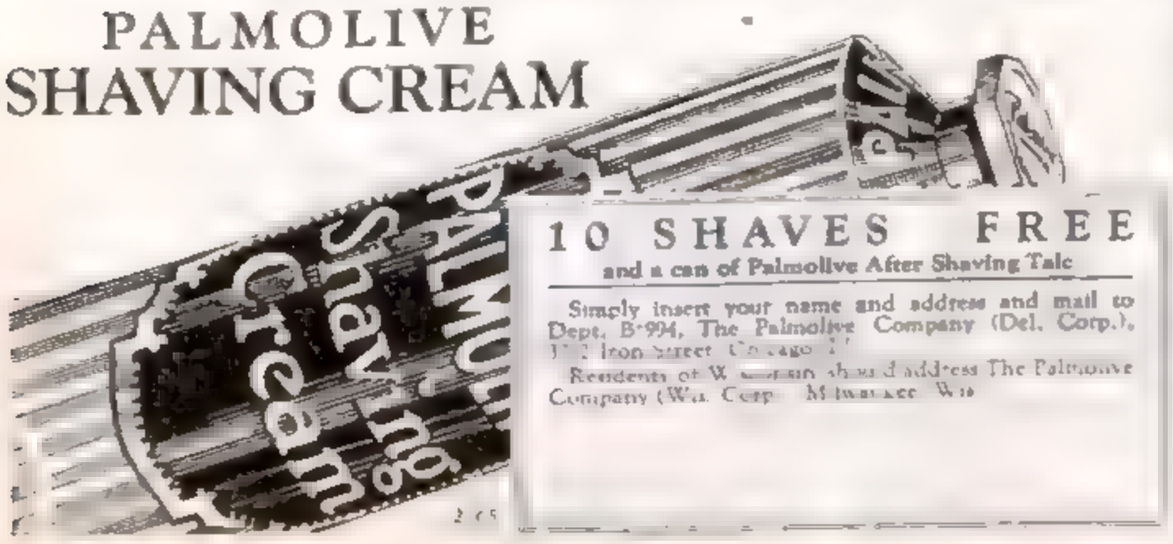
5 Delights
Five remarkable results:

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-994, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), [illegible] Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued from Page 72)

"I don't know. It's nice of him to give us a chance, anyway, Ben."

There was nobody on the stage door of the Olympic, and the boys walked in at the appointed time. The big auditorium was half dark. As they stood on the gloomy stage they could hear Abe Lowman discussing money with someone out in the front entrance.

"This afternoon and tonight, it'll be crammed full of people out there," whispered Ben romantically. "We better go along to the front and let Mr. Lowman know we've come."

"Now then," said the proprietor, when he had led the two youths back to the stage again and turned on a few lights, "how do you make your entrance? You do your turn straight, I s'pose? No comedy?"

"No, Mr. Lowman. We can come on and get right to work, or we can open with a little song and do a few steps, whichever you think best."

"A song?" snorted the boss in surprise. "What song? You got a song? Oh, all right, let's hear it! Go off and come on. I'll sit here."

The hand-and-head balancers retreated to the wings and made their entrance.

"We are two husky fellows
And we bring you some clever tricks.
They say we're good to watch a while
If we do come from the sticks.
We aim to please ——"

"Wait a minute! Stop it!" roared Mr. Lowman. "Who wrote that song?"

"I did," confessed Ben Mildram. "Er—don't you like it? We thought we ought to open ——"

"Look, boys!" said Lowman, with the warm interest of an old-timer. "I haven't seen your balancing yet; but I'm going to tell you that no acrobats alive could afford to give 'emselves such a handicap like that song would do. Boys, do you realize that the audience that comes here is mostly boiler makers and drop forgers, with their wiveses and giant children, from the factory district? These fellows don't bring any soft vegetables, nor anything like that. When they don't like a turn they pull up the chairs and throw them like you would hurl a bag of pop corn. I suppose you boys was aiming to close that song with six or eight steps, rinky-dinky, dar-de-dar, wupty-wup and a hooky-marie. Is that right? Then you was going to drag your feet over the resin box and one of you was going to wipe his hands with a hanky and toss it around his back to the other. Am I right?"

The boys confessed that this was their plan.

"Well, now let me tell you, boys. You're young and you don't know these things. You may be going to show me the biggest time I ever had, but you don't want to sing no song. I know they used to do that, but it was back before the audiences all took physical culture. You boys is supposed to prove that you can do things the people out in front can't. So you come right on the stage without passing no apple sauce, and you go right to work. That's the latest routine. If you got to sing, sing at night when you get home."

Thus bidden, Morton and Mildram went through their routine. There was a large silence during and after their act—the kind of silence that reigns in the wintertime in the vicinity of Tobolsk, Siberia. The boys had not done badly. Ben, the topmounter, had lost his grip once, and fell straight down George's shoulder, but George saved him before he struck his head.

While Morton and Mildram stood panting, Abe Lowman slowly clambered on the stage. He extended a hand to each of them and gave his verdict.

"Boys, you're strong. You're good boys. My goodness, as I was sitting there, I thought I was a kid again, carrying water for the elephants and wishin' that I would be visited by a fairy who would make me a tumbler, going through the jumps under the big top, clearing the elephants for a triple twist, with the ladies in the reserved seats dying for love. Oh, boys, I want you to have dinner with me this noon, and eat all you can, because the mealtimes of young acrobats is a problem. Where do you boys hail from?"

"Vermont."

"Oh, you do, eh? Vermont. I can remember taking a wagon show to Vermont in the old days. If they flattened out that state it would be bigger than Texas. I wonder if they still have that sheriff in Colchester who used to come in for his money and then go home and change his make-up to get a second sweetening?"

"Did—did you think we did pretty well?" Ben ventured.

"Boys, I wouldn't deceive you. You're rotten. Oh, I don't mean you're not good, for youngsters. But you haven't got form. Form, see? I mean you're stiff and uncertain and you don't do it easy enough. You're awkward. Your faces look strained and unusual, whereas you boys have got to go through your routine as though you did this thing careless-like, same as a rich man lights a fifteen-cent cigar. But you're strong, and with a lot of practice and a chance to see how the professionals do it, you can come through. But say, boys, what do you want to do it for, anyway? Why don't you go into some sort of business like human people? Acrobats don't vote, or have homes mostly, or —— But then I wouldn't discourage you. Lord, how I hankered for the sawdust!

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I couldn't hire no act like yours, boys, because the people who pay to come in here are wise—wise, see? They get wiser every year. Pretty soon no performer will be able to please 'em unless he dies on the stage. Every parachute jumper knows that they're madder'n wasps when he lands safe. You boys won't get no engagement the way you are. In some places, if you sang that song the way I heard it, they'd call the po-lice. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you boys jobs in my grocery place this winter. Can you run a truck?"

"I can," responded Ben Mildram hopefully.

"I'll let you drive a nice truck—and you're a bright-lookin' feller. What's your name?"

"Morton."

"Morton, you look as though you might fit into the shipping room. You stay here with me this winter and you can watch the way the professionals do it. I'll give you free run of the theater, evenings. If you feel like doing something in return, you can help sweep up after the night show and maybe do odd jobs backstage. Then you can watch the actors and get their stuff. What do you say?"

Morton and Mildram looked at each other. They knew that the truth, though bitter, was priceless and ultimately kind. A flash of assent gleamed from one to the other.

"We'll do it, Mr. Lowman," said Ben Mildram slowly.

It was cruelly hard. Morton and Mildram had spent more than a year perfecting their act, and now they became, respectively, a truck driver and a rustler of barrels and boxes in the De Luxe Wholesale Grocery warehouse. For them there was no applause or an admiring multitude, no photographs in the lobby, no black headlines in the newspapers, nothing but the sound of a gasoline engine and the merry prattle of opening crates.

"But, at that, I think we're doing the wise thing," said Ben Mildram sustainingly.

"I suppose so, Ben," replied George.

Mr. Lowman was not a mean man, but he had to take advantage of all the opportunities of trade. He paid Ben twelve dollars a week and George eleven. It saved him the wages of two thirty-dollar men; yet at the same time he was giving Morton and Mildram the chance to study for their life work under the successful masters. After their day's work was over they spent the

(Continued on Page 76

Results as Superior Today As They Were a Year Ago

Out of a clear sky, the Chrysler Six in one short year brought the motor car industry to the point invariably reached in any industry of economic importance.

That is the point where revolutionary improvements and advancements begin to render the original invention obsolete—where previous practice is brought to a full stop.

That never happens until a new product proves its right to precedence, by greatly simplified design, greater efficiency, and radically different operating results.

Chrysler proved that right as had never been done before; and today—after a year—Chrysler retains and has advanced its precedence—not only in the eyes of scientific and engineering men, but with the buying public as well.

It has set in process in the motor car industry the same advancement which the steam turbine brought to ocean transportation, the compound locomotive to railroading, and the telephone of today to all business.

The development of 15 years was not cast aside in the Chrysler Six.

Tried and proven engineering fundamentals were adhered to; but they are applied in new and different ways that produce sensational results.

To the best of our knowledge, there never before has been a 3-inch engine capable of producing 68 horsepower and a speed of more than 70 miles an hour—with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles to the gallon.

That is what scientific engineering in the way of perfected gas distribution, special combustion chambers and heat distribution does for the Chrysler Six.

There never before has been a car of 160 inches overall length, and a touring car road weight of 2875 pounds, that could be comfortably driven at 60 miles an hour and upward on cobbled street or rutted road.

That is what balance, low center of mass, and scientific distribution of weight do for the Chrysler Six.

There has never before been a motor in which all sense of vibration has been so completely eliminated—not merely smothered or tapered down or broken up.

That is what uniform power impulses, balance and lightness of reciprocating parts, seven big crankshaft bearings, and a heavy crankshaft do for the Chrysler Six.

There never before has been a car in which side-sway and road-weaving are absent—which can be driven around turns at 50 miles an hour—which is under perfect control at all speeds.

That is what a rear spring mounting close to the hubs, and parallel to the wheels, combines with low center of gravity and the perfect equalization of Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, to do for the Chrysler Six.

There never has been a car with an overall length of 160 inches that afforded so much *usable* space—generously roomy for 5 large adults.

That is what space engineering does for the Chrysler Six.

Examples might be cited by the score; but they could not convey to you the realization you should have of the marvelous pick-up of the Chrysler Six; or its beauty; or its steady, two-ton-car riding comfort; or the way it wipes out road shock.

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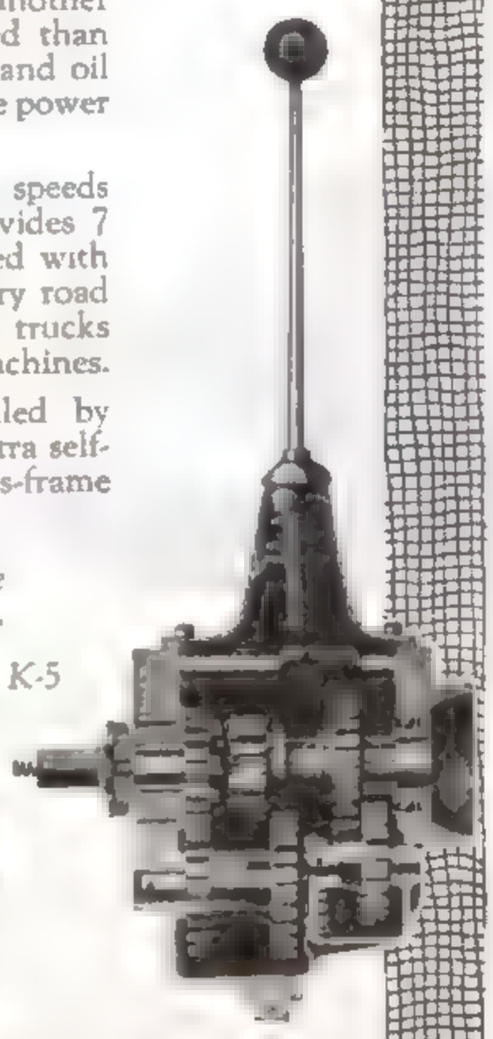

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! ☐ Passenger car

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rest of their time at the Olympic. They became acquainted with all the song-and-dance acts, the trained dogs, the magicians, the comedians and the musical proteans—marvels of syncopation who could shift from the clarinet to the banjo as quickly and easily as snow turns to slush. They studied the graceful Benson Sisters, Maggie and Gert, on the flying rings, Maggie finishing her death-defying slide over the audience with her teeth hooked into a piece of leather. The Matsumotos, nine of them, came and tumbled and contorted as though bones were not.

But not a single hand-and-head balancing turn struck Springhaven until late in March. Then for several weeks Morton and Mildram knew that Kelly and Burke were on their way. As they swept out the peanut shells and side combs, and pried the chewing gum from the floor, they could talk of nothing else. This was their chance to see a professional act like their own.

The winter had not been unkind to them. George Morton, soberly intent upon doing his job well, had kept himself in top physical form, both by handling sugar in barrels and by working with his bells and exercisers. Ben Mildram had become a little slack about his condition. Of course, his job on the truck was a sedentary one, for he did no loading or unloading.

Once George Morton said to his partner, "Ben, you're taking on weight. You want to keep in good shape, you know."

"I am a little heavier," admitted Ben. "I must do some exercises."

Abe Lowman spotted Kelley and Burke, head-and-hand balancers, on his Olympic bill directly after the shoe-store and wet-wash advertising by the stereopticon. In the afternoon the balancing act was enjoyed by some children, half a dozen habituals and one usher. Morton and Mildram, of course, did not see the afternoon performance, but they came over in the evening and saw it from the front, and it somewhat disheartened them. The boys were not too vain to realize that this was professional work. Two stocky figures bounded onto the boards and began their routine with a neat preliminary bow. When the top-mounter curled into the air and straightened out without a quiver above his partner's head, and then bent gently down the other side to a smooth touching of the floor with his toes, then went back again for the finish, it was done with such perfect precision and lack of effort that Morton looked at Mildram and sighed, "Ben, Lowman was right! We haven't that form."

"But all we want is a chance," responded Ben hopefully. "These fellows weren't so good when they started. I wonder if we could get acquainted with them and find out some things."

Morton and Mildram were so fascinated by the performers, and so immersed in their own thoughts about it, that they forgot to notice that the spectators dismissed the act with a few polite tenders of applause on their thumbs. Kelley and Burke took one bow and evaporated. They expected no more.

"Jonesy," said Abe Lowman, a short time afterward, as Kelley and Burke were putting on their street clothes, "I want you to meet two promising youngsters who are going to school in my kindergarten here. Their names is Morton and Mildram. They are strong lads too. What the blazes is the name of your partner, Jonesy?"

"Kubiscz," answered Mr. Jones. "I mostly call him Cube-Cut."

Morton and Mildram were looking around for Jonesy. It took them several minutes to discover that Kelley's name was Jones and that Burke's name was Kubiscz.

"These boys are nice boys, Jonesy," said Lowman. "They do a little hand balancing and such, and they'd be tickled to death if you'd look them over. Talk to 'em like a Dutch uncle, Jonesy."

Jonesy did that. He began by apologizing for his partner.

"I'd introduce you to Cube-Cut," he explained, "but he don't speak any English to brag about. He's a good fellow though. This is the second year we've been together. All Cuby does is to sit in the room and read Hungarian newspapers and eat garlic. The garlic used to bother me some at first, but I'm getting immune, same as you would dope yourself against typhoid."

"Garlic?" asked George Morton boldly, not recognizing it as a native of Vermont.

"Lord, don't you know what garlic is? You're in luck, kid. Garlic is an onion that explodes after you eat it. It don't hurt the person that eats it much, but it knocks down old ladies and children miles away. You boys'll get along better when you go on the circuit if you leave garlic alone. It has wrecked a lot of promising turns. As I say, I don't mind it much now. You can get used to anything.

"And so you boys want to be acrobats, do you?" went on Jonesy, putting on his collar and tie. "And you look bright enough too. It's funny. I suppose your grandfathers committed a crime and it has settled on you boys, same as the Bible says. If you was to ask my advice, which you wouldn't, I'd tell you to hop right back to where you came from. Look at Cube-Cut and me! We're pretty good, ain't we?"

"We'll say you are," responded Ben ungrudgingly. "You're fine, Mr. Jones."

"Well, all right, we're good then. We do a clean routine and you can't kick on us. And yet, boys, look at us! Look at me! Traveling with a hunk who can only say 'Good morning' and 'Equity contract,' eats vegetable dynamite and does crossword puzzles out of a newspaper that looks like a laundry ticket. And we goes to the theater and what do they do? They give us the opening spot or they let us chase the commuters that have got to take the 4:50 or wait till 5:25. When we comes on, the people say, 'Here comes those fellows to do an acrobat turn; but we've got to hang on, because Tom Mix is here with both guns today—and besides, these birds will only be on about ten minutes, unless the trained cats is delayed by rats.' We take one bow and then we're in the street, with nothing to do and nobody to pipe with, and nothing to see except maybe they're excavating a cellar for a office building. And you boys want to join that army. All right, I'll look you over and tell you all I know, which will make you about as wise as the fellow that invented work."

As Mr. Jones, of Kelley and Burke, went to get his hat from the closet, George Morton whispered, "Gee, Ben, he doesn't encourage a fellow much, does he?"

"You see his game, don't you?" snapped back Ben Mildram. "He doesn't want any competition. Naturally, they hate to see young fellows coming up and taking their places. I'll bet he's forty years old. All we want is to get a few pointers from him."

At noon hour next day Mr. Jones obligingly looked over the Morton and Mildram routine. He viewed their work with a practiced eye, made some suggestions, and concluded by saying that if that was where they wanted to go, they would probably get there.

"But you're too heavy, my boy," he said to Ben Mildram. "You're too heavy by twenty pounds, and you're not in condition. You'll kill this other boy if you pass him all the work. Guess you're out of practice, ain't you?"

"I am—a little," confessed Ben.

Kelley and Burke did three days at the Olympic and then gave way to a mind reader who opened the show by mostly reading his own mind, because there was a medicine show in town and no minds out front in the Olympic. So it went. Week after week the show people came and departed, and Morton and Mildram pursued their duties in the wholesale grocery house and studied at night. George Morton, seized by a terrible homesickness now and then, especially when the leaves began to come upon the trees, still was true to his venture. He kept himself in perfect condition. Ben Mildram, trucking between the

(Continued on Page 78)

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Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 76)

station and the warehouse, and showing an increasing fondness for pie, doughnuts and ice cream, grew stouter every day. Every morning he promised to get up and do a few dozen, but he turned over and went to sleep again.

Then one day Abe Lowman came out into the shipping room and slapped George Morton on the shoulder.

"Boy," he announced, "I'm going to give you and your friend your chance tonight. You needn't work the afternoon show. There's some trouble in my booking and I'm two acts short. I've got a local girl who can play the violin and you boys can do your turn. I'll be good to you and spot you Number Two, right after the violin. If the fiddler is rotten they'll love you two boys. If the girl can really play, why you boys will have to hustle. Tell Mildram when he comes in. Be sure your tights haven't got moth-eaten, because we run only polite vaudeville, see?"

"Ben, we've got our chance!" George told his partner when Mildram drove into the back yard with the truck. "We go on tonight in place of some people who can't come. We've got to be on hand by 7:15. You'd think Mr. Lowman would give us the afternoon off to tune up, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, we can practice a little before we go on, George. Say, this is great! I'll bet we're on our way now. I'll tell you what! Maybe that man Jones was more decent than we thought. Probably he tipped Lowman off that we were really nifty, what?"

"Maybe," replied George doubtfully, gazing upon his partner's ample figure. "Ben, you're sure you haven't slipped back? You haven't been exercising "

"Don't worry about me, Georgie. I'll be there, with the bells."

At half past five the team of Morton and Mildram reached their room and pulled their green tights out of the bureau drawers. They were still intact in their loveliness. George put his on and turned to look at Ben. Mr. Mildram was struggling hopelessly.

"Say, George, do you suppose we can pull these stitches out that your girl put in here? I can't get these on, as I am. I didn't realize I'd fattened up so."

"I don't know. Pull up your arm, Ben. Say, you're flabby! Are you sure you can do our routine, Ben? Why, man, you're a sight! I didn't realize."

"Help me get these tights the way they were at first, George, and don't be growling. Why couldn't Lowman have give us warning? I could have trained down easy enough "

But even after Ben had succeeded in taking the tucks out of his tights, he couldn't get into them. That is, he could have done it, but it would have been at certain risks. There was nothing for it except to go without.

"Well, you wear your tights and I'll go on in white flannel pants and a jersey, like a gymnasium instructor," said Ben. "Maybe I can think of a little comedy. Oh, yes, something like this: You start in your street clothes and I don't know you're an acrobat, see? Then you want me to give you a few lessons. Then you peel down to your tights and make a boob of me. Get it?"

"I don't know as we ought to try comedy, Ben. We've never done it, you know. It isn't in our line."

"Why, all these big things come around because something has to be done on the spur of the moment. I'll give you the ideas in a minute. I'll write out a little talk for us in five minutes. I'll bet Lowman will like this idea."

George Morton had the depressing intuition that Abe Lowman wouldn't like it so much. He ardently wished he were back in East Attica at this moment. Something told him that all was not well.

The violinist at the Olympic's first night performance was not all that could be wished. She struck at least three peculiar notes which had never been heard in Springhaven previously, unless it was in her own home. This gave the boys courage. It is always better to follow a flop than a show-stopper on your maiden appearance.

Whether Abe Lowman, in the greatness of his heart, had hired in some claquers, or whether there was something very appealing about the youthful faces of Morton and Mildram, is an open question. The fact is that when George and Ben came on the stage they got a hearty round of applause. Perhaps it was because they carried no violins.

The preliminary comedy was awful. Both Ben and George forgot their lines, and they were further embarrassed by a hoarse cry from the wings: "Forget that bunk, boys, and get to work!" The voice was Abe's.

So Morton and Mildram went to work. Nervous, perspiring, shaking at the knees, and completely dizzy, George discovered too late that Ben couldn't pull himself up, nor could he lift him. He strained to raise the fattened acrobat, who could seem to do nothing for himself.

"Try hard, for heaven's sake!" he whispered to Ben Mildram.

Ben set his teeth and threw his clenched hands tighter to those of George. He began to rise. He actually found himself lifting, and made a superhuman effort. He rose till he reached the point where he was to turn, and stuck. George Morton felt himself going forward. The weight of the helpless topmounter was too much for him. His feet began to slip. The boiler makers and drop forgers out in front thought that it was comedy and began to laugh and cheer.

"Keep that up, boys—it's good! Kid the act! You can put it over!" cried Abe Lowman from the side.

But the team of Morton and Mildram had already begun to slide. It takes bigger acrobats to kid their own cleverness than to do a straight turn, and Abe, of all men, should have known it. The hand-and-head balancers tottered and came down with a crash. Ben Mildram's head hit the boards with a dull thud, and when George untangled himself, he saw a heap of still, well-fed, former athlete crumpled up on the stage, with a stream of blood oozing from a gash over the right eye. George staggered back and fainted into Abe Lowman's arms

The drop forgers and boiler makers were men of good heart. They accepted the display as a happy accident to while away the time, and the show went on without a single chair being thrown.

"O Muse, at this point, give me a friendly hand! I draw near the end of George Morton's Odyssey. In East Attica sits Penelo—I should say, Betty Ransome, awaiting the return of the hero. Muse, sing yet a little longer and the thing will be done!"

Next morning George Morton packed his suitcase and made a small bundle of his additional effects, and shook hands warmly with Ben Mildram, who had a large strip of black court-plaster over one eye.

"Well, no hard feelings, Ben. We haven't had such a bad time. Are you sure you won't come back to Vermont with me? You better come along."

"No, George, I'm going to drive for Lowman a little longer, and then maybe I'll drift out with some circus that comes along Give my regards to all the boys. I'm sorry I let the act down, George. It was all my fault. I should of kept in training. No hard feelings on my side, George. We been good pals. Goo'-by!"

It was night when George Morton arrived in East Attica, and it was raining—raining hard. George walked the three miles to the Ransome farm and arrived on the front porch with the water running freely from his shoes. There was a light in one of the rooms upstairs. He hesitated a moment and then pulled the bell knob. A figure stood up, silhouetted against the curtain, then passed. A dog barked loudly.

A well-remembered voice said, "Be still, Dick!" Betty Ransome herself came to the door, opened it cautiously and saw the dripping figure with a suitcase.

"It's me, Betty! It's George. I'm sorry if ——"

"George!" There was welcome in the voice. "I—I was just thinking about you, George, sitting upstairs. See, the dog knows you, George! You remember George, don't you, Dick? See him lick your hand, George! Come right in; you'll get your death. Oh, how wet you are! But I'm glad to see you. Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

"I've come back to stay, Betty. The fool act was no good. I haven't written much to you lately. I'm sorry, but I didn't have anything to write except failure."

She took him by the arms and looked into his eyes. "George, you haven't married a contortionist, have you?"

He shook his head.

"No: I don't ever want to see a theater again."

"Those green tights ——"

"I gave them to Ben. Ben didn't come back with me."

"I'm glad of that," said the young woman. "I hate him, . . . Now you go right upstairs to your room It's just as you left it Father said it was to be empty until we heard that you'd married a contortionist "

And, to make the Odyssey complete, George Ulysses was sent upstairs with a kiss.

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For the English Cottage type of home there's no roof quite so fitting as a thatch.

Such a roof completes the harmony of line and coloring that is the making of a beautiful home.

But it has always been a rather expensive roof to apply.

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Here is a roof whose softly blending tones of weathered brown and tile red slate flakes suggest the mellow English downs in every curve. Or, if you prefer, you can have a similar mixture of weathered brown and jade green coloring. And the distinctive cut of this roof, too, increases its unusually realistic thatch appearance.

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Other rich blends of color

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Bronze mosaic! Onyx! These are colorings likewise suited to different architectural types of homes.

Before you build, before you re-roof, by all means see these new roofs. One of them can give *your* home just the distinction and charm you have always wanted it to have.

Indeed, your greatest opportunity to add to the beauty of your home lies in a wise choice of roofing colors.

To help you choose

To help you make the most of this opportunity we have prepared an authoritative booklet, *What Color for the Roof?*

In it is page after page of beautiful homes in different architectural styles, all in color to show the most tasteful effects in body, trim and roof combinations. Interestingly explained, too, are the principles of all good color schemes.

And with the Richardson Harmonizer which it contains, you can see the complete effect of 54 different roof and house combinations.

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50% thicker than the ordinary roof

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

DULCARNON

(Continued from Page 46)

"Perfectly absolute, sir. This being the only boat in four days as to my weary cost I know full well. Not a sahib was landed."

"Well, I'm off. But by the great Roots of Ginger," cried the acrobat on the gunwale, "if you're lying, my friend, I'll hide and hair you! Jolly soon find out."

With an ease and lightness wonderful in so broad a person, he ran along the dinghy to its bow, jumped, caught the gangplank by its edge, swung at the full stretch of both arms, then flying up like a monkey or a sailor, boarded the flatboat and was lost in her.

Dan moved back into shadow. The dialogue had both puzzled and entertained him. He waited to hear more. Instead, there followed a shouting, a smack of ropes cast off on water and a splashing beat of paddle wheels. The glow faded from rail and stanchion as the steamer drew away.

"Now, sir, if you please." Opening his door in the bulkhead and leaning forth, the baboo reappeared against lamplight, with a profound gesture of welcome. "Enter. We shall be quite secretive now in my office."

Over the smoky lamp on the desk, he leaned to rummage in a tier of pigeonholes.

"Who was that sahib?"

"The name I do not recall, sir." Turning from the pigeonholes with a letter in his hand, the baboo grinned like an oily cherub. He wore a jacket of thin black alpaca, so very tight that his dhoti bulged enormous, a white cotton cabbage, a week's washing huddled about his hips. "The name I do not recall, but he has been watching for you no doubt by his many personal inveiglements here to unwind me about his finger with subtle question. Offensively so, according to my meek judgment, for the gentleman's manner though gayly sparkish is often brusky and inclining toward subberdustiness."

"But why," said Dan, "did you lie to him just now?"

"Oh, sir, pray let us not employ harsh terminopoly." The baboo's round soft eyes became, as it were, pools of innocent guile. "You did not wish to meet the person. Whilom he was merely known as the King of Handcuffs, and eked his lowlifelihood by pranks of brute force in a most itinerant menagerie. You did not wish to meet him. I therefore obviated him by playing foul means, and since the serang will narrate him the same cock-and-pie tale, he has learned nothing about your disembarkation tonight. Acting as our friend's trusty agent I saw to it."

There might be something wrapped in this cloud of words.

"What friend?"

The brown cherub smiled and gave Dan his letter.

"This chit will expatiate all, sir, I fully conceive."

There was no mark of writing on the envelope. Dan tore it open and found a half sheet with three lines in pencil:

"If you do come, thank heaven and lie low. The bearer may be trusted within limits. 'And look you mock him not.' Lie low."

The message, unsigned, was plainly in Runa's hand.

"Ah, well"—Dan tried to look wiser than he felt—"I understand. Is there a dak bungalow in the village nowadays? There used not to be."

"No, sir, none," replied the baboo. "It is a barbarous dunghill of primitive and loathely consuetude. But your quarters are prepared for you, sir, and your coolies waiting in a dinghy at the mouth of the *kal*. Permit me to coescort you thither."

The dinghy, a rounded blotch like part of the mud bank fallen in, lay upon water filled with stars. When her crew had waked and shoved her off, there seemed nothing on earth but the darkness walling the creek, stars overhead as thick as golden mist, and their reflection shivering, breaking, dropping into bottomless depth. The boatmen's poles bumped along the gunwale and tore sucking out of ooze. It was a long, slow, mournful journey. About midnight they grounded for the last time, in sludge; and Dan, wading after his coolies up to solid foothold, saw on his left a few lamps that drowsily winked beneath trees. There slept Mayaganj, the village of loathely consuetude; but his men or their shadows, turning from it, pattered off toward the right, followed some byway through tangle, and at last entered a gap in a hedge. Two lighted windows and an open door shone from a veranda.

"Why, it's Caltrop's old bungalow."

A path, choked with weeds that made him stumble, and overlaid by bushes run wild, brought Towers to the veranda, where, after being many times hailed, two sleepy servants, an old man and a boy, came running out.

"Everything is ready, sahib."

He paid and dismissed the coolies, then put a question. Years ago his friend Caltrop, a secretary or adviser to the great man of these parts, had gone home.

"Who lives here now?"

The answer was not at all what he expected.

"No one, sahib."

"What!" said Dan. "How then is the house open to travelers?"

"I opened it for you, sahib," replied the old man. When urged to say more, he only repeated a vague formula, the most obstinate of set phrases: "It was an order."

Meanwhile his boy had carried the luggage into a bedroom. There was nothing for Towers to do but follow. Afterward, having driven a tribe of frogs from the bathroom, he sluiced himself with good cold water, went to bed, and heard lizards run up and down the plaited basket walls of this dwelling where no man lived.

By day it proved yet more strange and somber. Rain, coming at dawn, fell without respite and darkened all. Outdoors in the compound, where once a trim garden had blossomed, weeds and frowzy bushes choked a raggedness of desolation through which wandered stray goats, dripping. Indoors, every room lay thick with dust, cobwebs and spiders, dead beetles and the leavings of bats which had roosted on the punkah booms. All that day, and the next, and the next, Dan lay low as he was bidden, and staved off melancholia by putting the old man and his urchin to work. They cleaned house furiously in gloom and damp. On the fourth day out burst the sun, hotter than ever, making their green jungle retreat a blaze of light, the air dead moisture, tobacco a paste that defied matches and clogged the bowl of a pipe like wedding cake.

"Lie low?" Dan chuckled as he gave up smoking. "Easy enough. Low in body, lower in mind."

Toward sunset he ventured out behind the house, by a path which, overhung with bamboo and tiger grass, led him up slightly rising ground to a crenelated wall of aged brickwork. Over its battlements, crumbled by rain and sun, dark tree tops crowding against the sky hid all but one corner of an ugly building, faded like the wall from red to lilac.

"More like jail than the other."

In there, he remembered, lay the garden and palace of a queer, saturnine old fellow who called himself, by what right nobody knew, the Maharaja of Mayaganj. Today this abode, in the heat and stillness, appeared to be empty, without life. Not a sound came from beyond the wall.

At dinner that evening, as the urchin and his father performed their ritual of greasy food, Towers bethought himself to ask, "Is the maharaja away?"

"Gone, sahib."

"Dead?"

"Who knows?"

This being the full stretch of conversation at its brightest, Dan ate in silence what food he could eat and prepared for another lonesome night. A dozen or more books, left over from Caltrop's time here, lined half a shelf. Of these, many had been unreadable in their prime, and all were now bloated bundles of mildew; but while scrubbing and sunning them, Dan had lighted with joy upon his favorite poet, Chaucer. The volume was a fat one of Complete Works, in diabolic type, with feeble notes and a glossary from the Dark Ages.

"Time enough, waiting here for ever, to read the Boëthius all through, and the Astrolabe, and with help from on high perhaps even Melibee."

When at last he got into bed, however, it was the Canterbury Tales which laid him once more under their spell. His candle, softened by the heat, leaned curving like a bulrush; the mosquito net flung a wavy mesh upon the page and fine print threw sand into the eyes; but he read on and on, while the lizards ran along his chamber wall with a scratching, scuttering noise, loud in the night.

Caltrop had penciled the margin full of comments, none very apt, the greater part now smudged out beyond deciphering. One of these, written with ink on the flyleaf, was not even intelligible:

"Dulcarnon: See Cambridge ed. of E., pages 349 ff. On line F.C. take 12' 8". Rev. let. R. and L."

On this and other scribbling Dan cast an idle glance or two. Bygone pastimes of a lonely man, they were not without sadness. He plunged back into The Pardoner's Tale. It was late when he blew out his bending candle and yawned away to sleep.

Through a long dream, obscure and worried, someone began trying to reach him, to arrive from limbo, to make him understand.

He woke very slowly, calmly. The room was dark, pitch black. Something that lay on his forehead, a hand, withdrew. A grayness, not that of the mosquito gauze, hovered near him.

"Danny, where art thou?"

It was Runa la Flèche, whispering. Dan bounded up and swept the net aside.

"Sh-h! Quiet!" said the whisper. "Get up, *mon grand*, and come on the point of your toes."

▼

WAKING thus to a continuation of his dream, Dan felt no surprise. If Runa dropped from heaven, it was only another among those miracles, those great good fortunes which come so naturally in the domain of sleep. It was clear joy. His bare feet no sooner touched the floor than he went after a shadow, now gray, now black, that glided from bedchamber to living room, along a passage, down steps, and so out of doors behind the house.

Dim starlight, puddles cold underfoot and branches wetting the face brought him alive to a sense of wonder. He overtook the shadow in a thicket.

"Runa?"

"*Tais-toi!*" A fist hit him backhand. "Come, shut up! The *gungunu* was on my track."

Again through puddles and rainy branches, under stars, he followed the shadow of his friend: and now fully awake, guessed where it was leading. The path mounted. A high wall, dark and straight, heaved alongside. Two voices murmured.

"Dhirendra?"

"Sahib."

Between buttresses in the wall, a door gaped open; then, soft as a piece of night, swung to, closing behind him. Tall trees blotted the sky. Water in a tank shone pale, fragmentary, like some wide oblong mirror set at the bottom of a forest, and broken. By these and other glimpses Dan knew his ground. It was the maharaja's garden, a gloomy place at any hour, and the last on earth where he might have expected to be wandering in pajamas after midnight. Up a gravel walk his guide flitted, to a huge block of darkness where the palace reared looming and swallowed all under stone archways. A key clicked, hinges groaned.

"Aha, Danny!"

Two hard arms caught Mr. Towers, and for a moment hugging him like a tackle at football, whirled him indoors.

"After so many frogs *que j'ai dû avaler, bon sang* but it is a pleasure!"

The arms were gone, the hinges groaned again, a door shut, and Runa's voice, which had been hissing hot, became the coolest of whispers.

"Wait! Not a word! I forgot myself. Here! We go up."

They stumbled, both unseen, through a great room cluttered with furniture, bumped into a wall, groped round an edge of this, were choked in some airless corridor, dashed their toes against rock at the bottom of a stairway, and began to climb. It was a crooked, steep flight built high in the rise, narrow in the tread, for Oriental bare feet. On one of the landings a match fuffed and dazzled. The sudden flare gave Dan, below, a picture of Runa above, or of a long-robed Mussulman youth with Runa's eyes, who caught a brass candlestick from a niche, lighted the candle and went skipping upward beneath a velvety black-and-russet cloud of bats pouring down.

"Pouah! They are no peach orchard!"

On level masonry once more, the candle and the white gown streamed away like will-o'-the-wisp and ducked into a vault. Towers followed the shining of them.

"Welcome!"

His hands were gripped and wrung.

"Old boy!"

"Well, I'll be ——"

"Leda and the babes missed seeing you. They sat down and cried together."

"You little diabolo, what have you been ——"

"*Bon Dieu*, this is good! You look hard as a nail!"

Both men talked at once, trying with broken words to fill the gap of years. Runa had set his candlestick on a marble floor, which cast the light upward strongly, so that each read jubilation in the other's face, more than words, more than outcry.

"Now then," said Runa, "we can talk while we work. This, Danny, is the large night of our lives!"

He snatched from his head a black skullcap, threw it down, kicked it; then ripping off his filthy white tunic and trousers, darted away naked into a corner.

"The Hubshi will now change his skin, the leopard his spots. What was today? Friday?"

Dan, staring about him, failed to answer. The room, a grove of pillars, a grotto of multifoil arches, all white marble riotously inlaid with arabesque of many colors, had taken his breath away. Every panel of wall, every fluted arch and slender column, glistened with flowers and vines of green malachite, flesh-red carnelian, ribbon jasper changing its hue as the candle flickered. Barbaric kings might well hold their private audience in this chamber. And there knelt Runa, filling a battered old tin stable bucket with water from a brass faucet, a leaky tap which would have disgraced any kitchen sink.

"Eh? Friday? Yes. Where are we?"

La Flèche came lugging his bucket and soused the water into a shallow oblong basin hewed out of the floor, its marble bottom carved to resemble foam, with whirls and wavy lacework.

"Just in time then," he chuckled, "to miss Friday afternoon medical inspection. I never could have passed it again, stripped. My paint's worn thin."

(Continued on Page 88)

For twenty years the wheels of the motor car lagged behind

~~then a great engineer brought them up-to-date

OCCASIONALLY, in attics and public libraries, you run across one of the magazines our fathers and mothers read.

Queer folks, our fathers and mothers. Queer fashions they admired. But maybe the queerest of their passions was the automobile they saw advertised, and bought, and rode in.

Look at a picture of one of those pre-historic automobiles. Funny!

They had little in common with the swift steel marvels of today—except the wheels.

But the wheels looked much as they do now. The wheels were "modern"—or else many automobile wheels today are terribly old-fashioned.

For twenty years, while everything else about it was revolutionized, the automobile got along on wheels inherited from the horse-drawn Nineteenth Century—glorified buggy wheels.

Then a great engineer built a wheel worthy of the *automobile*—the Budd-Michelin Wheel.

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Then he fashioned steel in a new and wonderful design, to meet these problems and overcome these forces.

He built the only *convex* wheel: a scientific design which utilizes to the utmost the resilience of steel, to temper the road shocks which reach the frame of the car. . . .

Which permits the placing of brakes and king pins in direct line with the wheel, making braking more positive and steering easier.

He tapered his wheel from hub to rim, under tremendous rollers, for ease in starting and stopping.

In place of a glorified buggy wheel, he gave the world a shining, stream-lined disc of steel, *with an exclusive scientific design*.

Remember, every "steel" wheel is not a Budd-Michelin Wheel. No other wheel can have its design or features.

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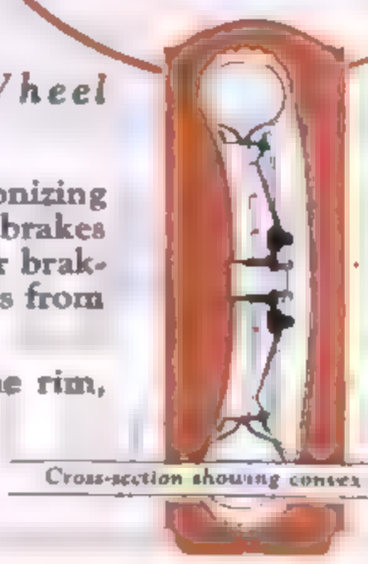

Cross-section showing convex design

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—a light wheel (lighter than wood) tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

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—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

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A builder offers a very convincing proof of the quality of his building, when he says, "You see this house is equipped with a G-E wiring system throughout." Everyone knows that General Electric makes great turbines for battleships—generators for power houses—electric locomotives that pull heavy trains over the mountains. And with a G-E wiring system in your walls, you have the same electrical precision and the same assurance of *quality*.

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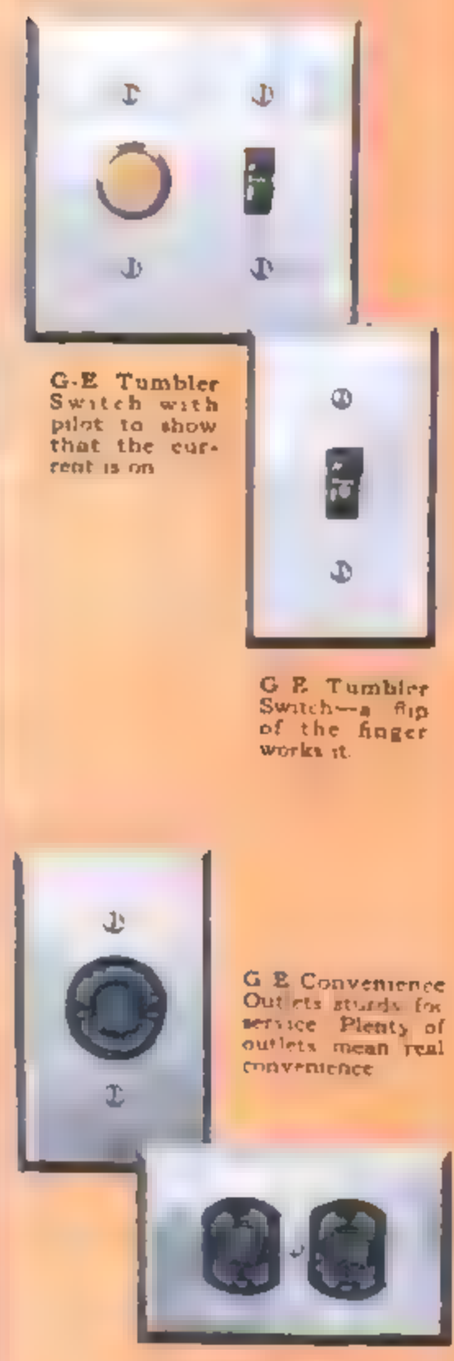

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In big buildings, G-E Conduit and Code Wire serve unfailingly

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 80)

Back and forth he trotted, sloshing more water into the sculptured pool; then, when he had filled it, hopped in and sat down.

"Where are we?" Dan repeated. "The Great Mogul's banquet hall?"

Runa laughed, a bronze figure of mischief. His head, though shaved, bore a two or three days' crop of black hair. It was not unbecoming, this prisoner's poll, but gave him an Egyptian look. His dark eyes flashed.

"You mean all the filigree?" He swept a dripping arm round. "No, Danny, it is the ladies' bath, in the zenana; the jeweled bower of the queen of the concubines. If we were only poets, or even *prosateurs*, what visions we could fudge up? Lovely sinners, odalisques, Aholibah, bah, bah, bah! Smut with whipped cream and sugar, in the best mode of today. But the poor dear lady was fat as a toad and twice as ugly. I saw her by chance. Not here, of course—no, no." He lay down, rolled, came up splashing, and added: "Feel behind that jar in the corner, will you, and reach me my bottle of Javelle water? I'm dyed all over, like the man who played Othello; dyed with *anola* juice, myrobalan and other tannic acids."

The bottle which Dan gave him held half a gallon and wore a sponge tied round its neck. Runa pulled the cork with his teeth, wet and tore off the sponge, then began to rub himself, head, face, neck, shoulders, working downward and turning paler as he rubbed. Chlorinated lime choked this airy colonnade where tendril interwoven with tendril of precious stones flowered upon marble.

"What's a *gunguna*?" said Towers. "You let on that a gunguna was chasing you tonight."

The bather grunted.

"A man who talks through his nose," he explained. "This one took the form of a blind beggar with sharp eyes."

"Did he, though?" Dan remembered a nasal voice that had blessed his to Mecca and Madinah, under the wall of the jail. "I saw him."

"Yes," came a drawl. "And he saw you."

Runa got up to sponge his waist and legs. They were still those of a dark-brown convict, while above he had grown tawny white. He scowled.

"What the devil?" he cried peevishly. "One thing, my friend, you never ask me. Is it then a trifle, or don't you care how I got out of the jug?"

Dan, who sat leaning his back against a pattern of floral gems, cooling his bare feet on marble, received the attack very calmly, though he felt embarrassed.

"That question might bring up another. Kind of ticklish ground, boy."

"A wonder of an escape, a great stroke. But you did not care to ask, so you shall never hear." It was plain that Runa's vanity had received a wound, for as he plied the sponge he continued to grumble. "No man will escape by my way again, even if he had the brains. I passed word back for Smith, how to stop that leak from his jail." Suddenly the frowning face cleared. "What? You mean, how I got in? You were afraid to ask? Oho, son Daniel, the same old slyboots!"

Down plumped Runa into the bath, where he rocked back and forth, crowing with laughter.

"You thought I was a criminal? Gone wrong, turned budmash, me! No wonder, no wonder! My poor chap, did it make you sad?"

"Well," rejoined Towers quietly, "I stuck by you."

At that, in a flash, his companion grew sober, turned on him a look full of meaning and gravely nodded.

"True. A heart of gold," said La Flèche. "I don't forget. Now to be serious. You shall hear." He rose, and while talking scrubbed again, his body now light bronze to the kneecaps, thence dark to the feet. "I got myself jailed for housebreaking. That was neither easy to do nor pleasant when done. A gang broke into this deserted barracks here, looking for—well, we'll consider what, later; but among them were the man you saw flogged, his mate whom he tried to kill—I don't blame him—the gunguna blind fraud of a beggar, one so-called Nak Maddu, a regular beast, and some others, including—who do you think? Three guesses—me, *moi*, at your service. I joined 'em, followed those who got caught into choky to learn more and keep one man in sight. Devilish hard work it took. Rotten company. My line of communications broke down, but I did have some helpers over the wall who juggled a message through to you. Crown-inshield—you met him? A brick—has written by every mail to Leda and the children, saying all well. It wasn't. I'd not learned a thing, hardly, my paint began to wear, and Smith, who's no fool, to smell a rat. Never mind. You came, Danny, and brought our luck right-about in a *tournemain*. Have you that key about you?"

"What key?"

"Bah! The one our jailbird coughed up."

"Yes, here." From the breast pocket of his pajamas Dan hauled his purse. "Look you! Did the brute eat and sleep with a brass key in his mouth?"

"No; throat," said Runa promptly. "A professional thief he was, *purana chor*, a thief born, bred and trained, so he kept it in a pouch down his throat. When you're young and tender, you take a lead bullet or slug, drop her down close to swallowing point and hold her as long as you can bear it. Persevere daily. In a few years you have a monkey pocket down there which will hold two or three rupees. Very simple. Wait a bit."

This naked lecturer hopped out from the ladies' bath, sluiced a bucket of water along the floor, took a run, and slithering over marble as on ice, whirled underneath an arch. He reappeared more sedately, carrying a towel and pajamas.

"It's heaven to be clean." His black eyes danced. "And to see you, like our old days. Better, because this time we're to make our everlasting fortune, world without end."

Excitement underran his gayety. Watching him, Towers felt a vague trouble. The boy seemed rather above himself.

"How?"

"You shall be told. Let me see what our thief ejaculated."

Dan passed the key up to him.

"Correct! No mistake." Runa squinted at it keenly, then gave it back. "Made for a good old Bramah."

Plunging into the flaps of his towel, he writhed like a contortionist.

"And what's that? Something religious, for a Hindu priest?"

"Ah, me! You are very ignorant. Benighted," came a sigh through the towel. "Joseph Bramah, the English engineer and great locksmith, made that key. Religion? Ho-ho! Did you never hear what Bill Huntington, the coal-heaver parson, told him? 'Joe, you make a good patent lock, but when it comes to the keys of the kingdom of heaven, you're a bungler.'" The muffled voice again sighed. "Oh, ignorant Yankee from Yangistan, our first problem is to take that piece of brass and find a Bramah lock for it somewhere. M-m-mh—but where?"

To lean back on cool polished marble and hear his friend chatter away of things unknown should have given Dan great comfort; always he enjoyed Runa's talk, its turn and range; but now, tonight of all nights, when they had met, he could find nothing to say. That vague trouble distressed him. For a while neither man spoke.

"Wait!"

La Flèche, having got his pajamas on, went behind a column to the opposite wall. There, among colored windings of blossom and vine, black fretted mouths were cut in a row, hiding-holes where sad women with little hands had once dropped their jewels, bangles, nose buttons and toe rings. Down one such opening he ran his arm and brought out a candle end. This he lighted from the candle burning on the floor.

"I've not eaten since daybreak. Wait a bit, Danny. We'll have a midnight supper."

He moved off through the arches, along a corridor, shielding with one hand his pin point of fire. It was hardly gone into the dark before it shone returning.

"Enough in this house," he called, "for a regiment to stand a year of siege. Hungry? Thirsty? *Tu parles, Charles!*"

Dropping melted wax on marble, he stuck his candle end upright, then squatted and laid his forage out—a tin box of biscuit and two bottles of pale ale which if not cold were at least wet, their labels puckered with dewy beads.

"Fall to! We celebrate!"

As they munched the dry food and drank lukewarm ale, Dan finding his tongue, Runa being never the man to lose his, they talked against each other at high speed, laughed, interrupted, recalled many such a picnic in time gone by, held at strange hours or places. When the bottles were empty and the biscuits eaten, Runa lugged forth a cedar casket from which he took by the handful huge cigarettes ornate with gilding.

"These plethoric fags are on the house too," said he. "They cost our dear H. H. the Maharaja a pretty penny. Wicked."

"Where is H. H.?"

"Don't know. Not heard from. He was always gone somewhere, you know. Longer than usual this disappearance. Nobody here but a caretaker down by the compound gate, old Dhirendra, who let us in tonight. . . . Are you free, did you say, for a couple of months?"

"Yes."

"Good! We can do it in that time."

Runa's eyes had a shifty gleam, disquieting, like his manner. He appeared to hug some private joke, riddle or surprise.

"Do what?" cried Towers, exasperated. "Out with her!"

"I told you—make our fortune."

"Thanks. I've chased that bubble too often in my day."

"Poor chap, you need not look as *triste* as hell on a rainy Sunday, for this is no bubble." The grinning imp sank his voice to a murmur. "Come now, I've staked on it everything I own. You stake a two months' holiday. This very night we begin. What do you think of a treasure, a real treasure?"

"Whose?"

Runa carefully knocked ashes down the neck of his ale bottle, glanced about the shadowy room, hearkened for a moment; then leaning forward, replied in a whisper, "What do you say to the treasure of Alexander the Great?"

"I say good night." Dan heaved something like a groan. "Change the subject."

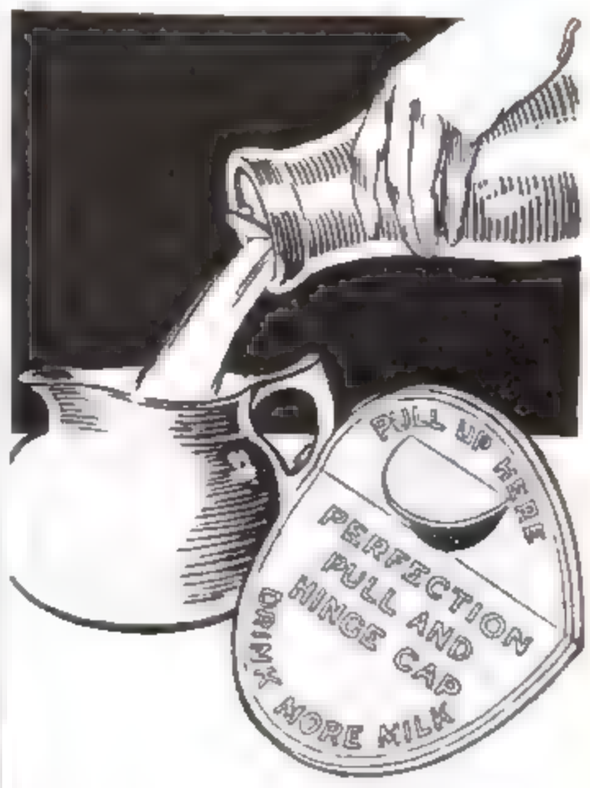
"Why? You think there is none? Alexander the Great did come to India, as far as the river Hydaspes, the Jhelum, *quæ loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes*, where he beat Prince Porus, and his horse Bucephalus died. No, farther yet, to the bank of the Sutlej."

With cropped head, burning eyes and that air of excitement under which he labored, Runa in his pajamas might have been a fever patient escaped from bed, or a poet muttering verses, words of insomnia. Yet he looked a very healthy patient, a very keen poet.

"Your Hydaspes is a long way from here, son."

Towers had grown both glum and restless; and not only so, but a little afraid. He now got up and stood leaning on the wall. In a dim arcade where candle shine flickered over the polish of white carven stone and gems glistened as though alive, full-blossomed on their trellis, nothing ought to have been strange any more, not the talking bird or the singing fountain of the Arabian palace. Yet even here this talk sounded fantastic, wild. Since their last meeting, had years brought one of the saddest of changes? The boy was always rather flighty. Dan sighed.

(Continued on Page 87)



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See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

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Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

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YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

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You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

(Continued from Page 85)

"A long way, my son, clear across the country to the back of beyond. What ails you tonight? If you're joking, never mind. I'm dull at catching jokes. But if you're serious, why then let me tell you that your Alexanders, however big an army pay chest they carry, are all alike when it comes to leaving cash behind them, here or any country. They don't. Take out, not put in, is their motto. And if you're serious, I've got to speak my mind. Staked everything? Have you gone and chucked your career with the police, like a young fool, to run after such a jack-o'-lantern down a sewer pipe, as all treasure hunting is, and you know it? And Leda, your wife and children, cooped up alone in a stuffy attic ten thousand miles away? My good gorry, son, I never would 'a' dreamed it of you!"

He broke off in anger and disgust. Runa, humped over the candle, took this reproach as quietly as though deaf, meditated, let the cigarette in his fingers drop down the bottle neck after its ashes, and then of a sudden jumped up laughing.

"No, Danny, I have not moved out of my head, *pas encore*. No maggot in the brain, nor camel's feathers in my hair. I tried you with one point, one corner to our problem, that is all. We agree, you think as I do." He caught Towers once more by both hands and shook them hard, laughing still, but with a glow of honest warmth. "My dear old uncle, you always rise to it. I am proud of you. We shall collaborate. I am so happy tonight, Daniel, that I could cry like a cow. It is better to laugh."

With that, Runa began dancing a grotesque nautch or dervish ballet across the marble floor, in and out among the flowery pillars, and sang as he capered:

"Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander ——"

Near an arch the whirling figure stopped, raised one hand and waited. Then it beckoned to Dan.

"Did you hear somebody?" whispered Runa. "Below—moving?"

Dan came to him, hearkened and shook his head. From the darkness into which they stared not a sound came.

"Would anyone else be in the building?"

"That's the worst of it," sighed his friend. "I don't know."

VI

IF ANY person or thing moved, upstairs or down, the movement was not heard now. Both men stood and gave ear, but only to a prolonged quiet that grew thick, filling the house.

"Mistaken?" breathed Runa. "Time for bed, anyhow. We can listen on our way down."

He crossed the glimmer of marble, bent, and with his fingers pinched out one burning wick, then the other. Darkness came solid at a blow; yet as if he had the eyes of a cat, he returned quickly, took Dan's hand without fumbling and drew him onward.

"*Ta patte*. Good! Now home."

Sandstone gritty under bare feet made no sound. Room, passage, blank wall, corner, straight or crooked, broad or narrow, all came alike to this pilot who tugged on and swerved only when he saw fit in the dark. His hand was cool, ready. Halfway down the stair, it gave check by holding hard.

"No. All clear, I think," he whispered. "But do not beat your drum."

On the lower floor, they steered among chairs, tables and footstools, brought up to a door, unlocked it, and from under a vault came to starlight.

"It's morning," said Runa. "I am dead with sleep."

Not only the pallor of the stars, a sharpening edge of black trees whetted against them, and thinner darkness everywhere beneath; but a newborn spirit in the air, waiting to catch and transform by its magic the first early sound, gave knowledge that dawn was near. The tank water shone dull as ice; the dome of a squat pavilion heaved like an elephant's back among branches; and all the garden, depth after mournful depth, yawned with hints of broken things, misshapen, overgrown, abandoned labyrinths where even a bird, if any were left, might wake too sour and tired to chirp.

"Dhirendra gave me keys for the gate. Here is yours, by the way."

They let themselves out, closed the door in the wall and passed through jungle down toward Caltrop's. No one met them. Not another soul was abroad at that hour. Once in the path Dan fell over a gray hummock that became a goat, bounding up and crashing away into leaves. Then by dreamy twilight they came to the cook house and the servants' lines, windrows of thatch with no more life than form, and so to a great haystack which was the bungalow. Here, in the dark again, they said good night as a cock crowed.

It was noon when they met at the breakfast table.

"Aha, Dan, you're looking very juvenile by day! It does the heart good."

In clothes of cream-colored rough silk with an all too splendid cravat barred lavender on green, and for collar something negligent and worldly, Runa outshone the lilies of the field. At variance with all this glory, his knot head and brown face gave a suggestion of clean fighting trim.

"Which costume is this, boy?" Dan's plain white, fresh enough but well worn by its life of battle with the dhobi, seemed a Puritan garb. "What are you now, bird o' paradise or gamecock?"

Runa, before sitting down, preened himself.

"*Gahri bat*. Well said. A weighty observation. You would not take me, Brother Towers, for that slinking, footsore garbage jackal with the mange who came here last night?"

"You don't look like a runaway butcher's boy who'd been sleeping in the fish box, if you mean that."

"Pah! No! You are right. Bacon, eggs and tea, God be praised! In Smith's jail I have eaten dal so much that the gorge rose, the brain turned to stuffing for a goose. . . . No. We are now two gentlemen, at table, prosing of the weather and the jute market. Not even our *punguna* would guess at me here."

They fell to breakfast with good appetite.

"It gave you a scare, my waking you last night? Tenebrarious doings. The night alarm, the whisper at the bedside, the clammy hand upon the brow. Did you think it was the hand of Empusa?"

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"He? Oh, dear! Oh, my poor Yankee, it is a she!" moaned Runa. "You never met the lady, Empusa, mother of all the Hobgoblins in the dark? Then it is true. I must visit your continent of America one day. It is true, then, what they told me and no man could believe, that you have there schoolboys who yell the Frogs of Aristophanes and cannot read him? Why? Are they mad? Tell me why. You do not seem so."

It required more than table talk, as Dan knew from of old, to explain his native country. He did the best he could do, which left Runa wagging the head of a baffled man.

"Oh, no; a land of fable. You think you are telling me the truth, Danny, I can see; but you exaggerate, *tu te montes la tête*. America, a land of nod, pure fable. And last night you would not believe in Alexander the Great!"

Towers, who had been hoping for this, caught at the name.

"What about him?"

The old servant and his boy hovered near a sideboard. Turning in his chair, La Flèche made with one finger a sign that drove them from the room. Presently their voices were heard in the compound, behind the bungalow, departing to some other land of nod.

"Our affair? Business, you mean? It did not bore you?"

"Shoot!"

Runa poured out a great cup of tea, his fourth or fifth, slanted in half a bowl of cane sugar, ground the mixture, cocked his head to smell it with arching nostrils, and then drank.

"Very well. Here," he began, "is homely fact. We met here in Mayaganj, you and I. You have not forgotten our friend, His Highness the Maharaja?"

Dan remembered their friend clearly, a sad brown bull of a potentate, who had lived in the melancholy house and garden up yonder past the wall in the jungle.

"Yes, poor Minotaur."

"Exactly."

"All shut in and wopsed round, he was. Tired and sick of the vanities of this world, but not quite ready to embrace those of the next."

"True, my old one," sighed Runa. "You are sharper even than I. What you say is true, *gahra kayal* again, but is it kind? I was always very, very sorry for the man. He lived alone, trusted nobody but Caltrop, had those immense, immense, immense damn riches, and lacked nothing but the knowledge how to use them. A pitiful devil." Runa stared over his cup, with eyes browner than the strong tea. When wicked, they were black; so it was evident now that he spoke with feeling. "Pitiful. Rich as the Peru or the Acapulco ship. Yes. And no one to believe in but Caltrop, our honest Englishman, who kept his books here where we sit, many years, duller than a dog, and went home to die. Maharaja? Not so much as a nine-gun lordling. Where he came from or who gave him that joke of a title, God knows, for his grandfather moved east out of some cloud, some black business, murder and sudden death, built the rookery with the ladies' trinket of a bath, and said nothing. A maharaja of nowhere, Marquis de Carabas, zamindar of a few acres, but rich. I have heard secret legends, how the grandfather escaped one night, a hundred years ago, from a native state where the prince died quickly in bed, his floors all blood next morning, his women's throats cut, his three children, babes, head downward in great jars of honey, the covers lashed on tight with golden cord, and every chest of treasure in the palace gone. Other horrors, which we let pass. I can believe the story. Things did so happen in that time. But nobody knows."

The speaker finished his tea and for a while sat brooding.

"But to facts. We do know," said he, "that our friend H. H., the poor Minotaur as you rightly name him, lived here alone in his ruin, his owl's nest—alone, of course, with a tribe of bloodsuckers—and could not begin to spend his money.

"He tried, he threw it! My boy, how he threw it, with both hands, in the air, to the birds, to the cats, to the nettles! But he could not, for the sack had no bottom, *inépuisable!* What is more, now we arrive to the point."

Runa bent forward, lowering his voice.

"What is more, about two-thirds of it was put away for safe-keeping, hidden by grandfather—and grandson forgot where."

Dan pushed back from table and crossed his legs.

"Oh, come now, ease off!" he protested. "Go tell that to ——"

"It is absolutely true," cut in La Flèche with conviction. "The poor old solitary, the melancholiac spendthrift, he forgot where."

The two men looked each other in the eye, and what Dan read was nothing of last night's frivolity, but cold, hard sense.

"No, I mean it," said Runa. "In a wilderness of this world's goods, a Dead Sea if you like, what did our misanthrope care for more? He had too much at hand, he did not wish to remember. And so one other man, his agent, Caltrop, of this bungalow, knew where to search in case of need. Caltrop is dead, poor chap. I went to England and saw his brother. He left no word, there or here, not a scrap. Honest, I should say? Incorruptible? Tight-mouthed?"

Towers nodded.

"Caltrop was clean straight through. But," he objected, "I don't understand where we two ——"

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"Yes, yes! Art thou there? Wait!" Runa shoved right and left the breakfast things, clearing a lane for speech. "We—you and I. *Quæstio quid juris?* Aha, quite right. But we are not interlopers; we act, having authority. Eighteen months ago the maharaja himself one fine morning came to me with a dish wiper tied round his loins, yellow dust of flower petals on his hair, the remorse of liquor pretty heavy, and two eyes like holes burned in leather. Tremendous, a naughty prophet. He croaked me good-by, for he was going on pilgrimage to cleanse the soul. I wished him well from the bottom of mine."

"He said, 'Oh! Donkeys will scratch donkeys, fools praise fools. But you are better than many.'

"Of course I thanked him and made return.

"'No matter,' says he, bird-naked in the sun, rubbing himself. "'By the way, while I'm gone, you find that bally remainder treasure. If you can, keep half. There's a book about building altars ——'"

"There he left off and waddled into the road, a big bare tummy of sorrow that looked just like nothing on earth."

Runa paused.

"No one has ever seen the Maharaja of Mayaganj since that morning."

Although Dan smiled, it was not because he doubted any part of the history. He sat weighing facts.

"Quite in character," he replied. "Now I see what the skipper meant by a disappearance. But I don't see what you call your authority for acting. A word or two from an eccentric who is vanished into thin air, who may be alive to come back and change his mind, or be dead and ——"

"Bah! Moonshine!" cried La Flèche triumphantly. "No. The good old H. H., he left it in writing behind him, a legal document, a proper commission. Otherwise do you think I'd have taken a step, wagged one of my ten fingers? Our friend Crowninshield has the paper tight in a bank vault. Come! What next, O, doubting saint of Malabar?"

"Why," Towers drawled, "there's an ingenious little quibble in this country, the law of treasure-trove ——"

"Act of 1878," chimed in Runa. "A monument of low cunning. I know it backward. And then? It cannot touch us, my fox; no, not the tip of our tails. For why, our treasure is not ownerless. Check!" He bounced up and began walking the floor. "Check to your king. Mate in two moves, Danny. I will go no farther alone. Now you have come, either you join me—at once, before the others outguess and outplay us—or down I throw the whole flat here at this table and sink back to my dreary old job of catching the budmash, so that you, Leda, the children and I live and die poor as the mice. Tell me which. Yes or no? On the nail, yes or no! Pick another flaw, I warn you, and down goes all, for ever, amen!"

He pulled up short, angrily, and stood waiting. From the rank, desolate garden without, where afternoon beat like greenish flame on tatters of plantain leaf, sunshine reflected came pouring below the veranda thatch. The room, a basket of old gold flimsily woven, was choked with heat; the hour one for slumber, not for conference; yet at this time and place, Dan felt, he with his wild youngster came to a turning point, a tide in their affairs. Which would it be, flood or ebb? Towers had thought to play the skeptic, dry and calm, but now found himself to be smoking furiously, without remembering that he had struck a match.

"Who's paid the servants here?"

"I," said Runa. "What has that to do?"

"Then I'll halve 'em with you, back pay and future. If we discover anything—which I don't believe—you keep it."

"You mean yes? Done? Coming in?"

"For the lark. It's my holiday, you little spellbinder."

Dan rose, laughing as one who had humored a child.

"Good!"

Without another word the slim figure in cream-colored silk turned away and marched through the bedroom door, whistling. It was gone but a moment, to reappear as jauntily.

"You never will regret this."

In each hand Runa brought a helmet—Dan's well-worn pigsticker and a giant mushroom of white pith, the brim an inch thick, the crown varnished like the icing of cake.

"Now then! *Signa canant!* Sound, trumpets! We begin!"

He clapped the mushroom on his head, set the other helmet crosswise like a cocked hat well down over Dan's nose, executed with bent hip and knee a light-opera female salute, then swaggered forth to the veranda. Outdoors, he became a pattern of ordinary behavior, quiet and listless.

"Where?"

"Back to the old man's dungeon." He yawned. "To the palace of the bats, your Minotaur's labyrinth."

They skirted the bungalow, and behind it, gaining the path by which they had come at dawn, remounted slowly through hothouse undergrowth, where thickets of leaning bamboo brushed the face, and ring-streaked pillars of young areca upheld between sun and shade their leaves that glittered like bundles of green knives. There was not even a wandering goat, this time, along the way. When they had come to the faded pink wall, had unlocked the door, entered and shut themselves into the maharaja's garden, they passed but from one heavy stillness to another heavier. Afternoon sleep reigned in full strength beneath high banyans. A dank smell tainted the air, like some last breath of neglect.

"Happy hunting ground for snakes," quoth Runa. "It is not at all gay."

He gave a shrug and led on.

"Have his monkeys disappeared too?" said Dan. "It used to be alive with 'em in here—a tribe of monkeys blowing through the trees, humping along the wall."

"Yes, like a Sabbath of cats. They are gone. He gave them away, did H. H., and sent a few, I hear, his favorites, to the temple at Benares. A reason for doubting he ever meant to return."

At one crook of the garden path La Flèche halted, a strangely dapper guide when buried thus to his middle in weeds.

"The skating rink," he murmured, pointing. "You remember?"

Among more weeds and taller bushes a pavilion heaved its bulk, a ruin of sandstone columns, floor tessellated in black and white marble, and roof soiled by dampness, patched by moss. Bits of old iron cluttered the floor, veining the white squares with orange rust.

"Roller skates. Never-picked up since we were here, seven years ago!"

"And more," sighed Runa. "They are not gay, no, the perishable goods of this world, the broken toys."

Matted shrubbery on what had been a terrace grew close round the foot of the broad, mournful building toward which they now climbed. Seen by day, this palace had a ramshackle air, forbidding yet trivial, as though it had been a mausoleum, then a tenement grubbed out and abandoned. Good brown masonry, scabs of pink stucco, bare faded bricks, crumbled mortar in which little trees hung flourishing, gave it a motley front; the great arch of entrance, tall and noble, overshadowed a vault fretted with some lacework of the chisel, and a minor arch within, half hiding, darkly beautiful; but over all this, three windows leered in a row, drunk, disorderly, their shutters broken, planks nailed athwart them; and grass fringed the coping of the roof like scrubby hair.

"What a tomb, eh?"

At one end, a modern afterthought, a long room or hall of window glass bulged forlornly, staring down over the garden.

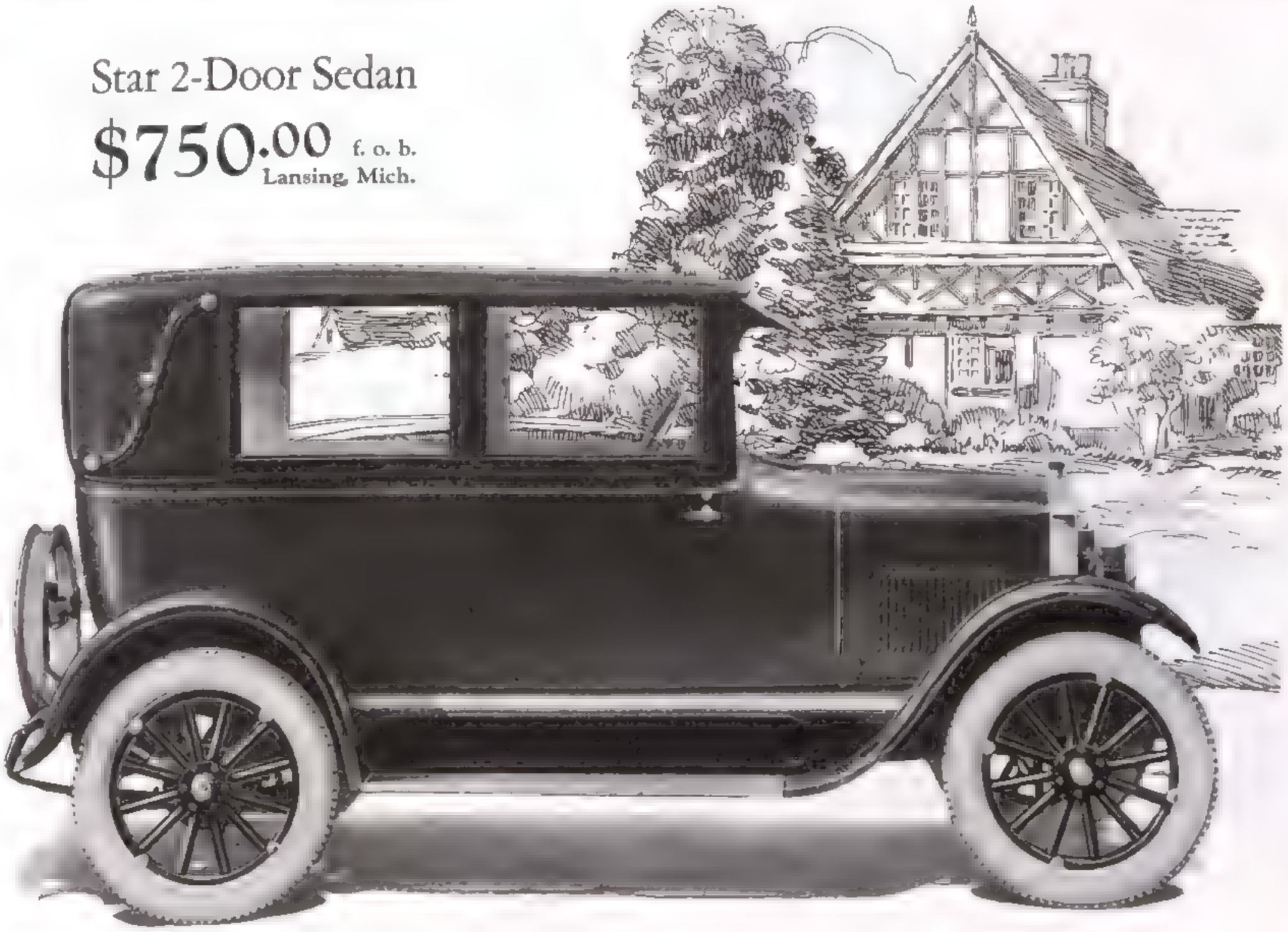
"Easy enough," said Towers, "to break in there."

"We did so," replied Runa, "the thieves' club of which I was an honorary member.

(Continued on Page 90)

Star 2-Door Sedan

$750.00 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.



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Leading jewelers, department and leather goods stores and other stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the Book of Buxton Keytainers—free. BUXTON, INC., 166 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. 166, 844 Marbridge Building, New York.

No more doors that can't be opened—cars stalled, trains missed—because of some fugitive key! A Buxton Keytainer will keep them secure.

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 88)

But when the collector came to lock up the house afterward, he shut that crystal pleasure dome off from the rest. One rat hole stopped. Come, brother, it is our turn; let us try our luck."

They went in by the great arch, then by the lesser, to a postern of blackened wood, strapped with iron bands and studded with iron bosses. Having closed this after him, and pocketed his key, Runa gave a dismal howl of a yawn.

"Dark as your pocket, foul air, hot as — "

He never finished the complaint, for dark as it was in the stone cavern which they had entered, he spied something or other.

"Danny?" Squatting, he peered at the floor with those cat's eyes of his. "Last night, we did not bring a candle downstairs, did we?"

"No."

"No, we came out in the dark. But see!"

What light they had fell glimmering on his toadstool of a helmet. Dan crouched with him and managed to see four or five little gray blobs that dotted the floor in a line.

"Candle grease. Drippings. Fresh, by the look. Somebody came here after you and I left, this morning."

"Who?"

"Others."

"What others?"

Runa wagged his head, jumped up and began to walk methodically about the room. It was a high, narrow vestibule, jammed full of furniture like salvage from a wreck, or Ali Baba's booty; spindling chairs, gilt, red plush, robin's-egg blue; hassocks, magenta velvet dangling with torn passementerie of seed pearl; Chippendale gewgaws, Louis Quinze, thrown together upside down; rolls of carpet hinting at jumbled color, hideous, lovely; brass lamps piled on a mound, their brilliants unstrung down the slope; and to multiply all these in mist, a bleared cheval glass here and there leaning propped against bed or sofa. La Flèche poked his nose behind everything deliberately, hearkened at foot of stairs and mouth of corridor, then came back smiling.

"I cannot tell what others." He sat down on a greasy old couch. "Last night you mocked at my Alexander the Great. No wonder; I do not blame you. But they, these others, believe in him. It is the treasure of Alexander the Great they are after, and for some reason, the god of ignorance only knows why, they think we must likewise be on its track. My thieves babbled of it in this very room. There are queer people, Danny, running about the world. Nature hath framed strange fellows, and some of 'em poke and pry into the oddest corners. Not archæologists or Egyptian grave crackers by profession. I mean free lances, hunters and seekers, who can't leave off because it's in their blood. Why, up Babylonia way, mud ruins where Arab shepherds camp and cover the walls with their *wasms*, I've seen them dug to pieces by harebrained visionaries of the kind. One man I knew died in the Libyan Desert, trying to find the bones of King Cambyses and his army, two hundred and fifty thousand men, with a thumping big treasure, who really do lie covered up somewhere in all that sand. Well then? We have a legend chaser, it may be, for our rival. I should not feel surprised if one were here last night and dripped the candle grease on the floor."

"Why not," said Towers, "your own gatekeeper?"

"Dhirendra? Oh, no; he can't get in. Besides, he'd be afraid to, after dark."

"Then granted we have a lurker in the building?"

"Put him out if we can. If not, why, tap him on the head."

Runa laughed, rose, kicked the couch to one side and waded over a hill of mattresses to where, half buried, an ebony rack bristled with walking sticks. He chose two Malacca canes, both stout, gold-knobbed.

"Here! Good bludgeons." He came wading back, tossed one to Dan and pointed with the other. "Come, let us waste no more time in theory, but move. Our first affair is to view the ground, and perhaps while doing so, find Joe Bramah's lock for our brass key."

It was a melancholy progress they made, in subterranean quiet, through corridors and cross corridors, empty rooms, vaults, rooms crowded with more furniture, more dim wreckage waiting as for an auctioneer. The darkness, moldy and stifling, breathed everywhere a contagion of discouragement. Runa went forward with unconcern, twirling his cane like a drum major, unlocking doors, peering into vacancy or diving among tangled heaps, and so on, whistling between his teeth the ghost of a jig. Once the twilight broadened, to show them a rank of billiard tables, green cloth by the acre, dumped on which lay red balls and white, cues, bridges, a gaudy eight-foot palm fan, bottles, tumblers, a leathery dead bat, a worn-out sandal and a croquet mallet.

"The play box of a child," said Runa, "who did not have a nurse."

They had felt their way down a winding stair, and by candlelight repeated their monotonous round throughout the lowest level of the building before he spoke again. This floor, though black as a mine, was nothing but plain cellar. Storerooms, cupboards and wine bins, all crammed to the ceiling, flanked on either hand a long tunnel which ran straight from a blank foundation wall at one end to a V-shaped angle at the other.

"Not much down here."

Festooned with different patterns of cobweb, but otherwise alike, two doors faced each other asquint in the sides of the V. La Flèche unlocked the right-hand one and pushed it open with a squeal of hinges. Dan holding up the candle, they both saw a bare stone chamber, whitewashed long ago, now streaked brown with damp.

"Only more dust. Lock it up for another generation. Now its mate across the way."

The left-hand door had no fastening but an iron latch.

"Hallo!" Runa tried it first with his hand, then with shoulder. "Lend me a good shove, Danny. Again."

The planking shook, a tress of cobweb dropped and flashed like powder in the candle flame, but this door would not budge.

"No," said Towers. "Bolted on the inside or barred."

His companion drew back, let the latch fall clinking, and nodded. Both men's faces ran with sweat.

"It is not good weather, *mon vieux*, to play the human battering ram. Let be for the present."

Runa spoke lightly and turned away with a shrug. Round the brim of his helmet, like widower's weeds, hung trailing cobwebs. He picked them off, wiped his forehead with a blood-red cotton handkerchief, and grinned. His eyes were sparkling.

"The Bluebeard room in our château? It can wait." A sudden eagerness belied the words. Taking a film of brown cobweb, he looped it across from the latch to a splinter in the wooden casing of the door, fastidiously, so that it hung as if caught there by accident. "Meanwhile, you see, nobody will open the door without our knowledge, eh? It can wait. But it has given me a thought, a very, very curious thought. We are on the edge. Come! Quick! Let us go see."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

He was an old young man at forty

Son of a famous family of horsemen, it was the ambition of his father to see him mature into one of the leading sportsmen of the country.

Even as a boy of five, he began to ride. In his 'teens he was giving as good account of himself on a polo pony as many players much older. His hunters were the envy of his friends.

His big aim, however, was international polo. But just as he was attaining this goal his health began to fail, and now when he should have been in his very prime, he was an old young man of forty.

Shattered health, due to tooth neglect! Hidden wells of poison in his mouth had made him practically an invalid.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses, that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

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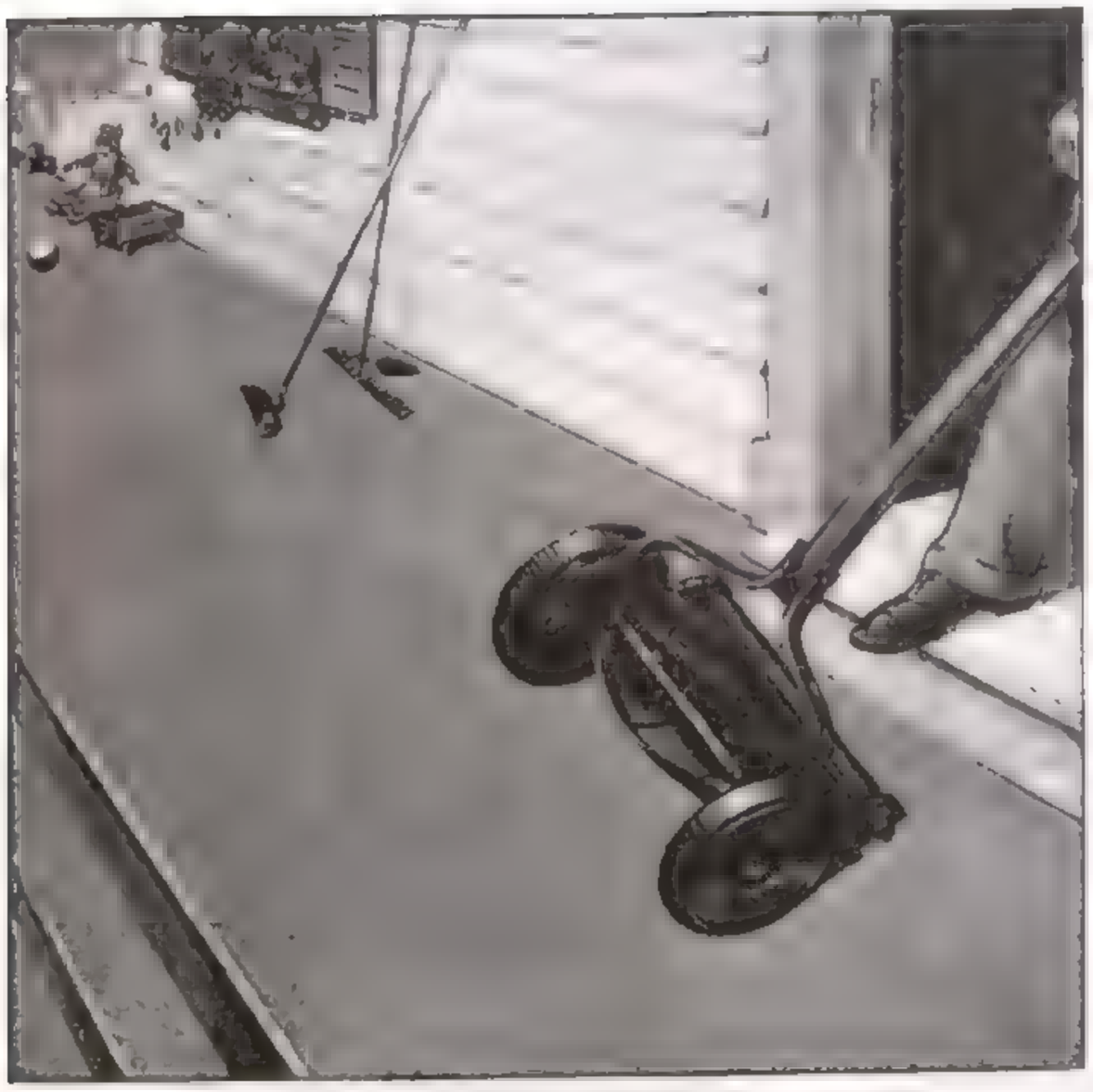

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THE BULL OF BASHAN

(Continued from Page 25)

"Of course you couldn't; but listen here, Mrs. Chever, I'm way ahead of you. There's no reason at all why you shouldn't let me help you if you're going to help me. Is there now?"

The lady looked at him in a sweetly serious way and sighed.

"I was wondering if you'd feel that way, because that seems so different from taking it from a friend."

"Different," bellowed Mr. Wild enthusiastically. "There's no resemblance. Now tell me the rest."

Mrs. Chever drew a long breath and beamed at this satisfying gentleman.

"Well, there isn't much more. Harriet Hollander said ——"

Bashan Wild held up an unsteady finger, and spoke in a temperate voice for the first time that month.

"Is she Mrs. Edwin H. Hollander?"

Mrs. Chever flashed on her most bewitching glance.

"Why, yes; do you know her?"

"No," moaned the overcome man huskily. "But will you excuse me just a minute? I've got to see a man about a dog."

With a restraint that almost broke his iron constitution Bashan Wild got himself into a far room and collapsed on a chaise longue.

"Oh-h!" he groaned, after the first ecstasy of the situation had become dulled. "I never thought I had lived a decent enough life to receive this reward, even in heaven. Edwin, old lad, you will certainly live to swallow your insults on the trustworthiness of Bashan Wild. I'll show you, Edwin, that I'm noisy because I'm good, and not good because I'm noisy."

Fortified by these pleasing prospects, the decorator went back to the lady.

"You said, my dear Mrs. Chever, that all the bills for this work would be paid through Mr. Hollander's office?"

"Yes. You see, Mr. Hollander has gone abroad, but he left instructions that all bills which had my O. K. were to be paid up to a total of eighty thousand dollars."

"Eighty thousand dollars," blurted out Mr. Wild, inwardly tickled at the faith Mr. Hollander had unconsciously placed in his rough estimate of the cost. "Why, that's a darned good job. On that I can afford to pay you more than four thousand dollars." Bashan Wild was running no chance that this arrangement shouldn't appeal to the lady who held his revenge in her hands.

"That's very nice of you, and I certainly need the money." Mr. Wild felt pity for the sincerity in her voice. "I'll tell Mr. Hollander's treasurer to notify you that everything is as I say, and then I'll come in every few days and O. K. the bills as the work goes along. I think that's all."

"That's all I need," urged Bashan Wild. "And you can rest assured I'll spread myself on this job. I've met Mr. Hollander, and I think I know the type of work he likes." He hesitated as Mrs. Arnold Chever paused in the doorway.

"I'm sure, Mr. Wild, that you don't see any reason to mention our little private understanding to the Hollanders, but I do need the money so much that I'm tempted beyond myself."

Bashan Wild put the finger of silence on his lips and bowed deeply to the departing lady.

And way down in the lower hall Mrs. Chever heard the echoings as he thought aloud:

"No, sir, I couldn't double-cross a pretty woman if I died for it!"

But up in his colorful office Mr. Wild could not hear the more discreet thoughts of the lady: "He's so fresh and open and honest. I know there's no need to worry about his ever telling on me."

Within a few days Mr. Wild had secured sufficient documentary authorization to make it safe for him to proceed on the Hollander job as handed to him by Mrs. Chever. And it is doubtful whether there ever was in the Borough of Manhattan, County of New York, a man who licked his chops in such prime glee over the prospect of his revenge on another man who had doubted his ability and honor. And yet it operated as a gentle, beneficent vengeance which hurt no man and profited one woman, for into the furnishing of the Hollander house Bashan Wild put every last force of his genuine talent and every iota of shrewd buying which he possessed.

He was on the job to the unnecessary exclusion of his other work, for it seemed to him that he was doing all this for his own satisfaction. In his other contracts he had merely the owners, who never saw more than the surface of an effect anyway, to please; but in the Hollander house he had to appease his own highly critical and intelligent appreciation of both appearances and values, and he continued to satisfy himself so even after his bookkeeper had warned him that costs were beginning to mount up into the profit portion of the price allowed by Mrs. Chever.

Six weeks after he had started the job and a few days before Mr. Hollander returned from France the house stood completed to the last detail. Then Bashan Wild spent two full days putting his most scrupulous approval on every inch of it; and, smiling at the perfection of the place, returned to his office, where Mrs. Arnold Chever was awaiting him for the final accounting of the work.

Full of the enthusiasm of successful accomplishment he was more than usually vociferous.

"I tell you, Mrs. Chever," he thundered so that a fortune in crystal drops on the lights aloft came close to ruin, "you certainly have been one peach through this whole business. I'm for you. That's me!" He turned and pressed a button for his bookkeeper. "Angus, have you got that cash?"

"Aye," murmured the watchdog to the moneys of the firm, sober before Mr. Wild's lack of respect for much currency, "and the receipt."

"Receipt!" roared Bashan Wild. "Who said anything about a receipt?"

"I did," announced Angus dourly. "No one gets five thousand dollars from me, even of his own money, without I'm covered."

Mr. Wild grabbed the paper, put his own name to it, and waved the Scot away.

"There, my dear lady!" And he tucked an envelope into the side of her hand bag. "And I wish it might be ten times that."

He paused and beamed at her, and she, sincere in her gratefulness to him, beamed back. "You've been perfectly wonderful, Mr. Wild, through the entire affair. There's never been a minute when you haven't made things easy for me, and I'll always be thankful to you."

The moment came so near being serious that it upset Bashan Wild, and he offset it with a fresh volley of banter.

"Me? I didn't do a thing. And I wish something else too. I wish there wasn't any Mr. Chever."

"Yes?" inquired Mrs. Chever playfully, filled with the holiday spirit because she, too, was full of the enthusiasm of successful accomplishment as she slipped the envelope to greater safety inside her bag.

Bashan Wild pushed his thumbs into his waistcoat pocket, and seemed to boom out his sentiments to the world rather than to any single lady.

"Yes, sir, if there wasn't any Arnold Chever I'd step right up, I would, and kiss the prettiest woman I've seen in many a moon, smack on the mouth. That's me!" And he turned loose a laugh which guaranteed his absolute incapacity to carry through even such a jovial threat.

"Oh!" squealed the prettiest woman. "I wouldn't be afraid in that case, because Mr Chever and I think absolutely alike on such

(Continued on Page 94)

A new way to build or buy homes

Three things to put into the home you build
Three things to look for in the home you buy

THIS is probably the most remarkable advance in homebuilding of the generation—the Triple Insulated Home.

It is another Johns-Manville development.

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These extraordinary results are achieved in the Triple Insulated Home only by the use of three Johns-Manville materials in combination. Look for them in the house you buy or see that they are included in the house you build. They are

1. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

These shingles, as you already know, eliminate the hazard of the roof-communicated fire, and entitle owner to base rates of insurance. In addition to this, they are permanent and immune to rot, corrosion and other destructive agents. They form a beautiful, permanent roof which should never put you to any maintenance expense.

2. Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

Applying Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

is an insulation for heating systems. Because of its unusual construction, it keeps the maximum of heat within your heating pipes and so secures the delivery of heat to your rooms where you want it. It is the most efficient household insulation on the market.

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(Continued from Page 92)

things, and I've frequently said to him, 'Arnold, if you see a pretty woman who wants to be kissed don't disappoint the poor dear. What's a man good for if he can't be accommodating?'"

"Huh?" barked Bashan Wild, who had his bluffs called so seldom that the novelty of the situation left him thoughtless. "Who? Me? No, I wouldn't do a thing like that for a mint."

The lady laughed lightly.

"Bashan Wild, I think you're just a sweet old baby who wouldn't hurt a flea, and I think I'll kiss you, whether you like it or not." And Mrs. Chever moved forward to the attack.

"No, for heaven's sake don't!" cried the abashed man, paralyzed in his tracks and seeking wildly for some defensive argument. "If you do that I won't—I won't be able to 'look every man in the eye and tell him to go to hell.'"

"Oh, yes, you can, Bashan, because Arnold Chever won't care." And she closed her eyes and held up her lips.

There was a sudden charge, and she opened her eyes to see the scared Mr. Wild plunging out the door and down the stairs.

An hour later he crept from a litter of packing boxes in the far reaches of the cellar, and, finding the house clear of this woman who had called his bluff, went unsteadily back to his work.

And the following day he wrote to Edwin H. Hollander, so that the letter should await the latter's homecoming:

"*My dear Mr. Hollander:* Through the kind approval of Mrs. Arnold Chever, who was asked by Mrs. Hollander to select a decorator to do your new home, I have had that honor.

"I hope that in every particular you will find it most suitable to your requirements and ideas of taste."

Mr. Wild paused in his dictation and mouthed the next sentence, which was merely an expensive gesture, yet a gesture which was cheap balm to a pride made sore by Mr. Hollander's insults:

"I find that a reëxamination of the costs on your work shows a surplus beyond my regular operating profit. I have the pleasure, therefore, to inclose a check to your order for three thousand dollars, which is the sum of your overpayments.

"Very sincerely yours,
"BASHAN WILD."

"Edwin, old kid," sighed Mr. Wild, "if I'm a judge of humans, that'll bring you up with a start. And bear in mind, Edwin, that it's the untrustworthy, noisy lad who's doing this."

A few days later while Mr. Wild was again employed in trying to split the dainty mechanism of his telephone, he sighted Mr. Hollander in the outer office.

"Come on in, Ed," he roared; "come on in." Bashan Wild had never as yet met the man he couldn't call by his first name at their second meeting, and no thought as to whether this man might appreciate it or not worried him.

Mr. Hollander entered, a trifle prim through a complete understanding of his own value, and seated himself carefully.

Mr. Wild slammed down the telephone, swung around the desk and beat the startled man of business upon the shoulders.

"Well, Ed, how do you like the house? I felt some compunction about putting it over on you like that, but I just had to. And I'm here to say you couldn't have got a job like that anywhere else in the world for less than a hundred thousand dollars."

Even Bashan Wild, who usually took slight notice of the warmth in people's voices, felt the enthusiasm in E. H. Hollander's.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wild. The house is truly charming. You certainly have vindicated your claim to capability."

"Yeh?" exploded the decorator, radiant with the working out of his vengeance. "And how about being trustworthy? What?"

"You mean the rebate of three thousand dollars? I appreciate that too. But there is another little matter which distresses me."

"Out with it, Ed. Out with it. I'm old Doc Fixit, and my motto is 'Satisfaction to All.'"

Mr. Hollander looked thoughtfully at the Adam carpet and spoke judicially:

"It's about Mrs. Chever. She——"

"There's a pretty woman for you, Ed. She's one in a million. She's pure gold, that girl is." And Mr. Wild repeated his sentiments several times before his client had a chance to proceed.

"Yes, I think so myself. And now, hearing how you feel about her, I am more distressed than ever that you failed to live up to the little private understanding she had with you."

For once Bashan Wild decided not to speak. He sat down slowly, never taking his eyes from the speaker's face.

"As I understood the arrangement, you were to give her a commission for bringing in my job. And the poor girl couldn't collect a cent. Frankly, I'm shocked with you."

It was too much for Mr. Wild. He forgot his good intentions and promises, and blurted his question:

"Do you mean—say—did she say she didn't get five thousand dollars?"

"Five thousand dollars?" asked Edwin H. Hollander quickly. "Five thousand dollars? I told her to ask for three thousand dollars."

Bashan Wild pulled at the band of his collar and shook his head feebly as though to test its connection with himself.

"You told her," he whispered. "What do you mean, you told her?"

Mr. Hollander seemed very calm, although he held out a restraining hand.

"Mr. Wild, I might as well place my cards on the table. There is no Mrs. Chever. Mrs. Chever is Mrs. Hollander, my wife. I calculated from our talk at lunch that day that if a commission was to be obtained, I might as well profit to the extent of it. Mrs. Hollander merely carried out the little plan I perfected for the occasion."

The situation was slow to sift through Bashan Wild's brain, but it gradually came through in blurted questions.

"Then there's no Mr. Arnold Chever?"

"No," said Mr. Hollander, almost pious in his pride over such subtlety.

Mr. Wild almost sobbed his next.

"And the poor girl spoke so feelingly about how tight her husband was with cash. I could have sworn she was telling the truth about that. Women certainly can fool me."

Edwin H. Hollander was eying the decorator very keenly, as he spoke with unusual crispness.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Wild, that you claim you gave Mrs. Hollander five thousand dollars?"

The accustomed jauntiness came back to Bashan Wild with a rush; he stuck his thumbs in his vest pockets and turned loose his foghorn voice.

"Me? No, I didn't give her a cent. I figured that if anyone got it you should. That's the reason I made the three thousand dollar check out to you." He paused and murmured softly, "No, sir, I'll bet this Arnold Chever never said to her, 'Mary, you're a pretty woman, and if a man wants to kiss you, don't disappoint the poor fellow.'"

Mr. Wild gazed speculatively at the perplexed gentleman before him.

"That's me, Ed! That's the way I operate. All open and aboveboard. I live so I can 'look every man in the eye and tell him to go to hell.'"

Mr. Hollander was extremely deep in considerations which seemed to worry him.

"Yes, I suppose you do, Mr. Wild. And yet I wonder if she has told—good gracious, no; she's my wife and of course couldn't." He advanced toward Bashan Wild and smiled gently. "If it's convenient, Mr. Wild, I suggest that you get your hat and we'll step over to my club. I really think I should set them up because—well—we simple-minded men must stick together."

A BRAND-NEW IDEA IN COUPÉ DESIGN

Priced Only $50 Above the Touring

This handsome personal closed car is one of the great automobile achievements of the year. Here Franklin has not only created a beautiful, correctly styled and quality-built car, but has produced it, through skilful design and manufacture, to sell at only $50 above the Touring model. Upholstered in finest beige leather, with a seat broad enough for three abreast. Special steel front pillars give clearest driver vision. Doors are unusually wide, luggage space unusually roomy. Mechanically, it could only be a Franklin—soft-riding, free from cooling troubles, easy to care for, economical. A permanent delight for sport, social, business and professional uses

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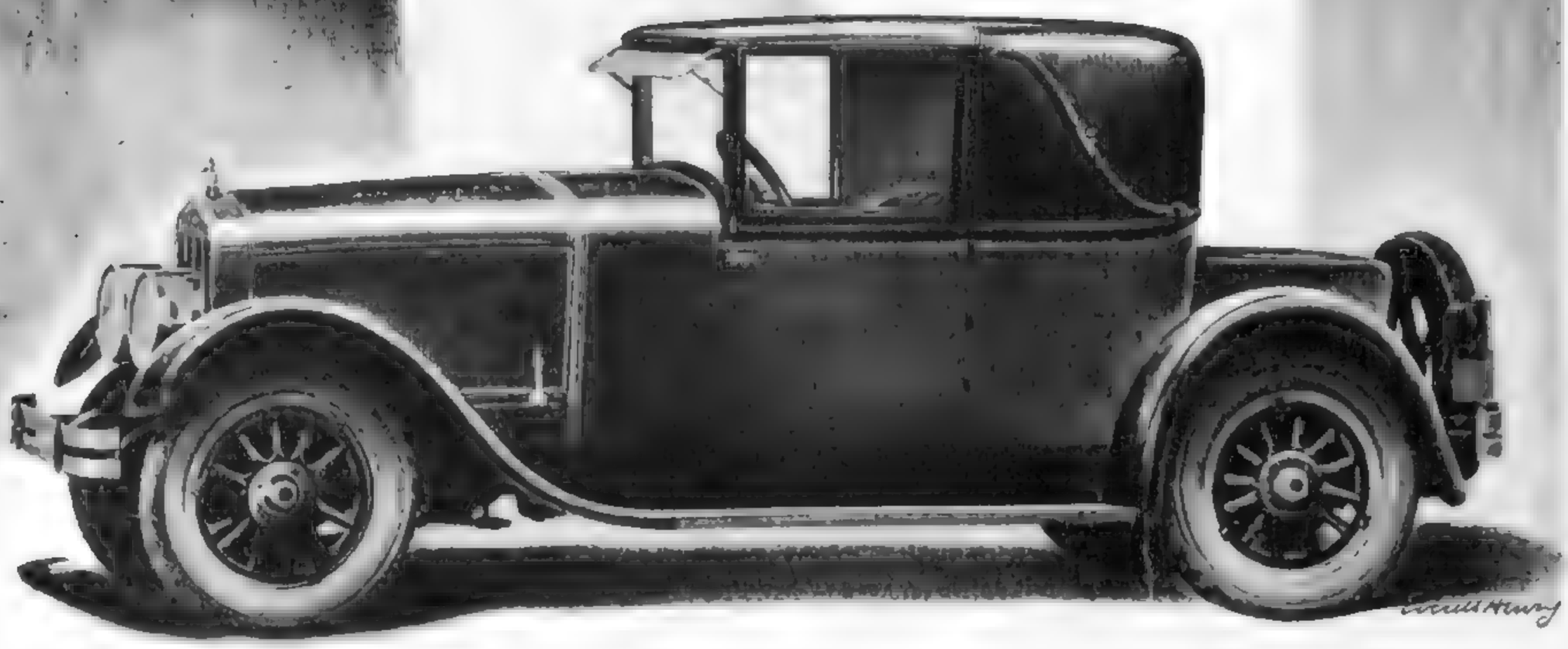
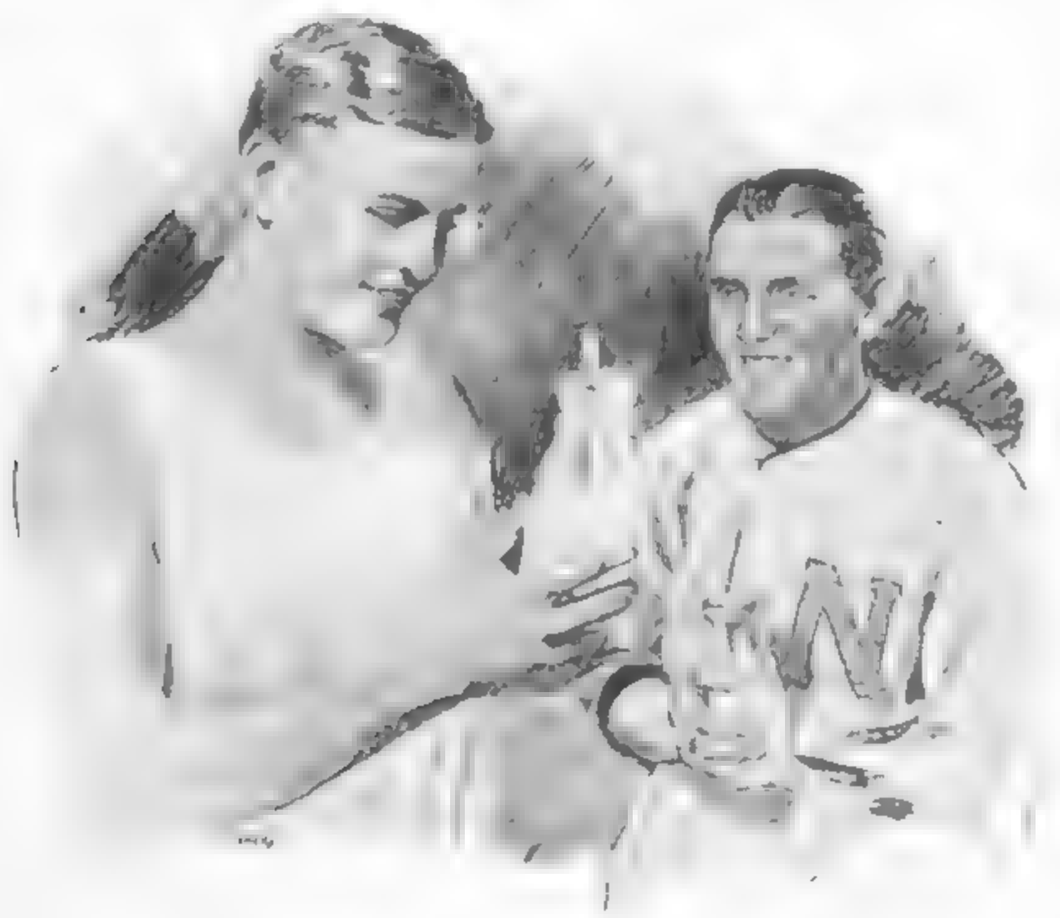


FRANKLIN

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health



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For the hard-fought, friendly fray, milk gives old and young alike a vision clear, a mind alert and muscles lithe and strong.

Drink *more bottled milk*—at mealtime and between meals, too. It builds permanent nerve and body tissues so essential to success in work and play alike.

Bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure the milk you buy is bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles—your guarantee of *full-measure*, and good evidence that your milkman is progressive and gives good service.

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Look for the Thatcher imprint on the bottle's lower edge. It's your milkman's guarantee of Honest Measure—always.

THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles

THE MYSTIC FAN

(Continued from Page 31)

come to me—the master!" he said in a thin, jeering voice, with a foreign accent, smiled at them maliciously and raised his head and laughed. It was exactly and deliberately the bleat of a goat.

The two of them seemed to cringe before him. He came forward with curiously mincing, almost dancing, steps and bent over the box. The two others scowled at him. Miss Timmins smiled; only her excellent manners prevented her from laughing.

Then he bestowed a leer of quite uncommon fascination upon her and asked her the price of the fan. On hearing that it was not for sale, he bleated feebly that she joked. She made it clear to him that she did not. The assurance that she could ask what she liked for it caused her to repeat the statement in a good loud voice, in order that, being a foreigner, he might understand her better. An expression of childish dismay filled his long face from top to bottom. He looked like a young and not very robust goat that a perfect stranger has kicked on the left ham.

"But why won't you sell it to us?" asked Lady Stairforth impatiently.

"It wouldn't be any use to you if I did," said Miss Timmins. "My friend told me that if you bought it, as I did, it hasn't any virtue for you. It has to be given or stolen."

"He has the secret knowledge then," said the Goat of Mendes.

"That's what he told me," said Miss Timmins, not committing herself.

"But why do you keep it?" asked Mr. Gregory.

"To bring customers to the shop," said Miss Timmins.

Baffled, they turned from her to examine and discuss the fan. They talked at length about the emblems on the handle; they squabbled about the crystal balls. The Goat of Mendes maintained that they were protective, keeping the dangerous emanation from the fan from penetrating the wooden walls of the box and injuring those who came near it. Mr. Gregory maintained that they kept the fan at the full height of its virtue. Then they turned to Miss Timmins and surveyed her with unhappy, wistful eyes.

"Of course we cannot steal it, and she will not give it to us," said the Goat of Mendes in incredibly mournful accents.

The face of Mr. Gregory grew suddenly bright with a happy idea.

He said, "I tell you what; we might hire it—just for the ceremonies."

For a moment this seemed fair, and Miss Timmins hesitated.

Then she said hastily, "No; there can't be any question of money about it at all. I'm not taking money either to sell it or to hire it out."

She spoke in a tone of finality, and they gazed at her yet more unhappily.

Then Lady Stairforth said angrily, "Ah, you are one of us, but you won't admit it!"

"Yes; she has the knowledge. She knows more about the *mystica vannus* than even I do. I do not know the tradition—no," said the Goat of Mendes solemnly. "It is a matter to arrange. Mademoiselle shall impart her secrets. We of the secret knowledge are brethren. Also we will pay."

"But I haven't got any secrets," Miss Timmins protested.

He shrugged his shoulders with an unbelieving smile and said. "The holders of the secrets are always dumb." Then he turned to the others and added, "We must find a way to persuade mademoiselle to tell us the things she knows. We must cultivate her friendship."

Miss Timmins protested that she had nothing to tell them; but she protested with no great violence. Why discourage expensively dressed people who might become customers?

They did. It was to Lady Stairforth that the happy thought came to ask Miss Timmins if she had anything else like the fan, and Miss Timmins produced the jade charms. Lady Stairforth pounced on a small roughly carved animal of greenish-brown jade, very old. Miss Timmins had been unable to decide whether it was a boar, tiger or a cat.

"It's the Red Mouse! The Red Mouse of Berkaial!" cried Lady Stairforth, immensely excited.

A discussion followed about whether the Red Mouse of Berkaial, which was one of the devils of the Cabala, could have got to China. It was decided that the devils are cosmopolitans. Finding that it was of this extraordinary interest, Miss Timmins obtained six pounds for it. She gathered that Lady Stairforth was of the opinion that the Red Mouse of Berkaial would be uncommonly useful at baccarat. Then, begging Miss Timmins to give consideration to the matter of imparting her quota of the secret knowledge to them, they took their leave of her with many flattering expressions of liking and esteem.

During the day four more expensively dressed ladies came to try to buy the mystic fan. Two of them, so spoiled that they must have been rich, indeed, were uncivil to Miss Timmins when she would not sell it. Each of the others bought a jade charm. There came also a stout palmist in a coney-seal coat and prewar hat, who thought that it might be useful in her business, and a male amateur psychometrist, richly bearded, who wished to psychometrize it.

In the evening, as Miss Timmins was closing the shop, Lord Scredington came to learn how she had fared. She expressed her extreme pleasure in the fact that the mystic fan had sold jade charms for her to the tune of thirteen pounds. Then she told him about the three visitors of the morning.

He laughed joyfully and said, "The Goat of Mendes! I might have known that he would come browsing round! Did you ever see anything like it?"

"I never did," said Miss Timmins with conviction. "He seemed to be a goat on purpose."

"That's just what he is—and by nature too—one of the silly ones. He calls himself Baron Gilles Desforêts. But I should think he was christened something much less occult. You certainly made three worthy friends, of whom you'll see a good deal as long as you have the *mystica vannus*. They'll certainly never rest till they get it from you."

"Then they won't rest," said Miss Timmins with decision.

Insensibly, Miss Timmins had relaxed from the guard which she so watchfully maintained in the society of the agreeable young nobleman. Carelessly, she came one step outside the counter, behind which she had so quickly retired on his arrival. On the instant he grabbed her and kissed her. She hit him hard on the head with her clenched fist. Then she rubbed her knuckles.

"If you'd hit me anywhere else, you'd have hurt me," he said triumphantly. "But this"—he tapped his head—"this is solid. And don't go and stick a thousand on the next thing you sell me."

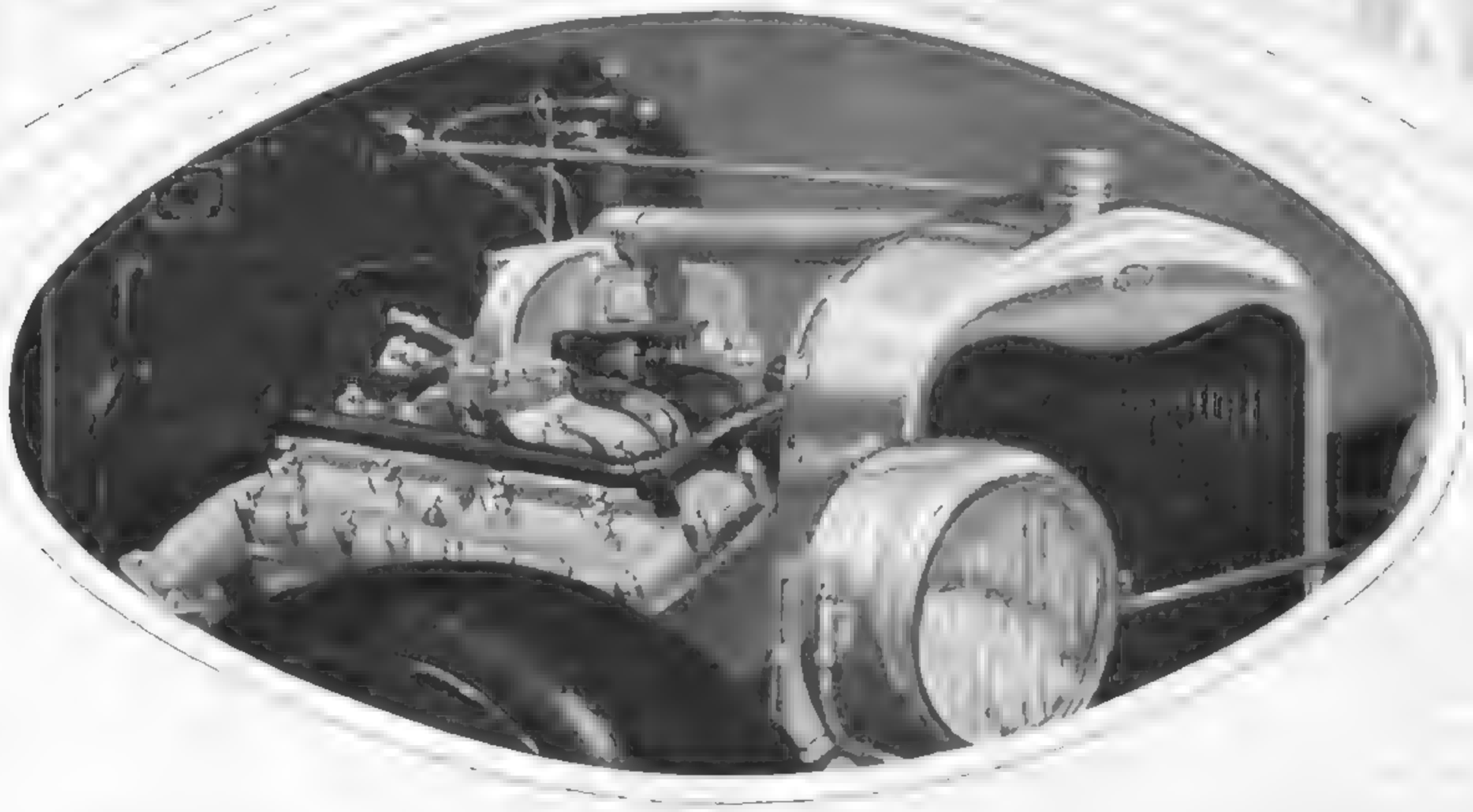
Miss Timmins did not express in words the contempt and loathing with which the dastardly action had filled her; she did her best to look it. But she was so prettily flushed that she hardly got it across.

Then he apologized at length, protesting that he had been quite unable to help it. Then, since Miss Timmins had become dumb and apparently unable to see him, he took his leave.

Early in the morning Miss Timmins went round to several dealers of her acquaintance and procured eight more small jade charms at a reasonable price. Only four of the initiates, ladies who had seen more summers, to say nothing of winters, than was satisfactory, came to try to buy the fan in the course of the day; but she sold to two of them jade charms—for a trifle more, it is

(Continued on Page 98)

The Unrhythmic Firing Principle of the LINCOLN MOTOR



RHYTHMIC vibration has been a major problem in the building of automobile engines since the inception of the industry. Universal practice has been to accept this condition as insurmountable.

In the Lincoln, as in the Liberty airplane engine, however, rhythmic vibration has been prevented through basic design.

Just as the march of troops in regular step across a bridge sets up destructive vibration—so do regularly timed motor explosions cause periodic vibration which crystallizes the finest steels, impairs motor car performance and shortens the period of car usefulness. And just as troops in broken ranks may cross a bridge without injury to it—so does the unrhythmic firing principle of the Lincoln motor provide a smoothness of operation which in turn assures flexibility, maximum power and long life.

The Lincoln with its great reserve power—always in perfect control—is conceded to be the fastest stock car built.

In fact everything that might possibly be done to make it the finest motor car in the world has been conscientiously performed.

Perfection has been made the goal in a program of betterment which has carried the Lincoln to the peak of automotive achievement.

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Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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CORROSION the Cancer of Metal—

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YOU seldom think of the pipe in your home—*until* corrosion, the deadly disease to which this pipe is subject—causes a disastrous leak. Again, you seldom think of the cost of piping until you have to pay a bill to repair water damage. The time to think about pipe is beforehand—when you are building or remodeling.

Specify Reading Genuine Wrought Iron—the pipe that endures. The pipe with immensely greater rust resistance than the hardest steel. In numberless instances Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe has been found to outlast the building in which it was installed.

Why take chances with inferior pipe when "Reading," figured on the most conservative basis of its probable life, actually costs you less?

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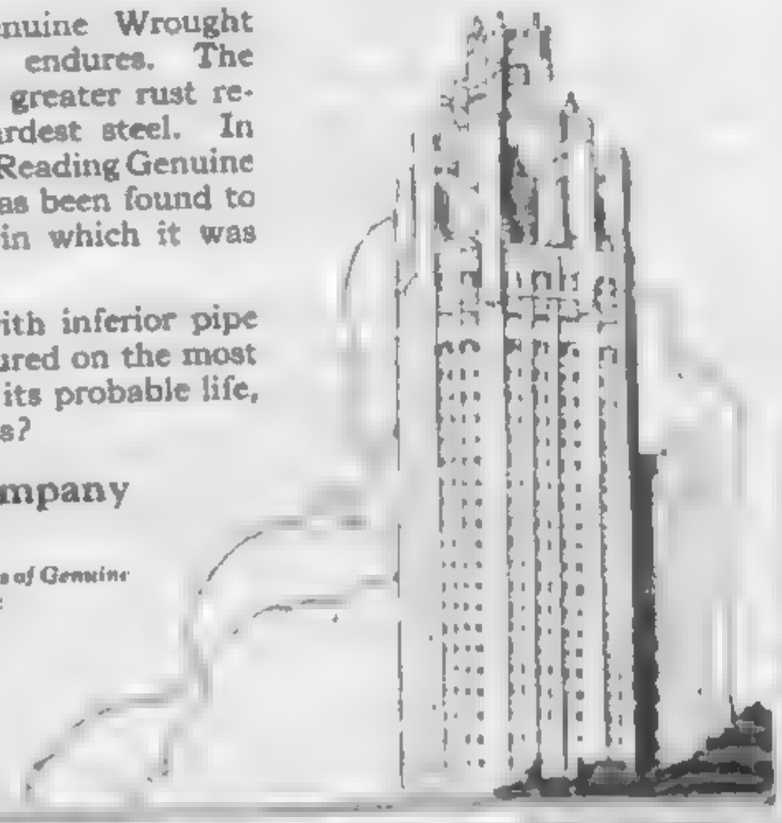


READING PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 96)

to be feared, than she had paid for the eight.

It was just as she was about to close the shop at night that the portly gentleman came into it. He was portly and tall and straight, with curiously dull eyes, soft of voice and suave of manner. He moved quietly about the shop and asked the prices of a Satsuma teapot, an alabaster Buddha and a bamboo Shou Lao. Then apparently his eye fell on the mystic fan.

"What's that?" he asked in a casual tone.

That casualness would have deceived a man, but it did not deceive Miss Timmins, inured to the wiles of the customer. His tone was just a trifle too casual in the face of so uncommon an object. He had come for the fan.

She did not say what it was; she would not call it a fan; she said, "Oh, that isn't for sale."

"Not for sale?" he said sharply. "Then what's it doing here?"

"It's a curious thing and people come to look at it," she said in careless accents.

"Well, I don't want to look at it. I want to buy it. How much do you want for it?" he said with an insistent air.

Again Miss Timmins told him that it was not for sale. In a rising, grating voice he said that that merely meant that she was keeping it till some customer came along from whom she could extract an extravagant price, but that he was willing to pay a good price for it himself, and wanted it. When she told him that he could not have it, he almost stormed at her and said that he was going to have it; that she was going to sell it to him. If it was not for sale, it should not have been exposed for sale, and he was going to buy it.

He stood with his hands on the counter, bending forward, glowering down at her. He seemed to have grown bigger, and his curious dull eyes were now very bright and seemed to be boring into her. He seemed to be growing all eyes. She felt that he was putting forth a tremendous overbearing force of will to get his way. He went on repeating the same phrases again and again with an increasing urgency.

"You can't have it. It's not for sale," she said weakly.

"But it is—it is—I tell you it is!" he urged. "You want to sell it to me; you know you want to sell it to me."

She did not want to sell it to him; but she was conscious of an immense desire to get rid of him, of the oppression of his eyes and voice; she could only shake her head.

Holding her still with his eyes, he told her again more loudly and more insistently that the fan was for sale; that that was what it was there for, that she wanted to sell it to him. He bade her take it out of the case and give it to him at once.

"Give it to me—give it to me—give it to me!" he said again and again.

So oppressive was his insistence, so compelling were his eyes, now just points of light, that, dazed, she was on the point of giving way, when Lord Scredington came quietly through the door of the shop. He stood still, taking in what was happening. Then, his lips wreathed with a very disagreeable smile, he came lightly forward and laid his hand heavily on the portly gentleman's left shoulder.

A phrase died suddenly on the portly gentleman's lips; the force seemed to rush out of him. He just sagged; the color seemed to be sucked suddenly out of his face, flushed by his efforts. He seemed unable to look round, and loudly swallowed a great lump in his throat.

"What's all this, Mr. Harris? What do you think you're doing?" said Lord Scredington; and his pleasant voice was infinitely more grating than the portly gentleman's had been.

The portly gentleman whipped round with a snarl and stuttered, "What d-d-do you mean b-b-by laying your hand on m-m-me?"

Lord Scredington looked as if he had never been debonair in his life, and said in a chilly voice, "In about ten seconds I shall be laying my knuckles on you, good and hard, you fat bully. Clear out!"

Miss Timmins was staring at him with parted lips; it seemed to her that, quiet though he was, he was putting forth ever so much more force than the portly gentleman had done.

The portly gentleman took one look at him, pulled himself together, turned and burst into a storm of voluble, loud protest. But as he protested he went, and the door of the shop banged behind him.

Miss Timmins leaned forward over the counter, trembling violently. Lord Scredington swung himself over it, and sitting on it, lifted her on to his knee, hugged her gently and kissed her.

"It's all right—quite all right," he said gently, and kissed her again.

Miss Timmins began to cry, and for about three minutes she cried violently. Then she was horribly ashamed of herself. It was such a silly thing to do! She slipped out of his arms and stood, leaning against the wall, dabbing furiously at her eyes with an almost invisible pocket handkerchief.

Lord Scredington showed himself to be a man of experience. He swung himself over the counter, went to the kitchen and brought her a glass of water. She drank a third of it and recovered her serenity, though she was still trembling.

"That's better," he said cheerfully; then he added gravely, "But we must stop this racket. I'd no idea that brute was in London or I doubt if I'd ever have started it—at any rate, with you in it."

"I won't stop it! I won't!" said Miss Timmins. "I won't be bullied!"

"But the brute's dangerous, I tell you. And he's the chief of a really dangerous crowd."

"I don't care," said Miss Timmins fiercely.

"Well, well, there are points about being a little tigress after all," he said, smiling at her. "I like your spirit. But all the same, I'm going to take care of the fan for you. If it isn't here, they can't do anything and they won't try. Then you can wait in peace for the offers Baron Gilles Desforêts and his friends will make you, and they'll make offers and offers."

For a while the angry Miss Timmins, angry chiefly with herself for crying, refused to let him keep the fan for her; but in the end she let him have his way.

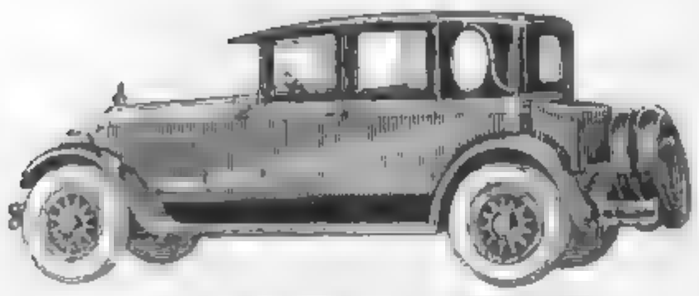
The following morning she awoke gloomy. She could not get over the fact that she had cried in that silly way. It was a pleasure to her to tell excited initiates that the fan was no longer on view. Two of them thought to inquire if she had anything else of a like nature, and she sold two more charms. Those two went away happy.

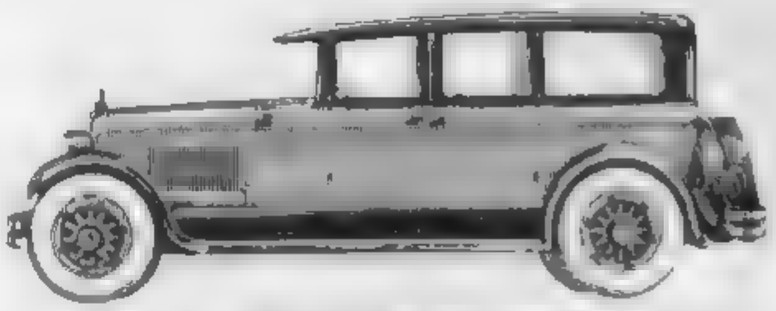
For three days initiates called to see the fan and went disappointed away. Miss Timmins kept her eyes open for an initiate sent to spy out the land by Mr. Harris. She was sure that one would come. Her suspicion fell on a curiously pale, curiously quiet, almost lifeless lady dressed in black with a costly simplicity that excited her keenest envy. On learning that the fan was not only no longer to be seen, not even in Devonshire Street, the lady lost her lifelessness and became almost as peremptory in her inquiries as Mr. Harris himself had been in demanding that the fan should be sold to him. The lady did not learn where it was and went away scowling.

Then on the fourth day came Mr. Gregory, smiling in the manner of one who has solved a problem, greeted Miss Timmins warmly, and said, "My friends and I have been considering the matter and we realize that the master who told you that any monetary transaction would impair the virtue of the *mystica vanna* was right. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be that you should lend it to us, bringing it yourself to the place where the ceremony for which we need it is held. We should want it for about eight hours, and we should pay you a fee for your time and trouble. There would therefore be no monetary

(Continued on Page 100)

The NEW MARMON

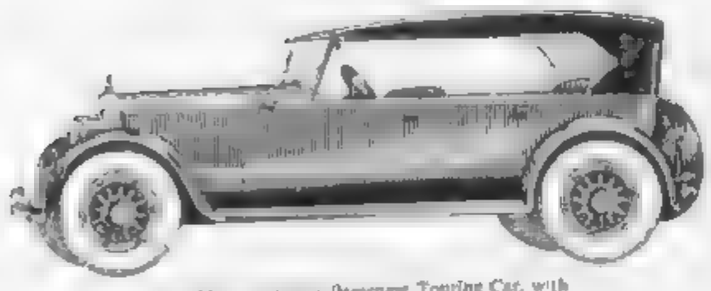




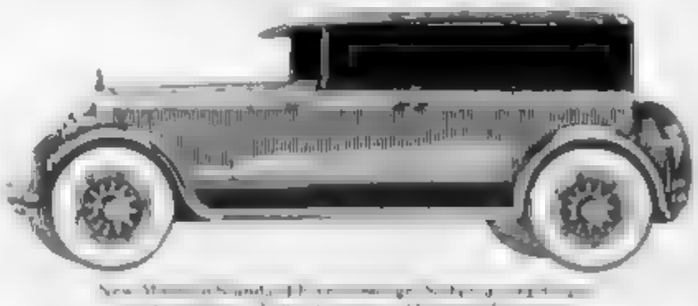
11 *Distinct Models to Choose From*

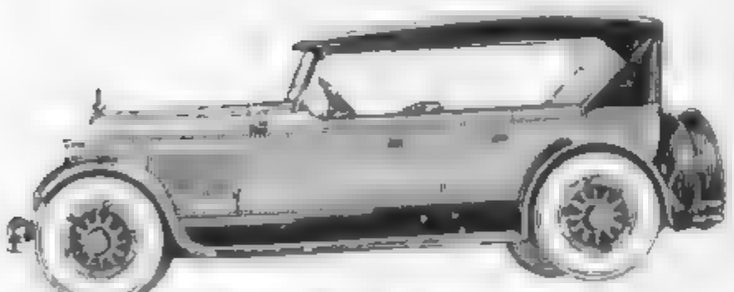
MARMON's unprecedented popularity is no accident. At a time when the principal difference between a vast number of motor cars is the emblem on the radiator, any car of distinctive design and sound value was predestined to success.

Marmon has gone to extremes in interpreting the needs, desires and specifications of the individual purchaser. The Marmon program fits *your* program. In one of the *eleven* different and distinct body types you will find exactly the right seating capacity and seating arrangement—exactly the right amount of leg room and head room—exactly the right conveniences and appointments—at, we believe, exactly the right price.



New Marmon Seven-passenger Touring Car, with





THE chassis is the same for all body styles—the famous six-cylinder chassis of 136-inch wheelbase on which Marmon has concentrated for so many years, but with many new refinements.

Open cars, $3165. Closed cars, $3295 to $3975

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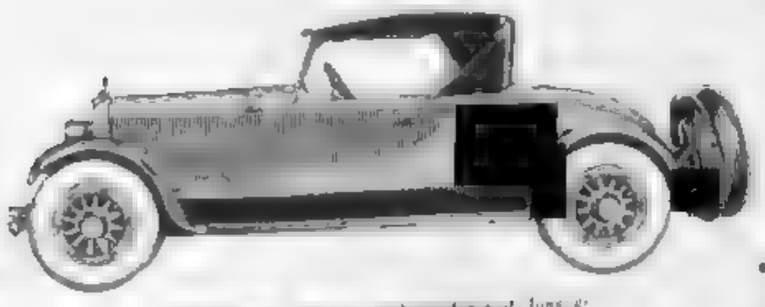

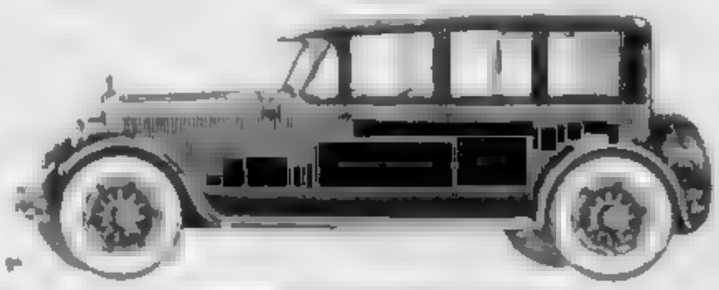

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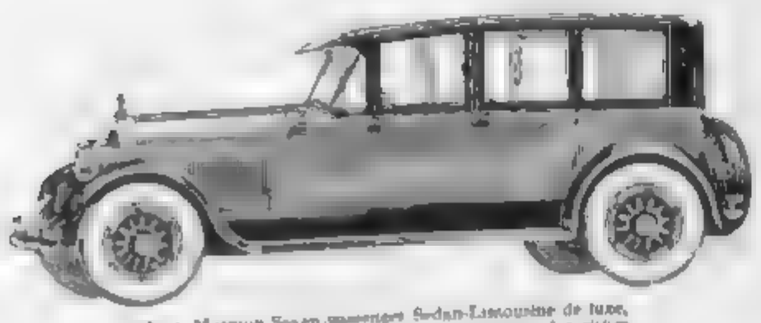

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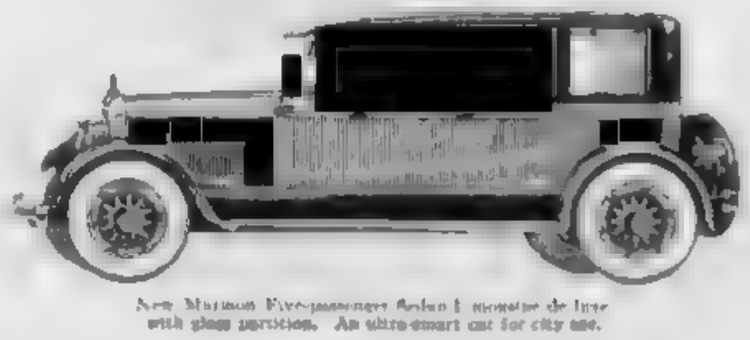
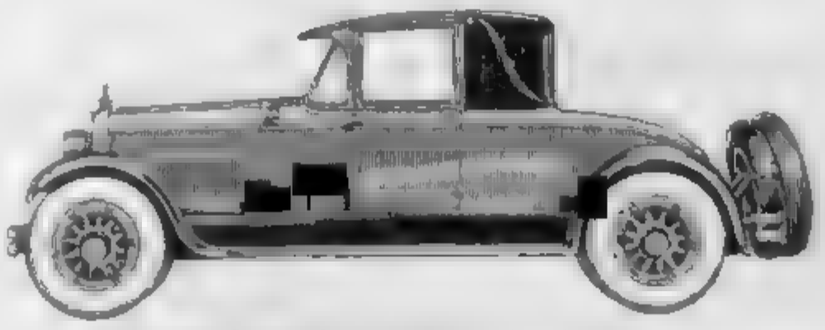
at practically open car price

NEW MARMON DE LUXE MODELS
permitting still more intimate expression of personal taste



New Marmon Five-passenger Sedan Limousine de luxe with glass partition. An ultra-smart car for city use.

New Marmon Seven-passenger Sedan-Limousine de luxe, with glass partition completely disappearing, for either owner-driver or chauffeur use.



New Marmon Coupe de luxe, accommodating three passengers on a single, full-width seat. Commodious luggage compartment.

Waste in Massachusetts

ACCORDING to Eugene Hultman, Fuel Administrator of Massachusetts, $16,000,000 were paid in 1920 by the people of his state alone for slate in coal.*

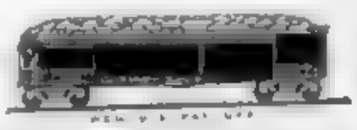
How huge must be the total for the country!

So huge that the policy long ago adopted by The Consolidation Coal Company of shipping *only clean coal* from its ninety-eight mines becomes nationally important.

And by Consolidation Clean Coal is meant coal from which slate, rock and other visible non-combustible impurities have been removed *at the mine*.

More cars released for industry and agriculture, no freight to pay on something that cannot be burned, more heat per ton, no charges for avoidable mine wastes to be passed on to the ultimate consumer—such is the economic significance of Consolidation Clean Coal to American industry.

*Report of the Select Committee on Reconstruction and Production, U. S. Senate, Pursuant to Resolution 350, 66th Congress 3rd Session, Page 22.



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WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg.*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg.*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Rockefeller Bldg.*
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Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.* / TORONTO, CANADA *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Royal Bank Bldg.* / GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*

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(Continued from Page 98)

transaction that touched the fan itself. Since we should need it at night and it would mean your coming down to the country for that night, we would pay you a fee of ten guineas. Of course, we should send for you and send you home."

To Miss Timmins, ten guineas seemed to be a very fair fee. But she hesitated. These were queer people; it might not be safe to spend a night in the country with them. She would consult Lord Scredington. He knew them. She thanked Mr. Gregory and said that she would think it over and let him know.

"I do hope you'll see eye to eye with us in this matter," he said anxiously. "If only you were one of us—an initiate yourself. Have you never craved to pierce the veil?"

"Never!" said Miss Timmins hastily. "I don't think I should like it. The gentleman who looks like—like a goat, you know."

Mr. Gregory's face fell and he said sadly, "It is strange—very strange, how few people seem to take to the baron."

After begging her to let him know her decision quickly, he took his leave. She rang up Lord Scredington and told him about the offer. He said that he would come to consult with her at once, and came.

She was relieved to be assured by him that she might safely go, that the Gregory crowd were quite harmless.

But she said unhappily, "All the same, I don't like taking their money."

"Don't let that worry you. They'll get their money's worth out of the fan, all right. The fact that it is on the altar, or wherever they put it, will help them enormously to get into a state to see Bacchus and Bacchanals and satyrs and fauns and leopards—or is it tigers?—and goats and the whole Bacchanalian rout. Besides, you don't know what properties that little jade plaque may possess. As part of a spirit gong, it has been mixed up with devil worship for perhaps hundreds of years. It ought to be first-class ju-ju. You're bound to give the poor little thing a chance. They may get some surprising results, half Bacchic and half Chinese devils. It wouldn't be fair to rob them for a paltry ten guineas."

Miss Timmins was persuaded. On the following Monday night, bearing the fan, she was driven in a large car along the Birmingham Road, through Watford, to a small town she did not know a few miles beyond it; then away to the left along country lanes to a great house in the middle of a great park. Evidently the servants had been sent away, for Mr. Gregory himself opened the door and led her to a small suite of rooms in the left wing. Supper was laid for her; on a tray was set her breakfast for the morning. He left her, taking the fan with him, and she locked the door after him. She had acquired a distrust of the occult.

Then she opened the window wide, enjoying the fragrant air that rose from the flowers in the great gardens. She saw more than twenty big, quietly running cars come up the drive, leave their passengers and go away. Then she supped on delicacies that seldom came her way.

As she was finishing, the ceremony began with a curious roaring that she could not place. It was not an animal roaring; it was too sustained. Then came the sound of many voices chanting. She sat at the window listening; but the chanting came muffled and she could not catch the words. At frequent intervals it was broken by the deep sonorous voice of a man reciting prayers.

Presently a wilder note crept into the chanting; the voice of the celebrant grew louder and more urgent; now and again there came a loud shout. Miss Timmins began to thrill faintly. Slowly the wild note grew wilder; the shouts became almost frenzied; the fragrance of incense mingled in the still air with the fragrance of the flowers. Miss Timmins found herself thrilling keenly to a strange appeal. At last, almost in a kind of intoxication, she rose and moved toward the door; she must get to the ceremony.

At the door she took hold of herself; she must not do anything so dangerous; she felt that it was dangerous. She went quickly to the window and shut it. Then she went through the bathroom to the bedroom. It was at the back of the house and the sound of the ceremony came faintly. She got to bed quickly. In the middle of the night she awoke to hear such a yelling and shrieking that she could only conclude that some Chinese devils had, indeed, joined the rout. It did not keep her awake.

When she awoke again the sun was shining and the birds were singing. It was half past seven. She breakfasted—the coffee in the vacuum flask was still hot—then went down into the lovely gardens. The gardeners were at work in them as if nothing out of the common were toward. She learned from one of them that the house was Sarratt Grange. At half past nine she went back to her sitting room. Half an hour later the car was waiting to take her back to London, and Mr. Gregory restored the fan to her. He looked dilapidated but happy. She asked him how it had worked.

"It was wonderful—wonderful!" he said in a tone of awe. "How a symbol of such power was lost, we cannot conceive. It must have been known only to the masters and used only in the most secret rites. Doubtless this one belonged to a master who died suddenly by some accident before he could pass it on to another, and it has been in the hands of ignorant people till you found it. Your discovering it is the most important thing that has happened in the occult world since the message of Abramelin the Mage. Its powers are amazing. We got results beyond anything we had hoped—astonishing results."

Miss Timmins was relieved; fake or no fake, the fan had worked; her clients had had their money's worth; she took her ten guineas with an easy mind.

She had a pleasant drive home, and in the middle of the morning Lord Scredington came to learn how she had fared. He congratulated her warmly on the success of the *mystica vannus*.

"It's the jade plaque that does it," he said. "I told you it must be first-class ju-ju."

"You don't really believe that?" she said.

"Well, if it isn't that, and it always may be, it is that the whole contraption, helped by the bull roarer and incense and chanting, works these good people up into a state of mind in which they see things."

"Perhaps it is that. And they certainly did seem to be enjoying themselves. You should have heard them shouting and yelling!"

"I'm sure they did. And I tell you what, next time you go down I'll go with you, and we'll join in it."

"We won't," said Miss Timmins with immense decision.

"Well, what do I get out of it?" he asked plaintively.

"I've been thinking. You invented the *mystica vannus* and you shall have half the ten guineas," she said.

"A monstrous suggestion!" he cried. "You had all the fag of this tremendous journey. The fee is yours. I tell you what; you might come and dance with me at Thibault's tomorrow night."

Miss Timmins hesitated, then decided easily that it was her duty to reward him for his happy invention. Besides, she had found Thibault's, with him, a delightful place. He was so charming to her at Thibault's that she almost half believed the things he said to her and had no difficulty in pretending to believe them wholly for the moment. She liked to pretend this. She accepted the invitation.

The next night they dined and danced and supped at Thibault's, and he was charming to her. When she was his guest, he behaved with exemplary decorum. Though she would hardly admit it to herself, she could have done, in those circumstances, with a little less decorum. At dinner he told her that he had heard that the

(Continued on Page 102)

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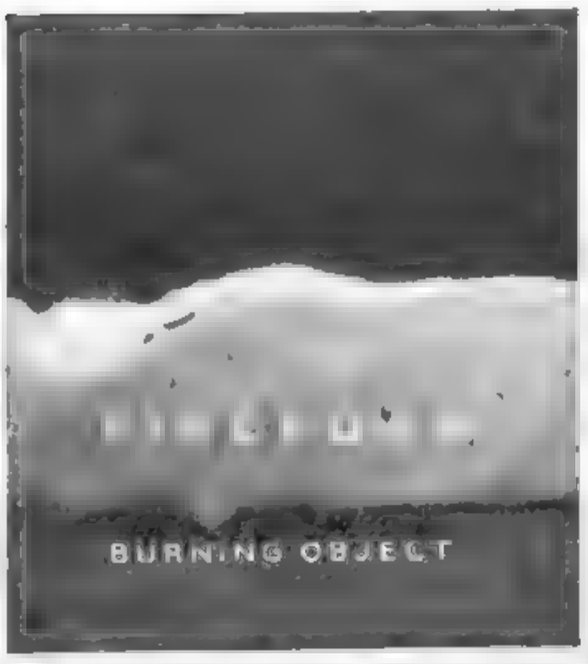

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occult world was immensely excited about the wonderful powers of the *mystica vannus* and that it was as well that he was taking care of it for her.

The next morning Mr. Gregory rang up to ask her if she would bring the fan to them on the next Monday. She was ready enough to oblige them. On the Monday morning, Lord Scredington brought it to her. But when the car came for her that night, to her surprise, Mr. Gregory stepped out of it.

"How do you do?" he said. "I have reason to believe that some of my fellow occultists—most unscrupulous persons—are very eager to obtain the *mystica vannus*. Therefore, I thought it advisable to drive down with you to make sure that nothing happened to it."

Miss Timmins thanked him for his thoughtfulness and stepped lightly into the car, expectant of another pleasant night in the country.

As Mr. Gregory settled down beside her she said, "I suppose it's that horrible Mr. Harris."

"He and his friends. But how did you come to know about Mr. Harris?" said Mr. Gregory in some astonishment.

She told him of Mr. Harris' attempt to obtain the fan from her by a mixture of bulldozing and hypnotism.

"He's a dreadful person," he said solemnly. "A reincarnation of Cesare Borgia or his uncle—we are not sure which. He is a man of amazing psychic power, but wholly on the black path—a very evil influence, indeed—undoubtedly the wickedest man in Europe—probably in the world."

"He looks like it," said Miss Timmins with conviction.

"He would stick at nothing—absolutely nothing. That was why I decided to drive down with you and make things perfectly safe."

Miss Timmins looked sharply at the small and gentle Mr. Gregory and thought of the large and formidable Mr. Harris. She wondered if things were so safe.

"I've brought a life preserver with me," said Mr. Gregory proudly, producing it from his overcoat pocket. "And I've given my chauffeur strict orders that he's to stop for nothing or nobody."

Miss Timmins felt easier in mind. The life preserver, in Mr. Gregory's hands, was not a reassuring object; the chauffeur was. He was large and thick.

It seemed that Mr. Gregory's apprehensions had been unfounded. The car ran to Watford without interference from anyone. It ran to the small town beyond Watford and turned off into the country. No one made any attempt to stop it. Mr. Gregory, who kept looking through the little window in the back of the tonneau, assured her every time that no one was following them.

Their minds were at last at rest; and Miss Timmins was peacefully making inquiries about the occult, which Mr. Gregory was ready, even eager, to answer. He kept suggesting that she should join them and become an initiate. He was of the opinion that she would make an agreeable reveler at the feast of Dionysus. Then about two miles from the Grange the road ran through a wood.

The car had not gone fifty yards into the wood when a car in front honked loudly and several people shouted. Their chauffeur put on the brakes and then jammed them on and brought the car to an abrupt stop. Its light illumined two cars about thirty yards ahead, standing side by side and blocking the road. Half a dozen people were still shouting at them. Evidently there had been an accident.

They had barely time to grasp this when both doors of their car opened and through either a masked man looked into it. The man on the left was tall and slender, the man on the right was tall and bulky.

The tall and slender man said in civil, cultivated but compelling accents, "We want the *mystica vannus*, please. We don't want to have to take it from you. You might get hurt."

The tall and bulky man said nothing, but he placed the cold tip of the barrel of a large revolver against Mr. Gregory's left ear.

"But this is monstrous! Monstrous!" exclaimed Mr. Gregory in an immense indignation. "I know you, Harris! I know you!"

The tall and bulky man said nothing; the tall and slender man said, "Be quick!"

Miss Timmins also said nothing; she did not wish to waste time; she handed the sandalwood box to the tall and slender gentleman with the cultivated intonation.

He opened it, made sure that the fan was in it, said "Thank you," and dropped a thick envelope in her lap.

Both men stepped backward; both doors were snapped to. The two men ran briskly to the cars that blocked the road The cars sped away. The whole business had taken barely thirty seconds, and the *mystica vannus* had gone!

Mr. Gregory burst into loud and poignant lamentations; Miss Timmins did not give ear to them. The large thick envelope had excited her girlish curiosity. She found that it was addressed to her. She opened it. It contained five-pound notes. A trifle dazed by the thickness of the packet, she counted them. There were forty.

The car started, ran thirty yards and stopped.

Miss Timmins looked inside the envelope again. She found a slip of paper. On it was typed:

"This is for your trouble in bringing the *mystica vannus* to us."

Again that reluctance to have money directly connected with the fan.

She put the notes into her hand bag with fumbling fingers—two hundred pounds!

The chauffeur opened the door of the car and said in indignant accents, "Those perishers have cut the right front tire into ribbons, sir. It will take me a matter of twenty minutes to put on another one."

Mr. Gregory got out of the car; Miss Timmins followed him. He went to the injured tire; she strolled to a gate thirty yards down the road and leaned on it, enjoying the fragrant air and the singing of a nightingale in the edge of the wood at the end of the meadow. As she enjoyed them her mind played also with the pleasing thought of two new frocks and two new hats

A car was coming fast along the road from London. The chauffeur stepped to the car's horn and honked away. The car slowed down, then stopped a few yards beyond the gate on which Miss Timmins was leaning. Lord Scredington swung his legs over the steering wheel, dropped clear of the car and came to her.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Quite, thanks."

"Did they get the *mystica vannus?*"

"They got it," said Miss Timmins in tranquil accents.

"I only learned what that brute Harris was up to less than an hour ago. I bucketed off after you as hard as I could. I hope that they didn't annoy you much."

"Not me. But they annoyed Mr. Gregory dreadfully. I just gave them the box with the *mystica vannus* in it without any arguing. There was nothing else to do."

She paused and added in pleased and still rather awed accents, "They gave me an envelope with forty five-pound notes in it for bringing it to them."

"Splendid!" said Lord Scredington with genuine enthusiasm.

Miss Timmins hesitated; then she said in rather unhappy accents, "But I do wish that the *mystica vannus* hadn't been a fake. I don't like getting two hundred pounds for a fake."

"Heavens! Don't be so morbid!" he cried. "You didn't get it. It was pushed at you. Besides, you're forgetting the sandalwood box. They got that too. That isn't a fake. Think of the work in it!"

Miss Timmins sighed. She did not think of the work in it; her mind played with the pleasing thought of two new frocks and three—yes, three new hats.

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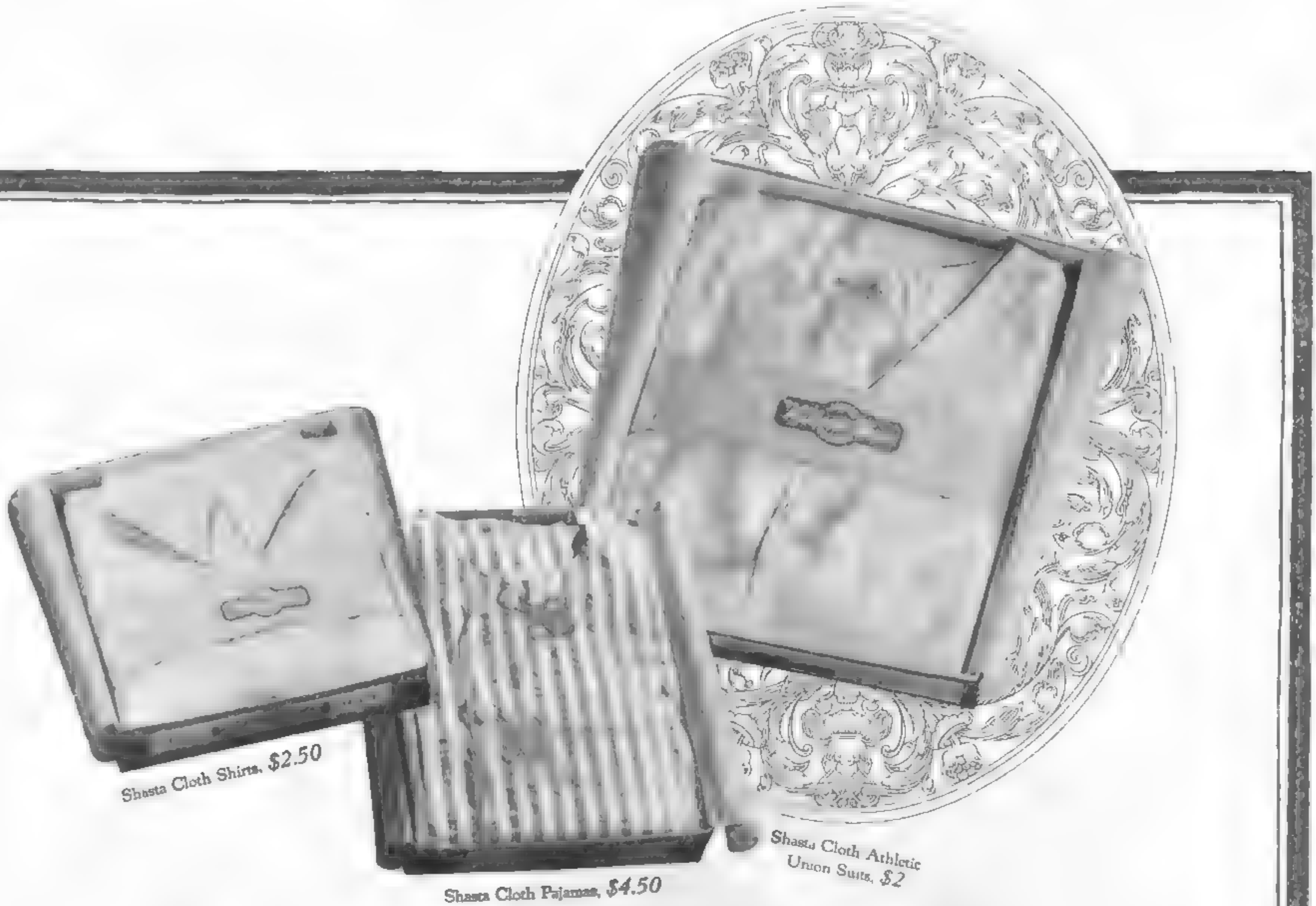

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THE ROMANTIC 90's

(Continued from Page 33)

parchment skin or small fierce badger eyes. He might have been a Scotch elder entering the kirk.

As he entered and proceeded with precisian tread to the table reserved in perpetuity for him, which no one else would have dreamed of occupying, a thing new and delightful—to me, a mere Anglo-Saxon suddenly happened. As one man, the whole café was on its feet, in an attitude of salute, and a stranger standing near me who evidently spoke English and recognized my nationality, said to me in a loud but reverent aside, "That is our great poet, Henrik Ibsen." All remained standing till he had taken his seat, as in the presence of a king, and I marveled joyously at a people that thus did homage to their great men, not without reflections on the Anglo-Saxon's very different attitude toward its great. I thought—suppose it were Swinburne, or even Tennyson, entering the Café Royal; how forlornly anonymous would be their luncheon, with probably scarcely a soul in the place knowing enough about them to do them reverence. Certainly it is worth while to be a great man in a little country, and it must be inspiring to him thus to hear about him such "rustle of the loved Apollian leaves."

My friend Rosencrantz insisted that I must be taken to the great man's table to pay my respects, though I begged to be let off. Why should I intrude on the presence? Besides, what could I find to say?

"You need have no fear of conversation," said my friend, "for Ibsen speaks nothing but Norwegian and Italian, and I presume you speak neither."

As I reluctantly gave in and approached the great man, on whom a reverential waiter was in attendance, Rosencrantz whispered to me, "Tell him—I'll translate for you—tell him that all the English women adore him. That will be enough. You'll see!"

So I was presented as a young English writer, and I must say very graciously received. Then, at a nudge from Rosencrantz, I got off my little speech, which my friend duly translated. He was right. Instantly the dour face lit up with something like a smile of gratified vanity and he nodded acknowledgments with a dry twinkle deep in his ambushed eyes. The little banality had evidently pleased him, and he turned to Rosencrantz with a question to translate to me: Did I know Miss Robins?—Miss Robins being the first actress to interpret his plays on the English stage. Perhaps I need hardly say that I left unmentioned our recent visit to Björnson, whose remark I recalled to myself as I observed the fiercely hirsute envelope of that keen ironic mind; thinking, too, that, strangely housed there, was also the great poet of Brand and Peer Gynt.

But What a Pen!

"Ibsen is not a man; he is only a pen!"

Ah, dear Herr Björnson, but what a pen!

To return to London, in what I have called the middle distance between the great old men on the heights and the young men in the foreground, there were several distinguished figures who were already half immortals, men in the process of literary deification; though as yet, some of them, vigorously achieving, and visible socially at clubs and dinner parties like other ordinary mortals. One of the elder of these, and one of the most entirely charming among the personalities of the time was Frederick Locker, later known as Locker Lampson, whose London Lyrics was already a classic of *vers de société;* a fascinating blend of man about town, with a marked suggestion of French elegance and *esprit,* country gentleman, poet, raconteur and virtuoso, at once delicately ironical and gentle in manner and wholly tender-hearted. Perhaps he is better known today by his famous library, for he was one of the great book collectors, and the catalogue which he made of his books under the title of The Rowfant Library is a bibliographical classic. But it is as a poet that he will survive among that small but distinguished band which includes Praed, Calverley, Hood, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Austin Dobson. The last named poet has expressed with exquisite accuracy the characteristics of Locker's verse, in these well-known lines:

Apollo made, one April day,
A new thing in the rhyming way;
Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;
Then Momus gave a touch satiric,
And it became a London Lyric.

I forget how I had the good fortune to make Mr. Locker's acquaintance, but I am inclined to think it was through the kindness of Sir Edmund Gosse. He must have been close on seventy when I first met him, but he looked much younger, with his elegant, immaculately clothed figure and his sprightly boyish air, with something gay and birdlike in his alertly sympathetic manner. I have many of his charming letters, filled with a courtly friendliness. In one of them he makes this interesting reference to John Godfrey Saxe. Writing from Rowfant, he says:

"When you come and see me here, I must show you a curious book, written by John Godfrey Saxe, an American poet, now dead. He calls it *Pensées,* and only printed two copies, and this is one of the two. He sent it me. The poems are rather warmer than such poems usually are. Something like Rossetti. I think it will interest you, as it did me."

A Delicate Attention

I never visited him at Rowfant, so never saw that all but unique copy of Saxe; but a visit I paid him at his house at Cromer lives like lavender in my memory, and one incident of it in particular. My young wife was with me. We were both pathetically young, almost like two Babes in the Wood in the midst of the distinguished house-party to which he had invited us. I think our very youth and our naïveté must have touched the spring of tenderness in him—never, indeed, difficult to reach. However it was, he seemed to make us his especial care, talking to us and watching over us with quite a fatherly affection. And the incident I am particularly thinking of was this: When bedtime came on the first night of our stay, he himself took us up to our room in a little six-sided tower, and, looking around to see that we were comfortable, he excused himself a moment, and, after a short absence, returned with two books under his arm, two small quartos fragrantly bound in full morocco.

"I thought," he said, "that you might like to have something with you to read, and I think I have brought something appropriate for two such lovers."

Then, placing the books in our hands, he patted us gently on the shoulders, nodded a smiling good night and was gone. We turned eagerly to look at the books, and what was our surprise and delight to find that one of the volumes contained the love letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne, in the original manuscripts, and that the other contained some letters of Shelley to Mary, also in the original manuscripts! Could any courtesy to two young people have been more romantically conceived? And need one say what it meant to our young hearts? We were sleeping in the same room with the sacred love letters of Keats and Shelley, just as they had written them! Wonderful world! Wonderful, wonderful Mr. Locker!

Frederick Locker might be regarded as the elder brother of three poets who at that time formed a very special triumvirate in the communed arts of poetry and criticism; poets who, like himself, cultivated the

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formal gardens of verse, poets of bric-à-brac and blue china, and those old French forms of ballade, rondeau, virelay, and the like, to which they brought a renewed vitality and gave a new vogue. I refer, of course, to Messrs. Lang, Dobson and Gosse. In those days they were all mentioned together, as they will still go on being associated in their triune fame. Of the living, it is not my purpose to speak in these random recollections, though I hope it will not be out of place in passing for me to acknowledge with gratitude the various kindness I, in common with other young writers of my day, owe to Sir Edmund Gosse, and that eager sympathy with which he still continues to greet and encourage the younger generation, now more obstreperously than ever knocking at the door.

Austin Dobson I met only once or twice. Outside his intimates, he was socially in evidence but seldom, a quiet little domestic man, who, when his day's work was ended, softly disappeared to his large family and his books. But he wrote me several friendly letters, in quaintly beautiful printed handwriting, for it was more like delicate printing than handwriting. His envelopes alone were miniature works of art, like one of his own rondels. One could not think of destroying them; rather one thought of taking them to some exquisite picture framer for an appropriate eighteenth-century setting. They were usually sealed, too, with a seal ring, a lovely intaglio of Diana seated and stooping, with a tiny crescent moon over her head.

The Handwriting of Genius

Different, indeed, was the handwriting of Dobson's poetical "neighbour of the near domain," Andrew Lang. Broken, jagged, like a series of small rapid stabs on the paper, disorderly and cynically careless of appearances, it has the look of writing that had once been good, but had been ruined by an incessant and often impatiently weary use of the pen; and indeed few pens since writing was invented can have covered so vast an acreage of paper or written upon such a variety of themes. Outside his works of serious scholarship, and that serious poetry which was one deep disappointment of his life, there was always something scornful and casual in his use of the pen. In one of his personal lyrics he blames his Highland ancestors for having doomed their child to a life of pen and ink. Could he but have wielded the sword or smote the lyre instead! In spite of himself, however, it was a charmed pen that fate had put into his hand; a pen incapable of being dull, whatever the subject, always wayward and whimsical and magically light of touch, though one seldom failed to detect the wistfulness of something lost or missed under the gay mocking humor. Perhaps it was only the constitutional melancholy of the Celt, though, as I have hinted, the failure of Helen of Troy to win acceptance was one definite disillusionment, and the singer of that haunting love lyric

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain ——

may well have had deeper causes of melancholy. But, though he wrote to Robert Louis Stevenson,

—— man, I've mainly had my fill
O' this world's din,

there was never any weariness perceptible to the reader in that charmed pen. Only Théophile Gautier and Anatole France, to both of whom he bore resemblances, have ever made journalism such a debonair thing. One of the most finished and superior products of Oxford, wearing his panoply of learning as though it were a garment of iridescent gossamer, turning the dryest subject to "favour and to prettiness," particularly the prettiness of an elfish, incalculable wit, no such combination of poet, scholar and journalist has ever been known in Fleet Street. One of the earliest of "colyumists"—but how different!—his leaders in The Daily News read like fairy tales written by an erudite Puck. Of his offhand manner of writing those there are many anecdotes. Once he was staying at a country house for the week-end, and remembering that his leader for the day was still to be written, he strolled into the billiard room, where some fellow guests were knocking about the balls, and curling himself up on one of the settees, he began to scribble away, all the time keeping an interested eye on the game, till at last one of the players remarked that they feared they must be disturbing him.

"Not in the least," he answered; "but are you sure I am not interfering with your game?"

On another occasion he was on the train, and his leader being once more on his mind, he looked around the compartment for something on which to rest his writing pad. There was a farmer among the passengers wearing one of those old-fashioned square flat-topped felt hats, a sort of rectangular bowler.

"The very thing!" Lang said to himself, and calmly requested its loan from its wearer, doubtless to the rustic's surprise.

The request, however, was granted; and placing the hat on his knee and the pad on the hat, Lang went to work, and in half an hour or so, with his usual rapidity, had produced his copy, on fairies or golf or the Greek Kalends, and returned his extemporized desk to its bewildered owner.

Above all things, Lang hated to seem to take himself or his work seriously, as he abhorred all forms of side and bosh; and, confirmatory of the slight anecdotes I have just related, he wrote in this way of a volume of his own verses:

They were scribbled in sketchbooks or fly books,
In lectures, on lochs, by the seas;
And wherefore do people who buy books
Go purchasing these?

His dread of rhetorical gesture seems to have extended to the sound of his own name, which he always signed "A. Lang," as though "Andrew Lang" were too melodious and romantic. His practice in this respect was the precise opposite of Oscar Wilde's, of whom a story is told that an American friend once took him to his club and entered his name in the visitor's book as "O. Wilde."

"O. Wilde!" said Oscar. "Who is O. Wilde? Nobody knows O. Wilde; but 'Oscar Wilde' is a household word!"

A Walking Bundle of Romance

Yet, of course, Lang was actually of romance all compact. He took up no study, however dry in appearance, that was not romantic at its core; and after his dream of being a great poet had faded, his great desire was to write a romance after the manner of his hero Dumas or his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, whose fame he had no small share in making. Here, alas! he was again doomed to disappointment, for A Monk of Fife—about which he wrote me several letters, almost pathetically concerned about its proper presentation to the public—fell as flat as his epic of Helen of Troy. All his friends did their best for it in vain.

In appearance he was decidedly romantic, as his portrait by Sir W. B. Richmond unmistakably shows, with his longish brindled hair and deep olive skin and fine eyes, though the rather haughty languor of his expression and the amused skepticism around his mouth seemed to be deprecating the fact; and his later portraits look as though he were trying to be as prosaic as possible—as much as possible "A. Lang." He was, I think, a too quick despairer about his own poetry; and, charming as is such prose of his as Letters to Dead Authors, In the Wrong Paradise and Old Friends, I believe that it is his poetry that, after all, will keep his name alive, for his best ballades and lyrics have a fragrance and a *légèreté* nearer to the charm of his master Ronsard than anything else we have in

(Continued on Page 109)

"We don't need to worry this year!"..

Closing their house for the season. . . Going abroad, perhaps. . . Reservations all made. . . A taxicab waiting. . . Suddenly a recollection of valuables left unguarded. . . Consternation for a moment. . . Burglars! . . Unfaithful servants! . . Then the comforting thought, "We don't need to worry this year! . . Our Ætna Burglary Policy protects everything!"

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The Balmedie Brogue

SELZ ORGANIZATION · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO · SHOEMAKERS FOR THREE GENERATIONS

(Continued from Page 106)

English—not to forget his one great sonnet on "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

Among the men in the middle distance who were rapidly putting on immortality under our very eyes, perhaps the most important of all, as in certain directions the most influential, was another fine flower of Oxford culture—Walter Pater. Mr. George Moore has put himself on record more than once to the effect that Pater's Marius the Epicurean is the most beautiful book in the English tongue. This was the opinion of many young men in the 1890's, and Pater's indeed is one of the fames of those days that has grown with time, and is still growing. The individuality and solidity of his thought behind the sumptuous tapestry of his prose is more than ever realized, and what by many was once regarded as mere ornament is now seen to be an indispensable part of the construction.

By his book on the Renaissance Pater was virtually the founder of the æsthetic movement, as he was the most potent influence on the school of young men of whom I shall later have to speak. In those days we were all going around quoting the famous description, or rather re-creation, of the Mona Lisa—"She is older than the rocks among which she sits," and so on—and we were all exhorting each other "to burn always with this hard, gemlike flame," and to maintain that ecstasy which is the true success of life. Oscar Wilde popularized, and, indeed, somewhat vulgarized—as he perhaps to a degree misunderstood and certainly dangerously applied—the gospel of beauty and ecstasy which Pater taught with hierarchical reserve, and with subdued though intense passion and color of words.

Of Pater's love of beautiful words Oscar Wilde told me a story which he may well have invented, but which, at all events, is good parody. In Pater's class at Oxford was a young man with the incredible name of Sanctuary. On one occasion Pater, before beginning his lecture, requested Mr. Sanctuary to remain behind at the end. Possibly Mr. Sanctuary apprehended trouble, for Pater was a proctor. However, when the lecture ended and the rest of the class had left the room, it was the professor who was visibly embarrassed as he stood face to face with the student. After the embarrassment had lasted a few moments, "You asked me to stay behind, sir, did you not?" said the young man.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sanctuary," answered Pater; "I wanted to say to you—what a very beautiful name you have got!"

With Pater at Oxford

When I told Wilde one day that I was about to pay a visit to Oxford, and that I had hopes of seeing Pater, he indulged in another flight of parody, which, like all his vivid exaggerations of the kind, flashed a true portrait in caricature:

"So you are going to see Pater! That will be delightful. But I must tell you one thing about him to save you from disappointment. You must not expect him to talk like his prose. Of course, no true artist ever does that. But besides that, he never talks about anything that interests him. He will not breathe one golden word about the Renaissance. No, he will probably say something like this: 'So you wear cork soles in your shoes? Is that really true? And do you find them comfortable? . . . How extremely interesting!'"

When, a few days later, I met Pater at dinner at the house of Mr. Daniels, of the famous private press, on which Mr. Robert Bridges' poems were first printed in now inaccessible editions, I realized the truth of Wilde's little fable. Not that I cared whether the author of Marius talked or not. As in the case of Swinburne, to be actually looking at him was marvel enough. If his conversation was unlike his writing, certainly no man's appearance was ever less like his books. Here indeed was no exquisite languishing æsthete, such as his work might have misled one into fearing. On the contrary, he looked very much more like a Prussian officer, fully six feet tall—indeed, rather more, I should say—strongly built, broad shouldered, soldierly erect; and, except for the gentleness in his eyes—rather too close together under a dome which almost entire baldness exaggerated—his large face was almost brutal, with its blunt nose, jowlish chin and a large heavy mouth over which hung an immense solid mustache of the kind known in England as a mud-guard. But this impression of brutality was immediately dissipated by the paradoxical gentleness and shy courtesy of his manner, so withdrawn and yet so sympathetic—almost maidenly, if one might use the word of so large and masculine a man. I cannot recall what he talked about; my impression is that he talked but little. I listened in hope that he really might mention cork soles, but if he did, his remarks have escaped me.

One little intimate impression I was to have of him, however, to carry back to town. As the time came for our party to break up, Pater asked me where I was staying; and on hearing that my hostel was the Clarendon, he thrilled me by saying that, that being so, he would walk part way with me, as his home was at Brasenose, near by. So we started, I having but one thought—that I was walking side by side with the master whose writings had meant so much to my life. Once again I was seeing Shelley plain, and with entire content, for a great calm sympathy emanated from a silence that seemed all made of gentle courtesy. His silence was like that of some deep rich summer night—and I entirely forgot those profane cork soles.

Two Ways Home

And then befell a quaint little incident. We were walking down a sort of walled lane, and presently, in an angle of it, we became aware of two young men talking to two young women under a dimly burning gas lamp. As we came up to them, Pater suddenly stopped and, adjusting his pince-nez, went up to the young men and peered closely into one face and then into the other, as though to fix them in his memory. No one spoke a word, and we resumed our walk in silence, till at length we came to the venerable gates of Brasenose College.

"This is where I live, Le Gallienne," said Pater. "I wish I could ask you in, but I'm afraid it is too late for both of us." Then he paused a moment and resumed: "Now there are two ways you can take to your hotel. You can go this way"—and he pointed with his hand—"or you can go this way"—pointing the way we had come. He paused again; and then, with a little confiding laugh, he added, "But I think you had better take this way, for I'm afraid that if you were to take the other those naughty girls would get hold of you!"

With that sudden human touch we parted, and naturally I reflected, as I went on, that I would rather have heard Pater say that little human thing than talk whole pages of the Renaissance. As I walked on, too, the probable explanation of the little scene came to me. Pater, as well as being the author of Marius, was, as I have said, a proctor, and those two young men had trouble brewing for them on the morrow—yet trouble, I was sure, of no very serious nature. For the man who had said "those naughty girls" with so human an intonation could not, it was evident, be a very formidable proctor.

It was not, of course, only for his hedonistic doctrine that the younger school of whom I shall presently have to speak valued Pater; it was perhaps even more because he was so fine an artist in prose, something like an English Flaubert; for at that time it was the art of prose, rather than that of verse, that occupied most of our minds. After Tennyson, Swinburne and Bridges, it seemed as though the art of verse could go no further. Besides, prose was a more plastic medium, lending itself more sensitively to the impress of individual temperament; perhaps the more difficult for that. At all events, it seemed, so to say, to have more future than verse; less had been done with it; and many young pundits declared it the greater art of the two.

What solemn talks I have heard on the subject, in the elaborate periods of Oscar Wilde and in the vivacious, whimsical harangues of Henry Harland! Of this great art Pater was the acknowledged master; but there was another who had devoted himself, in a peculiarly strenuous apprenticeship, to the same art, whose essays we were also reading with great respect and admiration—Robert Louis Stevenson, whose flight to Samoa had added the last crowning touch of canonizing romance to that legend of him which was even then complete. Unlike Pater, who kept the secrets of his art to himself, Stevenson, with perhaps somewhat too much of that autobiographic expansiveness which has since become so wearily usual and tasteless, had exhibited his writing desk in public and discussed his own methods, his "sedulous ape" self-training, in front of the literary footlights. To be thus taken into his confidence was charming; but I think it was unwise for his fame, as it made us on the lookout for artificiality in his work and inclined to forget that, after all, it was natural for him to write, and that what is good in him came from deep springs which neither he nor any other critic can trace very far. By his own insistence on the acquired craftsmanship of his art, he ran the risk of belittling the genius without which all his sedulous aping had been in vain.

I never knew that gay beloved figure, though I once came near to him in a letter that one morning fell out of the sky to me, headed "Vailima, Samoa," and made me walk on air for many days. I came near to him, too, in the person of his lifelong friend and crony, the companion of his early escapades in Edinburgh, Charles Baxter. My encounter with Baxter was of such a nature that I had no difficulty in understanding that historic friendship and the deep earth roots of it; for of all the boon companions I have met or read of Charles Baxter was the amazing prince. He was a preposterously vital and imaginative talker, ample of frame, with a voice like a colonel of cavalry, and what a swashbuckler he would have made in the heroic days his friend loved to write of! With what an air of braggadocio he would have gone clanking into a tavern, with his long sword and high boots and feathered hat!

Memories of Mrs. Stevenson

It was in an old London tavern that our acquaintance first began, early one afternoon; night fell and we were still there, and when the morning star began to fade and the dawn to press her white face at the window, there were we still, to breakfast together over Scotch kippers and sirloin steaks, washed down with draughts Elizabethan. Yes, it was a night at The Mermaid. But alas! no one can spend such a night with the redoubtable Charles any more; for, if he had any enemies, he is now lustily engaged in drinking wine out of their skulls in some thunderously mirthful Valhalla.

Nearer still I came to "Tusitala" later on in New York, where I had the happiness of several meetings with Mrs. Stevenson, the "Fanny" for whom he had crossed the seas steerage—or rather, I think, second cabin—crossed the continent of America in an emigrant train and almost starved to death in San Francisco.

To know Mrs. Stevenson, with her splendid leonine head, her great hypnotic eyes and her overwhelming magnetism, was easily to understand her lover's devotion. In the talks I had with her she told me many vivid things about her husband; and particularly impressive was the account she gave me of his sudden dying, there on the steps of his Vailima veranda, just as he was gayly making a salad and discoursing on a special wine for their dinner that night—a dinner to be as festive as possible, to drive away the black clouds of ill omen that had

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The average Briton considers the pipe to be an English institution. We must concede that there is a higher proportion of pipe-smokers among Englishmen than among the male members of any other nation.

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Dear Sirs,

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I am
Respectfully
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Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 15 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

been oppressing her for several days with an unbearable sense of coming doom; for, as will appear from an anecdote I shall presently tell, Mrs. Stevenson was very evidently a psychic.

Talking of wine, she told me an amusing story of Stevenson in their early days in France. Like many sensitive, gentle-mannered men, Stevenson was subject to sudden storms of rage, particularly when aroused by what he deemed an injustice to others or by an insolence to himself. They were all peaceably dining one evening in some French restaurant, I forget where—perhaps at Barbizon—when, tasting the wine which had been set before them, and of wine he was something of a connoisseur, Stevenson declared that it was corked, and ordered the proprietor to bring another bottle. The offending bottle was removed with many apologies, and another bottle, lying aslant in its wicker basket, deferentially brought. When Stevenson presently made trial of that, his ire suddenly sprang up like flame, for not only was the new bottle also corked but he was convinced that a trick had been played upon him and that the identical wine which he had rejected had merely been taken out of the room and brought back again. Nothing would persuade him otherwise; and rising from the table, white with silent rage, he seized the bottle by the neck and, whirling it round his head, careless that its contents were pouring down his coat sleeve, he strode majestically through the room till he came close up to one of the walls, against which he dashed it to pieces in a very satisfying fury. Having thus relieved himself by this startling mode of expression, he seated himself, once more calm, at the table, and the dinner resumed its peaceful laughing course.

The other anecdote to which I referred brings Charles Baxter into the story in a sufficiently mysterious and characteristically amusing manner. It was the winter up at Saranac, where Stevenson had been recommended for the benefit of his lungs, and where he wrote The Silverado Squatters. A very bright sunlit forenoon, with the reflected light from the snow dazzling in at all the windows. Mrs. Stevenson was alone, reading in one of the rooms, when suddenly she was surprised by seeing Charles Baxter enter, overcoated as for a journey and evidently in a fury of rage. She gazed at him in intense and natural astonishment, for she knew that he could not be in America at that moment—knew, indeed, that he was far off in England. Then, as she gazed at the irate figure, it gradually disappeared, fading out on the snow-lit air. Thereupon she ran out of the room, seeking her husband.

"I have just seen Charles," she said, "and he seemed in a frightful rage about something."

Stevenson, who was aware of his wife's psychic peculiarities, took it naturally, and said, "All right, Fanny, let's see what time it is," and looking at his watch, he made careful note of the hour and minute. Days and weeks passed, and at last came the explanation. It appears that on that morning Baxter was traveling on the London and South-Western Railway, in England. Before boarding the train, he bought at the railway bookstall a copy of The Wrong Box, written by Stevenson and his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. It had only just been published and he was naturally curious about it. It is an amusing book, and one can imagine his enjoying it for a while, till suddenly, so the story went, he came upon a character in it which he conceived to be an offensive caricature of himself. Enraged, he read on, till he could stand it no longer; and rising from his seat, he hurled the book out of the window, far across the flying countryside.

It was at that precise moment that he appeared to Mrs. Stevenson in her Saranac sitting room.

Here surely is a story that deserves a place in Professor Gurney's book of Phantasms of the Living.

I tell it as nearly as I can recall as Mrs. Stevenson told it to me.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Le Gallienne. The next will appear in an early issue

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

(Continued from Page 37)

was opened and Catherine appeared unexpectedly. Her father stared at her open-mouthed. Even Channay was frankly bewildered. She was wearing for the first time one of her new evening gowns. It was scarcely décolleté, and yet the whole genius of the brain which had fashioned it seemed to have been devoted to the task of combining an absolutely adequate modesty with implacable and almost disturbing suggestions of the gracefully poised body and long limbs which it was its art to conceal. Channay, who had seen her standing bare-legged in the pools at Blickley, seen her more than once with the wind blowing her short skirts around her knees, had a sudden sense of shock, followed by a quick masculine appreciation of this amazing metamorphosis. Her courage in moments of danger, her singular honesty of speech and purpose, her clear, wholesome outlook upon life, had made her companionship a thing which he had missed more than he had cared to admit; but the Rue de la Paix had miraculously given her sex.

Her father gasped.

She looked away from Channay, on whom, as though unconsciously, her eyes had first rested.

"Is that all either of you has to say?" she asked.

"You look so different," her parent muttered.

"Monsieur Félix is a great artist," Gilbert Channay remarked, with a little smile across at her. "You must remember that your father and I are elderly people, and we had forgotten the possibilities. Félix has turned our little day-by-day companion into a very beautiful woman."

She turned quickly away, but not before he had seen something in her eyes almost stupefying. She moved to the tray upon the table and took up the wineglass which had been left for her.

"Well," she said, "these are only externals, you know. Monsieur Félix, when he saw me this afternoon, was rather discouraging. He told me that I was at an awkward age, that he had more trouble in dressing an unmarried girl of twenty-five than a woman of fifty. Madame was even franker. She declared that it was impossible to dress *la jeune fille* after she had passed the age of nineteen. . . . Hadn't we better start?"

They dined at a restaurant in the Place Gaillon and afterward went to the Capucines to see a play, the story of which Channay told them over their coffee. Catherine was a little quieter than usual, fascinated by the intimacy of the tiny theater and the personalities of the select audience. She leaned across once to their guide.

"Tell me, who is the very beautiful woman in the box opposite who bowed to you?" she inquired.

Channay smiled.

"Her name is the Marquise de Valborde," he confided. "Your father knows her."

"The sister of Nicholas Euphratos!" she exclaimed.

Channay nodded.

"My leave taking last time we met," he said, "was so abrupt that I wasn't quite sure whether I remained upon the list of madame's acquaintances."

"You are even, I should imagine, in favor," Catherine remarked, a little dryly. "She is beckoning to you with her fan."

The curtain had just dropped and the various members of the audience were resolving themselves into a little stream of promenaders. Channay rose, after a moment's hesitation, to his feet.

"It seems that I must pay my respects," he murmured.

The marquise was alone when he entered the box. She withdrew at once behind the curtain and motioned him to a seat by her side.

"Who is your very attractive companion?" she asked abruptly.

"An English girl who is wearing her first Parisian frock," he replied.

The marquise fanned herself for a moment.

"Who took her to Félix's?" she demanded. "Someone who understood?"

"It was I," he admitted.

"My brother was here a few minutes ago," she went on after a moment's pause. "He told me that the man with you is your watchdog who never lets you out of his sight, whether you know it or not."

"He is a very faithful friend," Channay observed, "but I don't think that I need any special protection."

"There," she ventured, dropping her voice a little and glancing toward the door as though to be sure that it was closed, "I do not altogether agree with you."

"Your brother, perhaps," he inquired, "is weaving plans for my destruction?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"After all," she said, "why should I interfere? You are a man who has shown himself indifferent to me, and Nicholas is at least my brother. Yet if I dared I would give you a little word of advice."

"I am very attentive," he assured her.

"Tonight," she asked, "must you remain with those people? Nicholas has deserted me. The sight of you and your watchdog sent him off. Will you drive home with me?"

He hesitated.

"You are alone?"

"I have explained that Nicholas has deserted me. I am not used to being unescorted."

"I will take you home with pleasure," he promised.

Her face suddenly changed. A slight tenseness faded from it. Her dark-blue eyes parted and her lips parted in a smile.

"You mean it?" she exclaimed. "But mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle is not accustomed to look to me for companionship," he replied. "You forget that I belong to another generation. Besides, it was agreed only at dinnertime that we should return home tonight after the theater. We are supping out tomorrow night in the Montmartre and going on to the ball, and we were late last night."

The smile faded.

"How fortunate!" she murmured. "I will wait for you here then at the close of the performance."

"Are you in love with that girl?" the marquise asked him a little abruptly as he took his place beside her in the automobile an hour later.

Gilbert Channay sighed.

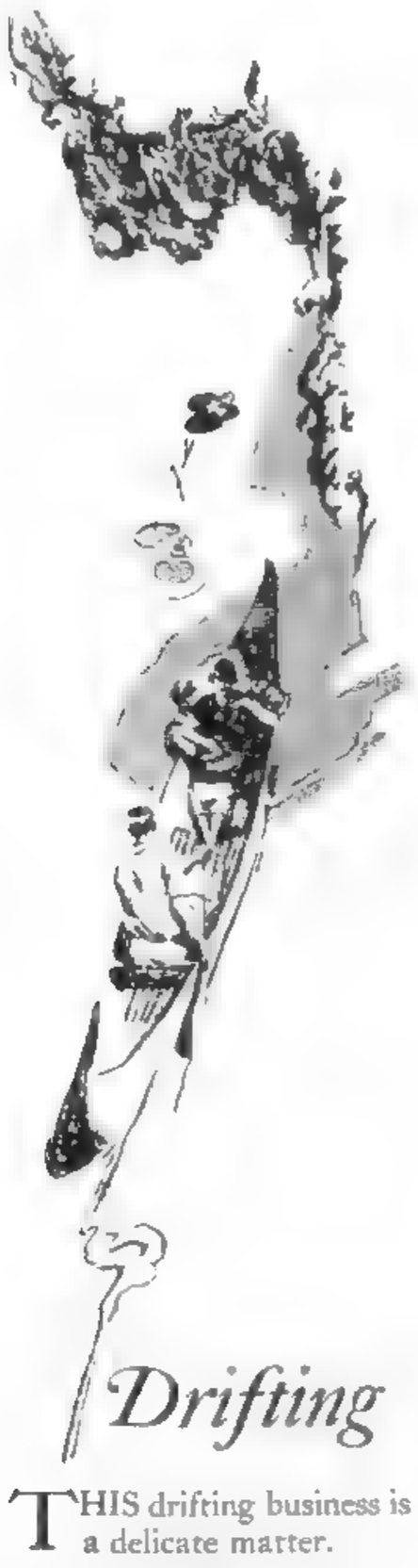
"Madame," he protested, "you flatter me. If I were at the age when one was capable of such a primitive form of emotion ——"

She stopped him with a little exclamation.

"Forgive me," she interrupted. "I might know that you would not be natural. You will never be natural with me. Nicholas says that no man living has even been your friend, nor any woman either. You live for yourself and with yourself. Is that true?"

"Circumstances," he admitted dryly. "have certainly driven me to rely upon myself and my own society to rather an unusual extent."

(Continued on Page 113



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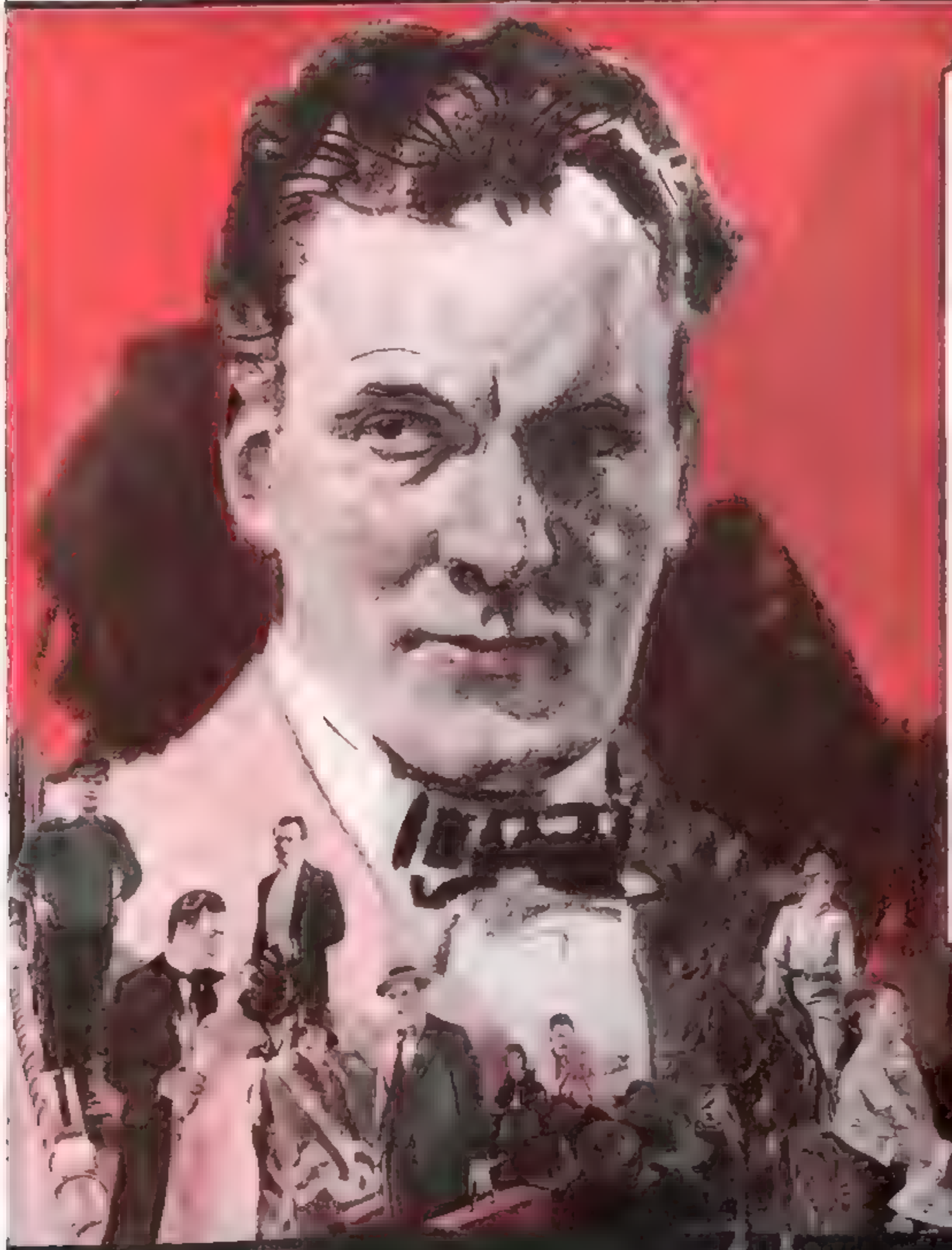

Thomas Meighan

SOME stars draw the crowds without ever creating the slightest public affection for themselves.

Tom Meighan is just the opposite. Millions of men, women and children don't think of him so much as a motion picture star as the sort of a friend they would like to have come visiting their home. "We don't merely respect him, we love him!"

Tom Meighan's widest fame dates from "The Miracle Man," and there are plenty of folks who have never missed a Meighan picture since, and won't in future. Judging by box office records his army of admirers is ever-increasing.

There are some men who seem made to play Big Brother to people. They have strength and heart, enough and to spare. Perhaps it is this feeling coming out in Tom Meighan's pictures which has made them so successful.

Titles easily remembered are "The Miracle Man," "City of Silent Men," "Cappy Ricks," "The Bachelor Daddy," "Our Leading Citizen," "Back Home and Broke," "Manslaughter," "Homeward Bound," "Tongues of Flame," "Coming Through," and, at present in production, "*Old Home Week*," by George Ade.

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(Continued from Page 110)

"I meant before that," she explained. "And yet with you it is only a question of the right woman. You would have the gift of caring—for it is a gift. Listen, Mr. Channay. We have only a few minutes. I shall not offer to entertain you tonight, because I think if I invited you to enter my house you would not come. Yet I want to say something to you. May I?"

"If you please," he begged.

"I, too, have passed that age of primitive emotions," she continued softly. "The worst of it is that when one passes it one only plunges into the deeper waters. We will leave that alone, however. I have a liking for you. In the story of what occurred between you and my brother and those others, my sympathies are with you. We all want money—I, my brother and his friends. My brother would like to get it from you. I do not think that he will succeed. I have a sort of fancy that you are one of those men against whom schemes fail."

"You are going to tell me ——" he said softly.

"Nothing," she answered. "I am simply warning you. I should like you to leave Paris."

"Where can one go?"

"Where every sensible person goes," she replied. "Go south. Now comes the selfish part of what I have to say. I have a beautiful château—a historical place—close to the sea, not very far from Nice. There are only a few servants there; it is out of repair, uncomfortable I dare say, but still magnificent and with a beauty which I think you would appreciate. It is to let. Take it for three months."

"It is an idea," he murmured.

"You can entertain there," she went on. "If you invite me I shall certainly be your guest."

"Who are your agents?" he inquired.

"Mériton, in the Rue Scribe. It will cost you a hundred thousand francs or so for three months. It is nothing to you. It will pay a few of my bills and it will get you out of Paris."

They had arrived at their destination. Her hand was resting upon his. He raised it to his lips.

"Tomorrow," he promised, "I shall call upon Monsieur Mériton."

In the moonlight, the country that lay between the château and the sea—a thin pencil of iridescent silver—seemed to have gained in charm where it lost in outline. It was like a blurred, fantastic garden, all jumbled together, the vineyards and the cornfields, the strips of meadowland, the half dozen villages—all clustered around what seemed to be a grotesque, almost an artificial eminence; a hill rising from the plains without apparent reason, on the slopes of which only a few lights were left glimmering. Near at hand the ancient terrace was swept by overhanging branches of the mimosa trees, whose fragrance seemed all the more potent, now that the sun had passed and the winds were still. At the farther end of the terrace, sharply silhouetted against the clear sky, was the ancient part of the château—the keep, solemn and menacing. Catherine drew her shawl about her with a little shiver.

"It can't be real," she exclaimed suddenly. "I feel as though we had wandered into one of the scenes of a pantomime, and as though some hideous ogre would appear on the terrace at any moment."

Channay smiled.

"It's a marvelous old place," he admitted. "I had no idea that the Valbordes were such an ancient family. François signed a treaty with the Genoese in that keep."

"Have the keys come yet?" she inquired.

"Not yet," he replied, with a momentary irritation. "I ask Pierre for them every morning and he replies always in the same fashion. 'Not yet, monsieur, but perhaps tomorrow.' . . . How would you like to live here altogether, Miss Catherine?"

She shook her head, vaguely troubled.

"How could one live here comfortably amidst the ghosts of other people's grandeur?" she demanded. "I was born in Norbury—such a dirty, insignificant-looking little street, with neighbors on either side. Here, when I lie down at night and look at these tapestried walls, and know that a queen has slept in my room, I feel like an intruder. And besides," she went on—"don't think that I don't love it here, because I feel that it is the most beautiful thing that has ever happened to wake and see the sunshine every morning and this glorious country and the mountains beyond; but at night—every night—I have the same feeling, as though there were something sinister about the place. Even the few servants, though they are so wonderfully polite, don't seem real somehow."

Gilbert Channay laughed softly.

"It is time," he decided, "that we took you out of this land of enchantment and gave you an opportunity of wearing some of your marvelous frocks. Tomorrow we will go to Monte Carlo."

"Perhaps the keys may arrive," she reminded him.

"Then tomorrow we will explore the keep and the next day we will go to Monte Carlo," he proposed.

She drew the lace wrap which she was wearing a little more tightly around her shoulders and leaned for a moment over the parapet, gazing down into the black gulf of the gorge below. Channay, pausing under pretext of lighting a cigarette, found himself, not for the first time, puzzled by some subtle, yet unmistakable change not only in her appearance but in her expression. She reminded him less than ever of the girl whom he had first seen seated upon his boat at Blickley, when Martin Fogg had paid his second visit to the Grange. The easy confidence of sun-basking youth seemed to have given place to a more thoughtful, more nervous, more enigmatical expression. It was as though the week or two which they had passed in this wonderful château, with its beautiful setting, its rich historical associations, had awakened a new vein of imagination. Yet even beyond that there was something in her eyes which eluded him. . . . Martin Fogg from the farther end of the terrace waved his arm. Through the trees on the hillside came faint splashes of light, and the hum of an approaching motor reached their ears. Channay listened without particular interest.

"People returning to Grasse from Monte Carlo," he observed. "I thought we'd go there ourselves tomorrow, unless the keys of the keep come."

Martin Fogg grunted.

"I can't understand what that fellow Pierre says of course," he declared, "but it is my belief he never means to let us see inside the place."

Martin Fogg was wrong. As a matter of fact he spent the night there.

Gilbert Channay returned to consciousness the next morning with a slight headache, a sense of dizziness and that curious confusion of thought which comes from finding oneself in unfamiliar surroundings. He sat up and looked around him. The apartment in which he had awakened was barely half the size of his customary bedchamber. The paneling upon the walls was much older and the furniture entirely different. Furthermore, there was no carpet on what seemed to be a stone floor, and in place of the ample windows through which he had been accustomed to wander onto a spacious balcony, there was nothing but a small slit in the wall and a great iron bar. He sat up and tried to collect his thoughts. All he could remember was a vague impression of waking a few hours previously to find three or four people in his room, a sickening odor of anæsthetics, the sound of a familiar voice and then sleep again.

He swung himself out of bed and tried the handle of the door. As he had half expected, it was locked. He looked around in vain for a bell. Gradually the situation began to dawn upon him. Rather to his own amazement, his first impulse was to chuckle. There was a certain exhilaration in feeling that he was back again in the throes of an adventure. Without a doubt he was in the keep. His clothes and personal belongings were all scattered about the place; even his pocketbook was there on a table by the side of the bed. The only things missing were his revolver and his small automatic pistol. He dressed slowly and sat down to await developments. Presently there was a curious noise in the wall opposite. A portion of the paneling swung inward, disclosing a small grille, through which a tray was pushed.

"Is that Pierre?" Channay demanded.

"At monsieur's service," was the response from the other side of the grille, now closed.

"Have you brought me plenty of rolls? I am hungry."

"Monsieur will find himself served as usual," was the grave reply. "There is also honey."

Channay inspected his breakfast and approved. He carried the tray to the table by the side of the bed.

"Don't go, Pierre," he begged. "Where are the others?"

"In rooms which correspond to yours, monsieur."

"Any trouble in their—removal?"

"None whatever, monsieur. The arrangements were excellent. Monsieur Fogg did not wake until I took him his breakfast. He has been talking a great deal. What he says I do not know, as I have no English; but he spoke very loudly."

"And mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle seems amused," Pierre confided.

Channay poured out his coffee and began to butter his roll.

"Am I right in imagining that visitors arrived last night?" he inquired.

"Monsieur Euphratos and a friend," Pierre assented. "Monsieur Euphratos desired me to present his compliments and he would wait upon monsieur at eleven o'clock."

"Capital!" Channay approved. "Pleasant fellow, Euphratos! I shall be glad to see him. What about cigarettes?"

"Monsieur will find his own box in the top left-hand drawer," Pierre replied.

"Is there a sitting room to this suite?" Channay inquired. "It seems to me it would be jollier if one could see something of the others."

Apparently Pierre considered the question frivolous, and without further speech he took his leave. Channay finished his breakfast, discovered an unnoticed door on the left of his bed leading into a small bare bath and toilet room, dressed in leisurely fashion and prepared to receive his visitor. At eleven o'clock the panel once more swung open and Euphratos looked through the opening.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilbert Channay," he said.

"Good morning," Channay replied politely. "Why stay out there? Come in and talk."

Euphratos coughed.

"I think not," he decided.

"It seems a very uncomfortable situation for a business chat," his prisoner grumbled, dragging a chair across the floor. "However, I'm better off than you are. I can sit down whilst you have to stand. . . . My dear fellow, you're not looking well," he went on, noticing the other's unshaven chin and the lines under his eyes. "Motoring all night, I suppose."

"Never mind about that," was the curt rejoinder. "I am here on business."

Gilbert Channay sighed.

"Dear me," he said, "and I thought this was just a visit of courtesy—that your sister, perhaps, was anxious to know whether we were comfortable. Well, go ahead."

"I understand," Euphratos began, "that you have expressed your approval of the château."

"Never so contented in my life," Channay assured him.

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"It has occurred to my sister and myself," Euphratos continued, "that you might like to buy the property."

"It's quite an idea," Channay agreed. "What's the price?"

Euphratos coughed once more.

"Ten million francs," he announced.

Channay whistled softly.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "I wondered what the scheme was. It's ingenious, Euphratos—it's very ingenious indeed!"

"I have all the papers with me," the latter went on. "I should require a check for five million francs or its equivalent down and your signature to an agreement."

"I see," Channay assented. "And supposing I should by any chance not feel like burdening myself with landed property just now, or that I should think the price excessive."

"You like plain speaking?"

"It's been a weakness of mine all my life," Channay admitted.

"Very well then. Whilst you were making up your mind, every day here your position would be made a little less comfortable; also the positions of Mr. Martin Fogg and Miss Fogg."

Channay's eyes flashed for the first time.

"Euphratos," he said, "there is just one thing which must be understood between us. Whether we deal or whether we do not deal, Miss Fogg is to be treated with the utmost respect."

Even through the grille there was something in the expression of Euphratos which brought red before Channay's eyes.

"Miss Fogg's treatment up to the present and for the immediate future is and will be everything that could be desired," Euphratos declared. "You are taking this matter lightly, though, Channay, and I want you to understand this: I know I'm taking risks, but I'm taking them because I have to. I must have money and yours will do for me as well as anyone's, especially as part of it is only my own back again. We won't discuss that. I only want to say that I'm in earnest."

Channay left his chair for a moment, crossed the room and lit another cigarette.

"Supposing I consented," he mused, "wrote the check and signed the document, we should then, I presume, be at liberty to depart."

"Immediately the check was cleared," was the dry response.

"Do you imagine that I should then carry out the purchase?" Channay asked curiously.

"We have gone into that carefully. You see, your signature would be attached to the documents necessary and your story as to the present situation would, I am convinced, be absolutely discredited. Everyone of the servants in this house would do more than commit perjury for my sake and my sister's. They will swear, one and all, that you never left your apartment, that you frequently discussed the purchase of the château and that they heard you come to the decision to give the price. No one will believe that any pressure of this—I must confess—somewhat unusual sort had been put upon you. They will simply believe that you have changed your mind and want to evade your bargain. As you know, your countrypeople are not particularly popular over here just now, and I think that the French court of law would very soon decide in my favor."

Channay considered for a few moments.

"It is a fair gamble," he admitted. "Can I talk this over with my friend Mr. Fogg?"

"It is not necessary," Euphratos replied. "Mr. Fogg is not your friend. He is simply an ex-private detective whom you employ as a kind of watchdog. It is perhaps in his favor that he happens to have an attractive daughter."

"Euphratos ——" Channay began warningly.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Spoken with the utmost respect," he observed.

There was a brief pause. Gilbert Channay sighed and looked toward the little slit in the wall.

"Beautiful day outside, isn't it?"

"Beautiful."

"And to think that I can't see it!" Channay went on. "That wonderful garden of yours, with the masses of daffodils and roses and violets. I walk there for an hour after breakfast every morning, Euphratos."

"You can walk there now if you sign these papers," Euphratos reminded him. "My lawyer is below, and plenty of witnesses."

"What a scoundrel your lawyer must be!" Channay observed.

"He is," Euphratos assented. "He would be of no use to me if he weren't. Shall I send for him?"

"Not at present. I want to talk to Martin Fogg."

"You can say a few words to him through the grille here in my presence," Euphratos suggested.

"Excellent!"

Euphratos departed and returned in a few minutes with Channay's fellow prisoner. Martin Fogg was unkempt and picturesquely blasphemous.

"It's all very well for you, Mr. Channay," he groaned. "I'm the man who ought to have been looking out for this sort of thing. To think that I should let you walk into a booby trap like this!"

"My fault entirely," Channay declared politely. "Explain your offer, Euphratos."

Euphratos explained. Martin Fogg listened with pursed-up lips and an air of rigid attention.

"How much is ten million francs?" he asked.

"About a hundred and thirty thousand pounds," Channay replied.

"And what is the place really worth?"

Channay considered.

"I should think about forty thousand. I presume the farms ——"

"The farms are not included. They are already disposed of," Euphratos interrupted.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds then."

Martin Fogg reflected for several moments.

"My idea is," he said at last, "that Mr. Euphratos won't care to run this risk for longer than he can help. We're fairly comfortable. Hold out until tomorrow night. He'll come down in price."

"Your advice is bad," Euphratos pronounced coldly. "The deeds are all made out. The figure will not be changed, and I beg to warn you," he went on, "that your positions and the position of Miss Fogg will become less comfortable and less secure with every hour of delay."

Euphratos was gazing fixedly at Channay. Martin Fogg took a stealthy step into the background. He, too, looked full at his partner, and his eyelid quivered in a distinct and definite wink. The latter appeared to come to a decision.

"I am not, perhaps, so rich a man as you think, Euphratos," he said. "I shall consider this matter for an hour or two."

"I trust for all your sakes that it will not be more than an hour or two," Euphratos replied. . . . "Pierre and André," he went on, turning to the men, who were standing a few feet away, "escort Mr. Fogg to his room."

The grille rattled into its place. Euphratos pursued the circular corridor to the other side of the building, knocked at a door, and after a moment's delay unlocked it and entered. Catherine, who was reading, looked up with a frown.

"You again!" she observed coldly.

He glanced round the room. It was furnished with a sort of ragged splendor and without the bareness of the other apartments. There were flowers, a basket of fruit and books upon the table by her side.

"I have come to see that you are comfortable," he announced.

"No one could be comfortable indoors on such a day as this," she answered curtly.

"I mean as comfortable as possible under the circumstances," he corrected himself. "You have received, I trust, a visit from your father."

(Continued on Page 116)

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Continued from Page 114

"Yes."

"And you have given him good advice?"

Catherine laid down her book.

"I have given him what I consider good advice," she declared. "I have said that if I were Mr. Channay I would not part with a single penny. You cannot keep us here indefinitely. Before long people will begin to wonder what has become of us. Yours is a bad scheme. The world is not large enough nowadays—not this part of it, at any rate—for brigandage or comic-opera abductions."

He came over and stood close to her. For a girl, she was unusually brave; but there was something in his face which she hated, something from which she shrank.

"You may find that this is not a comic-opera abduction," he warned her.

"Are you trying to terrify me?" she demanded.

"Does it terrify you to be admired?" he rejoined.

"By such a person as you, it annoys me!"

There was a little glint in his peculiar-colored eyes.

"You must not talk to me like that," he said quietly. "At least remember that I am master here and that you are very much in my power."

"How chivalrous to remind me of it!" she scoffed. "Go away, please. It is dull enough shut up here, but I would rather be dull than have you annoy me."

He stood within a few feet of her, stolid, menacing, indescribably sinister, notwithstanding his slow speech and unhurried movements.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you make a mistake in not being a little kinder to me."

She felt her heart beating more quickly. She knew that he was in earnest.

She shivered when she thought of what might happen even at that moment if it were not that he still hoped to carry through his scheme.

"I do not know," she admitted, "what sort of man you are. Those whom I have met don't dare talk so to women who dislike them."

"Dislike sometimes changes," he remarked, with an unpleasant smile. "With the first kiss other things are born."

She picked up her book.

"Even now," she assured him scornfully, but with a little quiver in her tone, "I am not afraid of you."

He leaned toward her.

"Why not be friends?" he begged. "Am I so terrible? Give me your hand. Let me at least kiss your fingers."

"If you come an inch nearer," she threatened, "I shall do my best to kill you."

He hesitated. There were evil things in his face as she stood there, suddenly erect, tense, ready to spring. He turned away with an effort.

"Tomorrow," he compromised; "we shall see tomorrow."

On the morrow Euphratos remained in his own side of the château and the three prisoners were unvisited. On the following day he thrust back the grille and looked in at Channay. He looked in on a very angry man.

"Good morning," he ventured.

"Go to hell," was the blunt reply. "Do you realize that yesterday I had scarcely any lunch and no dinner at all? I asked for cigarettes in vain, and no wine."

"Today," Euphratos observed, "you will have less."

"You mean to starve us then?"

"Only you and the amiable Mr. Fogg. As for mademoiselle, my chef has done his best for her and my gardener has sent his choicest fruits. She is, I assure you, perfectly comfortable. Tonight I intend to dine with her myself."

Channay became suddenly very calm. He stopped in his furious walking up and down the room. He came close up to the grille and Euphratos was for a moment afraid.

"Have you been annoying Miss Fogg?" Channay asked with perilous quietness.

"I do not find that my society annoys Miss Fogg," was the insolent rejoinder. "The young lady is naturally a little bored. She is glad of my company. She is in better quarters than you, and I think after today I shall arrange to take her for an automobile drive. We shall perhaps visit Monte Carlo if all goes well."

Channay laughed scornfully.

"Tomorrow," he threatened, "you will probably find yourself in prison."

Euphratos frowned. More than once he had had an uneasy suspicion that there was something in the back of the mind of this prisoner of his.

"You expect a rescue?" he inquired ironically.

"At any time after midday."

"From what direction?"

Channay smiled.

"You will know soon enough," was the suave reply.

Euphratos took summary leave of his prisoner and paid a visit to Martin Fogg. He found the latter standing upon his chair looking through the narrow slit of the window. He turned gloomily around at the noise of the opening of the grille.

"Look here," he began, "are you going to starve us? Do you know I had scarcely anything to eat all day yesterday?"

"You will have less today," was the savage retort.

Martin Fogg looked at his visitor curiously. There was a little twitch of the underlip, an absence of complete depression which was significant.

"Bet you I have as good a dinner as you do," he wagered.

Euphratos tugged fiercely at his little black mustache. Suspicion was merging into fear. Nevertheless, he still bluffed.

"Would you mind telling me how you propose to get it?" he asked with unconvincing sarcasm.

"From you—if we haven't kicked you out," was the confident reply. "You'll be on your knees long before that time, assuring us that this was a joke."

"You are a fool!" Euphratos exclaimed angrily.

"Fortunately for all three of us, that's just what I'm not," Martin Fogg chuckled.

Euphratos went on to visit Catherine. The pleasant sense of exhilaration with which he had previously approached her door had gone. He knocked and entered with a feeling almost of apprehension. She, too, was standing upon a chair looking through the window.

"What the —— I beg your pardon —— Good morning, Miss Fogg. Looking out into the gardens?"

She glanced at an old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room.

"I was a little too early," she observed as she sprang down to the floor.

Euphratos gazed at her perplexed. Save in his presence, not one of his prisoners had communicated with the other, yet each seemed to expect deliverance today, each was watching the road.

"You are expecting visitors, mademoiselle?" he inquired, with ill-assumed nonchalance.

"We shall certainly have visitors before the day has passed," she replied. "So will you."

"In case you should be disappointed," he said, "I have come to invite myself to dine with you tonight."

"Thank you, I anticipate having another engagement."

"You will be disappointed," he warned her.

She laughed at him almost naturally.

"I would rather have mine than yours," she declared.

He left her abruptly and paced the corridors for a few minutes, biting his nails, confused and miserable. Then he made his way to the château proper, into the library, where Monsieur Courvoiselle, the lawyer, sat writing letters. Monsieur Courvoiselle was a bald, elderly man with vulturelike features and eyes set a good deal too close together. He turned his head as his host entered.

"Well?" he exclaimed. "There is an agreement, yes? One cannot stay here forever."

"There is no agreement as yet," Euphratos confessed. "They must come to their senses before long."

"What about the young lady?" the lawyer inquired, with an unpleasant grin.

"There will be news of her presently," Euphratos declared. "She is difficult, but that will pass."

Pierre entered and whispered something in his master's ear. The slight uneasiness which had oppressed Euphratos all the morning was suddenly increased a thousandfold.

"What is it?" the lawyer demanded.

"Nothing serious," his client answered; "but it seems that ever since they came here the man Fogg has motored out, sometimes alone, every other day to Cannes. I have just been able to discover where he went to."

"And where was it?"

"The police station!"

"The police station at Cannes? What the devil did he want there?" Monsieur Courvoiselle growled. "Euphratos," he continued, "I never liked the look of that man Fogg—sly, he seemed to me. Supposing ——"

"Well?"

"Supposing he was suspicious and he had arranged to report every other day at Cannes."

"All rubbish!" was the impatient reply. "Would they listen to him?"

Again Pierre—this time a message. A gleam of triumph suddenly shone in his master's face.

"Channay has sent for me," he announced. "Wait!"

He hurried up the stairs, along many corridors, through the great doors into the keep. Breathless, he pushed back the grille. Channay was seated with folded arms in his chair.

"Euphratos," he said, "I will buy your château."

"You are serious?" the other asked, trying to keep the excitement from his tone.

"I am serious," Channay assented. "These are my terms, though: I will give you my parole and Mr. Fogg will give you his. We will make no attempt at violence, but we must be released at once. I will sign the document in your library as soon as you give me a bottle of wine and something to eat."

"I understand that you give me your parole," Euphratos repeated, "that there shall be no violence and that you will buy the château."

"Agreed," Channay replied. "You can bring Fogg here and I will tell him my decision."

"You have done wisely," Euphratos declared. "Wait until I fetch the keys."

In ten minutes they were all seated round the study table—all except Martin Fogg, who had wandered toward the window. Channay helped himself twice from the bottle of white wine which had been placed by his side and munched some biscuits. Then he glanced through the deeds which the lawyer stretched out before him.

"I understand," he demanded, "that this is an absolutely legal and binding conveyance of sale?"

The lawyer smiled.

"It is I who have taken care of that, monsieur," he rejoined.

Gilbert Channay took up his pen.

"Very well," he said, "there is only one slight alteration I am about to make. The price you have quoted for the château and its contents is ten million francs. I am making that one million."

The lawyer stared at him. Euphratos laughed contemptuously.

"Don't be absurd, Channay!" he exclaimed.

Channay was already busy with pen and ink. He pushed Euphratos away.

"Listen!" he enjoined.

Martin Fogg suddenly turned around.

"They come!" he announced. "There is an automobile in the drive!"

"Who come?" Euphratos demanded.

Gilbert Channay was busy making various alterations in the document before him. His pen spluttered over the paper. He signed the paper and leaned back in his chair.

"Euphratos," he said, "my friend here and I have been perhaps a little foolish; but we are not what we call in England damned fools. We were very well aware that we ran a certain risk in coming to this place, and we provided for it. Martin Fogg, who was connected with the police in London for many years, had a letter of introduction to the Chef de Sureté in Paris, who gave us another one to his colleague in Cannes. On the first day we arrived here Martin Fogg visited that gentleman and arranged to report regularly. If he should fail to do so, the Chef de Sureté at Cannes undertook to send over to see that nothing was wrong. You see, we failed to report yesterday."

"The car is coming up the drive," Martin Fogg announced. "There are three men outside; one looks like a gendarme in plain clothes."

The lawyer rose to his feet in obvious alarm.

"I am not concerned in this," he said sharply. "My visit is simply professional."

"The whole thing was a joke," Euphratos declared hoarsely. "Anyone would realize that it was a joke."

"I think," Gilbert Channay advised, "that you had better sign this deed of sale, Euphratos. You can have the check today. I rather fancy the château and contents for a million francs. We should have to get in fresh servants, of course. You will forgive me, I am sure, but I shall not be able to offer you the hospitality you have extended to us."

"A million francs is absurd," Euphratos protested feverishly. "We refused two million last year."

"One million francs is the price I have decided upon," Gilbert Channay observed. "I never change my mind. Listen, isn't that an automobile?"

A car passed the windows. They heard the brazen clanging of the front door bell.

"If you sign," Gilbert Channay said, holding the pen toward Euphratos, "it was a joke. If you do not, you will return with our friends to Cannes."

Euphratos took up the pen. His fingers shook, but he signed. Gilbert Channay blotted the paper and thrust the parchment deed into his inner pocket. There was a knock at the door and the sound of voices outside. Pierre entered.

"Some gentlemen from Antibes, monsieur, to know if they can see over the château," he announced to his master.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

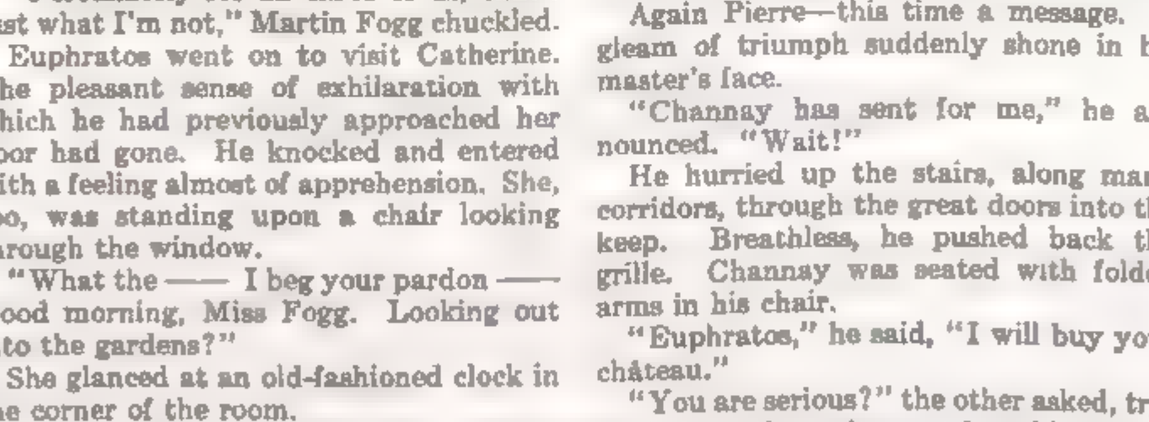

PHOTO. FROM H. S. WATSON

Sunrise, Yukon River, 1:28 A. M.

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Prices
(f.o.b. Dayton)

For converting present refrigerators into Frigidaire	$190 up
Frigidaire complete with Cabinet	$245 up

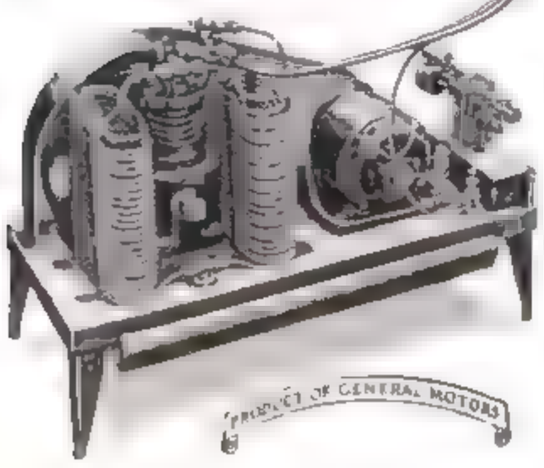
How Your Ice-Box Is Quickly Converted Into a Frigidaire

1 *The frost coil is placed in the ice compartment of your refrigerator as shown above.*

2 *The compressor (shown below) is placed in the basement or other convenient location.*

3 *The frost coil and the compressor are connected by two small copper tubes, and a connection made to your electric wires*

That's all. Your refrigerator becomes cold and stays cold. You have Frigidaire electric refrigeration.



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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

"Look, Maria, This Oil Stock Must be O. K., They've Sent a Small Bottle of Their Oil as a Sample"

divided her attention between the baby and the baking.

"Shut up that kid if you have to put her in the oven!" pleaded Donald W. Doorknob. Then, closing the door none too gently, he resumed his courting of the muse. It took him less than a half hour to get into his stride. The words, however, were less puissant:

Wear a laugh,
what'er you do!
Wear a laugh!
Laugh at sorrow
—peekaboo!
Wear a laugh!
When the wolf is at the door,
Don't you be a-getting sore;
Treat him like a beastly bore,
Wear a laugh!

Donald's face was purple, but he was making progress. Now for a snappy epigram. He invariably concluded his message with a few brilliant pointers on the philosophy of happiness. He consulted yesterday's write-up. He had used three original topics for the epigrams—the beauty of friendship, the folly of worry and the value of cheerfulness. He decided to give them another chance and, for novelty's sake, inverted the order. Well, then, the value of cheerfulness. After some moments he gave birth to: Pass along your smile and soon it will grow to a big laugh.

He scowled and finished the ice water. His eye caught sight of the rejected short story and spiritually he took the count. With a truly beautiful effort he resumed concentration on his three verities. The folly of worry! His heart was in his work, but his subconsciousness was pretty busy with his debts. For a compromise he managed to sweat off the following: Give your worry the double O and soon you will see that you were cock-eyed. His glance strayed to the calendar. Suddenly he sickened with the realization that he had but one week left in which to meet the premium on his life insurance. He had been counting on that short story, and now he had nothing left to count on but his fingers. What to do—borrow the money? Impossible. He knew his friends. That reminded him—the beauty of friendship. There was another epigram still to be done. He gave fancy free rein and with feeling he wrote: Friendship is all that life has to offer. Better be able to count your friends than your millions. Make everybody at home in your heart.

It was twelve o'clock. Donald W. Doorknob, Jr., came in from school with his report card and meekly handed it to his father. Donald W. Doorknob, Sr., glanced at the bad news and laid his son across his knee. "I'll teach you to be good, my young friend!" he offered big-heartedly, and proceeded to apply the hand throttle.

Cheerio!—it was all in the day's work.

—Edmund J. Kiefer.

The Early Bird

Or Why We Have No Pterodactyls

THE somnolent Dodo
Resides in Komodo,
A fabulous region of Rocs,
Intelligent Sea Mews,
Auks, Rheas and Emus,
And suchlike cross-verbial flocks.

To Ais and Moas,
To Quaggas, Jerboas
And Toucans both female and male;
To Grackles and Poodles
She cackles and croodles
Her Paleozoical tale:

"In days that were Classic
And Lower Jurassic
There came a cantankerous Fowl,
His form was idyllic,
Though Pterodactyllic,
His voice was a shriek and a howl.

"This huge Pterodactyl,
Whose neck was retractile,
Clamated, 'I am, they affirm,
A Bird, and I'm early
And hungry, old girly—
So where's my Proverbial Worm?'

"'The Vermes,' I hooted,
'Are not evoluted!'
Then, heavenward flying, sang he—
The huge Pterodactyl—
'I'm not coming back till
The Worm is invented for me!'

"Though eons I've waited
And Bait is created,
I fear he has died of a Germ;
For that large Pterodactyl
Whose claws were retractile
Has never returned for his Worm!"

—Arthur Guiterman.

One Tough Arabian Night

IT IS related that the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid was restless one night and could not sleep, so he disguised himself and set forth on an adventure. Since the moon was already waning, he seated himself upon a magic carpet and fared swiftly from his palace toward Bagdad. He had not reached the outskirts of that city before he was forced to halt his vehicle, for the air was full of travelers similarly mounted upon magic carpets.

"In the name of Allah, what is this?" the Caliph demanded of one stalled at his side.

"It is but the usual jam," the stranger explained. "Traffic conditions wax frightful. The Caliph ought to do something about it."

"Perhaps he knows naught thereof," remarked the disguised Harun-al-Rashid.

"Never doubt it!" growled the other as their line of carpets moved forward half a block and halted again. "The incompetent! They hold traffic when he goes abroad."

"Is it thus always?" the Caliph hastily put in, flushing uncomfortably.

"Invariably. It requires whole minutes to get home. My wives must be worrying about me now. I used to be able to go from one end of Bagdad to another in ten seconds on any kind of a magic carpet. Now it takes at least thirty-three," the stranger continued. "And the parking problem grows worse and worse. One used to be able to leave one's carpet floating conveniently at the curb or by the roof. Now firmans require a traveler to roll his carpet up as small as possible before leaving it. Neglect that, and the janizary on the beat gives one a ticket."

"This terrible condition must reach the ears of the Caliph," declared Harun as the two made some slight progress forward by rising to a higher level.

"It ought to, but I fear it will not. He must wear mufflers," came the disconcerting retort. "Even so, I could endure all this if so many barbarous outlanders weren't touring through Bagdad these days. Whenever they are held up in a traffic jam they take advantage of the halt to beat their magic carpets vigorously. Of course they all carry little pennants reading 'Excuse my dust,' but ——"

Harun-al-Rashid heard no more. He had turned down a side air lane and was making the best time possible by a long detour back to the palace.

—Fairfax Downey.

Drab Ballads

XVII

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, F. P. Hay (Mad Moments With a Mouth Harp) sang with great success the emotional number entitled:

OH, LET ME PLAY A SOLO ON THAT RARE OLD INSTRUMENT!

A hobo gaunt once entered in
A gilded, gay café,
And humbly pleaded for a drink of rum.
The well-fed royst'rers gave a grin,
And some waved him away.
A waiter came and said, "Get out, you bum!"
He started, then a rare old bass drum noted,
Within a glass case, in a favored spot;
Before that costly instrument he gloated,
Then took it down before he could be shot.

REFRAIN

"Oh, let me play a solo on that rare old instrument;
I've not forgot the art that brought me fame;
I've played in ev'ry capital upon the Continent,
Though now I stand in tatters and in shame."
He played—and all were thrillingly elated—
A Russian Rhapsody, exotic, wild.
And then a passage from the celebrated
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—Harry G. Smith.

The song that made the stage a better place,
Right shortly it will occupy this space:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE FRUIT *concentrated!*

—or maybe tomatoes are vegetables, not fruit.

There seems to be a controversy on the subject.

ANYWAY, Americans eat sixty-five million bushels a year because they like them.

In one big bottle of Blue Label Ketchup we concentrate all the flavor-all the health giving vitamines and salts of *9 large, juicy tomatoes*

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AIR HOSE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Believe I'd stay up on deck today if I was you," suggested Mr. Raff to Mr. Kamp.

Quick suspicion flashed in Mr. Kamp's blue-white eye.

"How come?" he wanted to know.

"Well," explained Mr. Raff with a great show of concern, "some union roughnecks must 'a' heard that that pet gang of yours that Boss Bill lent to the Harlem Draw job was comin' back today. Leastwise there's been ten or a dozen of 'em hanging around outside the gate since about nine o'clock, looking dang warlike. Your gang's about due now if they make that 10:30 ferry. Better stay topside, Blondy. Last time you argued with the union boys you lost two teeth and a half yard of hide. Remember?"

Remember? Blondy Kamp even forgot air hose remembering those two teeth. Hotfoot, he clattered down the long flight of steps to earth and streaked for the watchman's gate. He got through just in time—just as his pet rivet gang arrived, returning from the Harlem Draw job, where they had completed a record week of slappin' 'em down in order to deliver that little bridge from Ironville Steel to the North City Traction Company a half day ahead of the forfeit clause. Mr. Raff's solicitous warning, then, had been no fabrication, Mr. Raff being simply one who never failed to make the best of fortuitous circumstance. Drawn up in serried array in front of Mazie's Sauerkraut Lunch across the street from the Marchborough job's high fence, awaiting Mr. Kamp's pet four, was a reception committee of ten bristle-whiskered union gentlemen.

Action had just begun when Mr. Kamp, taking the street in three jumps, scored a perfect bull's-eye with his first left uppercut. The quarter hour that followed still marks one of the high spots in Mr. Kamp's none too level career; for not only did his presence in that joyful business more than make up the difference between four men and ten, but before the reception committee decided to call it a day at receiving and retired, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, Mr. Kamp had not only collected a suitcase full of teeth toward the satisfaction of the family honor but had obtained additional reparations to the tune of five black eyes and had reshaped a number of noses very nearly to his heart's desire. But this is a world of cloud and sunshine, smiles and tears. During that luscious fifteen minutes, air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 ft., disappeared off the Marchborough Bridge job, and off of the earth, as completely as though it had hopped aboard a comet and gone gallivanting out into the dark backward and abysm of time.

The wharf watchman, the boss stevedore, the material checker and the yard foreman all swore great oaths upon their swords, denying they had left their various duties for any such frivolity as a fly-around between union and open-shop men. Those little affairs, so claimed these worthies, had become of such frequent occurrence that they no longer intrigued their interest. But wharf watchmen and their ilk to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a blessed fact that the more good fights you see, the more you want to see. And nobody knew the axiomatic nature of this truth better than young Boss Bill, who had not been nicknamed Rawhide Bill during his football years without due cause. But Boss Bill, so it happened, was in no position to look into the verity of the statement of wharf watchmen et al. with discipline in view, Boss Bill himself having crashed the gate in vain effort to join the carnival in front of Sauerkraut Mazie's before Blondy Kamp's activities had upset the program of events so carefully prepared by the union men.

So it happened that although reams of perfectly good Ironville Steel Company letterhead were wasted in recriminations between the shipping department of the home plant and the receiving force at the Marchborough field, no blame was ever placed for the loss of the item, "Air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 ft."

Young Mr. Andrew Jackson Brown, the rivet counter, noticed, it is true, from time to time, suspiciously new lengths of air hose leading to those gangs of Banty Raff's that drove the highest points in the superstructure of the bridge. But few ever climbed so far aloft, so they were not conspicuous. Young Mr. Brown wisely forbore to mention these questionable lengths—and so shall we. Instead, this chronicle will allow one particular invoice of materials shipped to Marchborough to go into permanent file with one particular item on it all unchecked and forgotten.

Forgotten? We are wrong! It is true that after months of stealthy searching, high and low, in every nook and cranny of that bridge, Blondy Kamp finally despaired of ever finding what he sought. But in his memory that particular item stayed as fresh and green as on the day he spied it on its invoice.

The great Marchborough Bridge that spans Tide River and its midstream island, joining the mighty city of New Market to the wide fields that waited development across the water, was built in three tremendous units. The Ironville Steel Company made all the steel and fabricated it; and the bridge-and-building department of that company erected the huge span that crossed the island and stretched its amazing cantilevers from each end out over the water toward Tide River's opposite shores. That done, another organization helped to finish the big job. The Ironville outfit, an open-shop force, took down their mighty traveler with its long-armed derricks and moved over to the Marchborough side of Tide River. But in the city of New Market, that capital of organized labor, a big erection company working union men went at that end of the job. The anchor spans on opposite sides of the river were finished during the same week. And then began an epic race, the pushing out of those breath-taking cantilever arms to see who would be the first to make connection with the island steel.

The day at last arrived when the Ironville erectors saw their steel shake hands with the long arm that had been beckoning to them so marvelously for so many driving, danger-freighted months. That heroic competition was won by a mere day or so; but you may be sure that the lashings were scarcely off the deep bottom chord that made the first connection before there was a rush of bridgemen over that precarious way, and then a long race over the island steel to see who would be the first to stand at the end of the other island cantilever and jeer insulting pleasantries at the union men toiling across the narrow, dizzy gap that separated them from victory in this herculean labor.

"Banty," said Blondy Kamp that day, "I'm going to take a little jaunt across the island. I want to shout a few choice remarks over to Tarheel Smull. He's been in charge of the raisers on the other side, and it wouldn't be right not to let him know at this particular time how he's had our sympathy right along—him tryin' to get a job of bridgin' done with that bunch of union pretzel benders. Go along over with me?"

"Nup," answered Raff. "Got four gangs changin' scaffold and if I take my eye off them they'll take all the rest of the day doing it. Got to stick close. By the way, Blondy, you don't have an extra length or two of air hose you could let me have? I'm runnin' awful short."

"Not a dog-gone foot to spare, Raffy." The milk of human kindness flowed over Blondy's tongue. "Not a dog-gone foot. I'm sorry. You sure could have it if I wasn't half a dozen coils short myself. Sure is tough on this job, this air-hose proposition.

(Continued on Page 124)

Keep radio tubes like NEW!

JEFFERSON
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OWNERS of radio sets long have hoped for such a device as this—a "tube rejuvenator" for home use to keep radio tubes at full efficiency and greatly increase their length of life.

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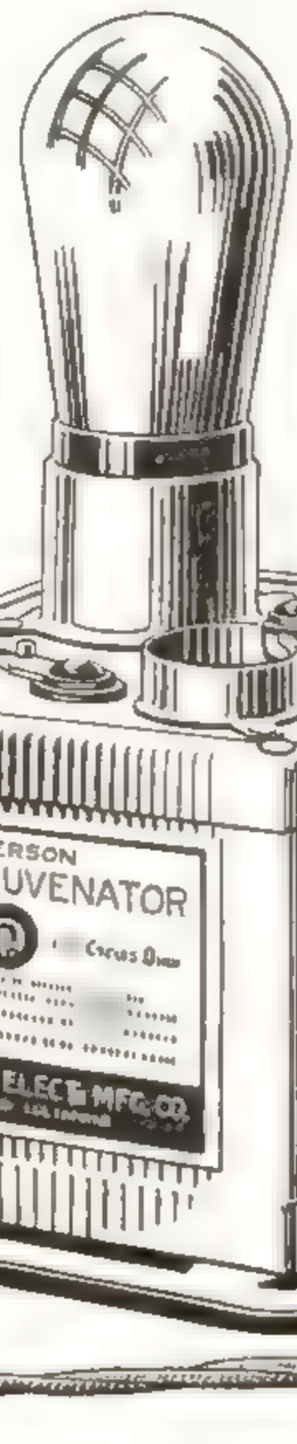

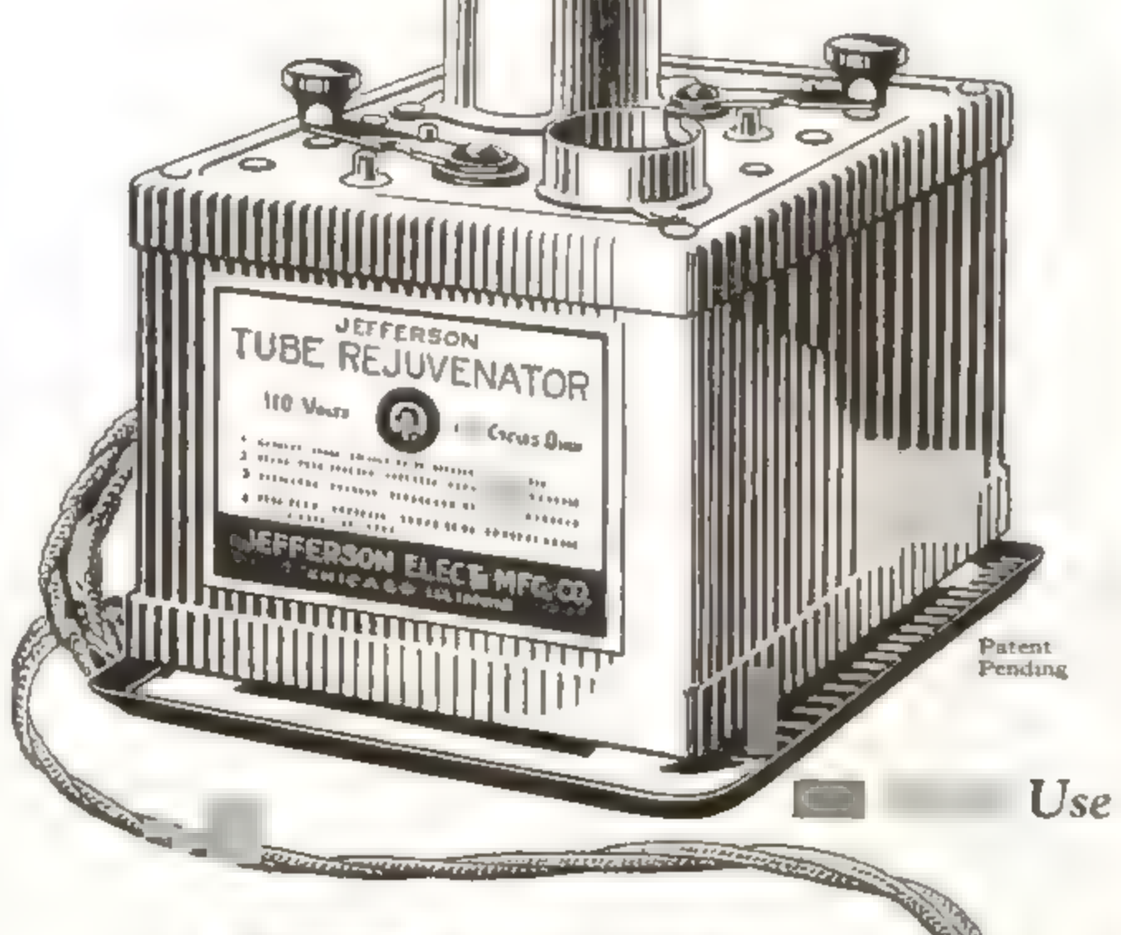

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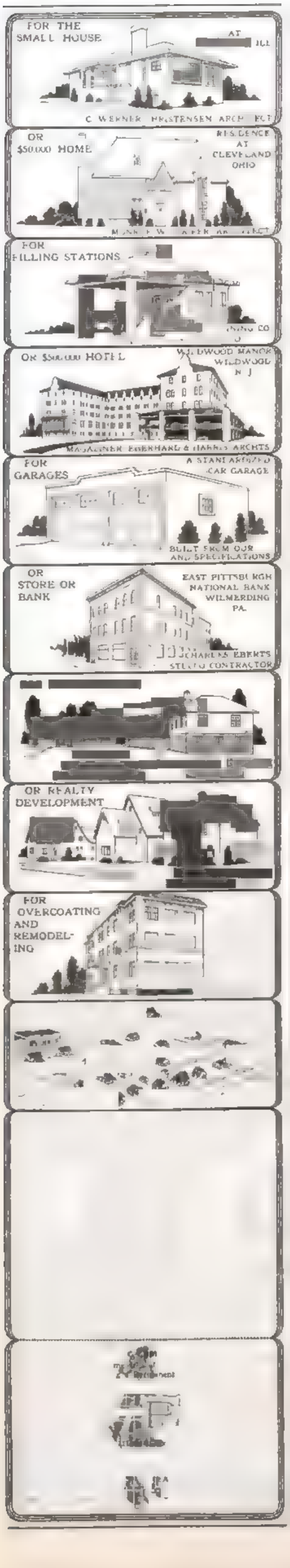
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(Continued from Page 122)

Well, so long. If the boss should ask for me, send someone across the island steel to get me pronto, will you?"

Whereupon, having apparently departed the Marchborough side, Blondy watched his chance, crawled through the lattice bars of a panel post, and climbed up the inside of that member high into the superstructure of the bridge to a point from which, in concealment, he might watch for a little while the floors below him. Blondy himself, being no slouch at putting circumstance to work for him, was making one more play; and on that play the tireless espionage of months won its long-sought reward.

"That little shrimp!" he whispered to himself less than a half hour later. "That wham-rammed little shrimp! Down in the anchor pier!"

The anchor piers of a cantilever bridge not only hold it up, depending upon the weight and location of the traffic load; they also hold it down. Lay a yardstick on your desk. Now slide it out so that two feet of it extend beyond the desk's edge. A foot of the stick now remains on the desk. That foot is your anchor span. The overthrust two feet is the cantilever arm. The edge of the desk marks the place of the tower pier. It holds your bridge up. Your finger pressing down at the desk end—the inland end—of the stick marks the place of the anchor pier. It does the holding down. Duplicate this with another yardstick on another desk four feet away so that the overthrust ends of the yardsticks meet in mid-air—and there, by gum, you are! Nothing so hard about bridge engineering after all. Stop in at Valley Tech any time now and get your C.E. degree.

Cyclopean were the anchor piers of the Marchborough Bridge. Great granite piles—huge engineering monuments weighing thousands of tons, that would ere long add other thousands of tons to their mass; for each would inclose in the end a tremendous core of concrete. Now down the center of each pier went a black shaft eight or nine feet square, some eighty or ninety feet deep, terminating down in the heart of the pier in a larger chamber.

Down the center of each black shaft went a chain of nested nickel-steel eyebars strong enough to do for Marchborough's terrific bridge what your pressing finger did for the cantilever yardstick. Connected to the top of each of these eyebar chains was a screw jack, which itself was directly connected to the steel of the anchor arm. A transcendental screw jack, this one, for what ordinary mortal can visualize a mechanical device so powerful that a turn on it would tilt the whole land unit of the Marchborough Bridge on its tower pier as though it were some Brobdingnagian teeter plank?

And down at the lower end of the eyebar chain, in a black, dank, silent, granite-walled cubicle, squatted, like a monstrous well-denned prehistoric toad, the burly anchor, a broad unbreakable casting of the toughest steel. To it the lower end of the eyebar chain was pinned with a nickel-steel pin ten inches thick.

Some day, when the bridge was complete and the long cantilevers touched midstream, those transcendental screw jacks would be given a half turn or so, if need be, to make the island and shore arms meet to the hundredth part of an inch; and then Signori d'Angelo, Franjoso, Amatuccio and Possiponti, with other fellow nationals from Moolberri Street, each wielding a highly educated concrete shovel, would mix up many tons of sand, stone and cement and drop them down the shafts of the anchor piers, filling them up, casing anchor casting and eyebar chain in liquid rock that would soon be adamant, weighting that anchorage down, holding it rust-proof, immovable there through the centuries.

But until that final adjustment of the bridge was made, Signor d'Angelo and Moolberri Street confreres would not fill that shaft with concrete; and so, meanwhile, that black chamber down where the great toad squatted made a wonderful hiding place for "air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 ft."

"The little bandy-legged sandpiper!" swore Blondy Kamp from his high hiding place. "He thinks I'm over at the New Market side of the island or he never would have risked going down for a coil in broad daylight. I wonder how many are left. But believe me, Brother Kamp, we shan't be wondering about this very long after the whistle tonight!"

"Here you, Crazy," said Banty Raff to one of his drivers high in the bridge a little bit later, "here's that air hose you been bellyachin' about. I'll be tied and flogged if you four can't wear out rubber faster than any rivet gang in America. How do you bonbon eaters expect me to beat Blondy Kamp's costs when every button you knock down has got to carry a load of half a cent to pay for air hose? You noticed if Blondy's come back from over the island yet?"

"Come back?" questioned big Sam Dobbins, the driver, a gentleman more familiarly addressed by fellow bonbon eaters as Crazy Horse. "He ain't been over. Not ten minutes back I see that hemp-head come climbin' out of a post back on the anchor span. Me, I got that piece of steel all spotted. I bet you that china-eyed son of a Swede's got a couple len'ths of air hose hid away up there right this minute!"

But Banty Raff, as part of his day's routine, made it a point to glance into all box members of the bridge as he climbed about. None on that piece of work contained air hose; of that thing he was sure. Hiding away up there then, eh, after persuading an honest, unsuspecting fellow foreman that he had gone across the island? A wise and startled look came into Mr. Raff's gray eyes. And when the whistle blew that evening Mr. Raff was not one of those who, piping a cheerful dirge at the passing of another day's tough task, swung the world's only perfect vacuum, a bridgeman's dinner pail at quitting time, through the street watchman's gate.

Down at the bottom of the pier shaft, sitting all pretty on the flat top of the anchor, Blondy Kamp found them: four coils yet remaining out of eight, four hundred feet. But halfway down his knotted rope Blondy Kamp had lost all interest in that which he had sought so long and come upon at last with such persistent cunning. Apprehension hurried his descent, and when he felt at last those hose coils underneath his feet, something not far from panic terror replaced triumph in his heart. For between the time that afternoon when he had seen Banty Raff come up like Ali Baba out of his treasure cave, and the time just after nightfall when Blondy had thought it safest to risk Brother Cassim's part, that cold and bloodless toad of an anchor squatting down there in its den had hatched a hideous thing.

There was a square hole in the top plate of the anchor casting which let the eyebars through to be pinned to the thick reënforcing webs that strengthened the burly anchor; and down through this hole the rays from Blondy Kamp's battery lamp went stabbing.

They lit up the rounded ends of the big eyebars, shone glistening on the curve of the tremendous pin that coupled them to the anchor, made bright a little space on the stone floor of the anchor chamber. But they could not pierce back past the bottom edges of the thick reënforcing webs to the black corners of the cubicle—could not reach that obscure, inaccessible pocket whence came horror. Down there in the narrow space below the anchor, down past a tortuous opening through which only a boy or a very small man could have wriggled, a thing made sounds—a thing made sounds where should have been a quiet like in Cheops' inner chamber; where should have been only utter loneliness and a catacomb stillness. Utter loneliness pressed heavily enough on Blondy Kamp down there in that dankness, blackness; but utter silence did not add its smothering weight. Instead, a faint, vile noise more terrible than thunder bludgeoned his eardrums. Steady, remorseless, deadly—"Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick!"

There is no river wide enough to keep disentangled union and open shop bridgemen working on its opposite shores; so many's the elegant breaking of heads that went into the building of the Marchborough spans. But as long as nothing more serious than well-thumped skulls evinced the animosity on both sides, nobody cared. What are a few hundred-odd cracked pates between bridging gentlemen? They merely add to the general joy of raising steel. But in any group embracing thousands of men, no matter how honest and hard-fisted they may be, you can nearly always find a little nest of rats who lack the guts to settle differences in good stand-up, knockdown fashion. So on the Marchborough job it is not surprising that cowardice often showed its dirty hand. On more than one occasion during that construction, old overalls or abandoned jumpers were found, placed with elaborate carelessness in half-hidden corners where someone evidently thought they would do a lot of good; such cast-off work clothes proving upon examination to have bundled in them numerous cylinders of a peculiar, sticky, granular substance wrapped in yellow, waxy paper.

And so now, Blondy Kamp, in search of "air hose, new, 8 coils, 400 ft.," found what he sought, and more—a death cell.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick!"

One thought leaped into Blondy's head—flood it!

He reached for the knotted rope. No man knew better how to make a hitch that men would stake their lives upon than Blondy. Yet when he took hold of that line it pulled loose at the top and, hissing like a snake, dropped heavy coils upon him.

Given two men of equal weight and stature, the broadest shouldered will go through the smallest hole. For the broad-shouldered fellow is nearly always narrow-hipped, and for the business of wriggling through a boiler manhole or the cleaning door of a blast main, or the like, even a beautifully built man finds himself widest at the hips. A paradox? Not when you remember that the pelvic region of a man's skeleton is not articulate, while his shoulders are capable of astonishing contraction. So, on the job, when a man doubts he can negotiate some small opening, he tackles it feet first, thus keeping his head, during the trial, clear of the grime that often awaits him once he is through; thus also keeping his head out in the open air in case, as often happens, he gets stuck and can only be extricated with some difficulty. Blondy Kamp knew all about such matters. Stark his courage then, when he went after that vile ticking thing headfirst.

The chamber at the bottom of the anchorage was greater in dimensions than the shaft that led down to it, but entrance to that cubicle was cut off by the huge casting it contained. Since the anchor casting held the bridge down, not up, there was space beneath it, for it rested not on the floor of its chamber but up against the ceiling. This space below, however, was very cramped and narrow, designed only large enough to allow a free flow of concrete under the anchor when the time came to case it; and there was only one way to the underside, by the square hole in the casting's top, through which the eyebars passed to be pinned to the thick reënforcing webs below. This hole was somewhat larger than it had to be for the passage of the eyebars, but had only been so designed to allow for easy flow of concrete also. Casting and pin and eyebars had been set in place as the piers were being built, dozens of months before, and no provision was made for getting down below the anchor. There would never arise the need for that! Yet through the space between the edges of the square opening and the eyebars that went through it, a boy or a very small man might have squeezed. Through it some small man, some man as

(Continued on Page 127)

Breakfast for Mr. Roosevelt!

How "T.R." *wrote the book that stands as his masterpiece today*

In Theodore Roosevelt's picturesque career, there is one episode which many in the South remember most vividly of all.

It takes us back to the days when people read by gas light, when iron-tired carriages bumped along over cobblestone streets; when Roosevelt's greatest years as a statesman, soldier and explorer still lay before him.

Naturally enough, Roosevelt came to Tennessee to gather material for his book on pioneer days. Naturally also, he came to the famous hotel in Nashville. Throughout the old South, the Maxwell House was celebrated for its hospitality and for its delicious food. But it was by good fortune alone, that Roosevelt found there the one thing which could make his days of work most pleasant.

For this, above all else,
the Maxwell House was famous

The secret, well known to Roosevelt's personal friends, is revealed in one of Major Archibald Butt's remarkable letters: "He is a great coffee drinker—drinks several cups at his breakfast and makes each one a great matter of formality. It is really interesting to see how much pleasure he gets out of it."

How Roosevelt must have relished his breakfasts at the Maxwell House! For it was the coffee served at this fine, old hotel that had spread its fame most widely. A special blend was used there, so rich and mellow that those who once tasted it, never forgot it.

This was the coffee that Theodore Roosevelt drank as he worked on the "Winning of the West," the book that is generally considered by critics to be his masterpiece.

And this was the coffee which the distinguished men and women of the South drank at the Maxwell House and remembered in their homes long afterward.

As the years passed, those who best understand good living, have secured this wonderful blend for their own tables. And the same man who perfected it years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates the blending and roasting of it today.

The same coffee, that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House, is now on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores. It is the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

On your own breakfast table you can have the rare aroma, the rich-bodied flavor of this same celebrated blend. The first taste will tell you why so many critical families have chosen it. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

Cheek-Neal Coffee Company

Nashville Houston Jacksonville Richmond
New York Los Angeles

Also Maxwell House Tea

Maxwell House Coffee

"Good to the last drop"

Today—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

Far more precious than diamonds

RESPLENDENT, dazzling, vibrant with hidden fires from hundreds of tiny facets—a diamond tiara is worth the price of a king's ransom!

Yet—in conception, plan, execution and human values—cutting and polishing diamonds can't compare with manufacturing eyeglass lenses.

First, in the lens factories at Wellsworth Park even the simplest lens passes through 45 separate operations. Starting with the special glass which is the raw material, 17 distinct rigid inspections assure the Wellsworth degree of perfection at every stage.

Then, with their own precision machinery, experts in your city finish the lenses to your own prescription and mount them in eyeglass or spectacle frames fitted to your features. Just bear it in mind that you don't buy eyeglasses from them ready-made—they make them to order for you.

Suppose you had a choice between an emperor's diamonds and your eyesight! You wouldn't hesitate an instant, would you? Yet many people who carry heavy insurance on their jewels begrudge the expense of the only insurance on their eyesight—a pair of glasses.

Many people, also, have the settings of their diamonds inspected regularly and yet give no thought to the lenses which guard their sight. And even when headaches, nervousness, and other symptoms of eyestrain drive them to have their eyes examined, they make no effort to secure the finest lenses in the world. They fail to realize, apparently, that when it comes to protecting their eyesight, "quality"—with the utmost in skill and service that "quality" can imply—is the first consideration, regardless of price.

But what of the people who never even take the trouble to find out whether or not their eyes need glasses? They turn their backs on all the benefits that the art and science of lens-making might bring them. Are you one of them? There's only one way to find out—have your eyes examined today.

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(Continued from Page 124)

insignificant of soul as of physique, had passed. For now, at the most vital point of all that bridge's structure, a cowardly engine worked.

Inaccessible! Yet he would make a try, this man with blue-white eyes. He wasted no time in vain shoutings. He was sure no help would come from that. He was as sure as though his eyes had seen it that the hitch in his knotted rope at the top of the pier had been cast off by one who had come up that anchor pier's black shaft just a little while before he had gone down; someone he had almost caught at hellish work. That rat-souled one, whisking from the shadow of a post when he thought Blondy safely down his rope, had untied Blondy's bowline and then whisked back again to shadow. And there he now crouched, gloating over the beautiful ironic fate of this ferreter-out of well-laid schemes; that pretty Satan's clock being as safe from a man the size of Blondy Kamp as though the steel and granite that encompassed it were the walls of some impenetrable deposit vault.

These were the circumstances. Not the least question of doubt about that in the mind of Blondy Kamp.

Useless, all shoutings then -worse than useless. Imagine Blondy Kamp contributing vain cries for help to the joy of that sharp-toothed, beady-eyed little one that now humped gloating in some shadow near the pier's top.

Worse than useless, too, the doubtful attempt to clamber up those long smooth eyebars. The base plate of a big end post covered the shaft entirely. Entrance to the shaft was through a steep chute left in the masonry for the passage of the final concrete filling. No man could reach it, clinging with slipping legs to those smooth eyebars. No finger hold on that steep chute, even if a man could reach it. And could that chute, by some miracle, be attained, then a stunning rap on the head awaited, and a death fall of almost a hundred feet back down that shaft.

No; no time for shoutings or for climbings; a time, no matter how impossible the task, to get hands on that dastardly thing that ticked. Headfirst then, with stark courage, at that hole beside the eyebars.

With arms strained downward, crossed before his face, his shoulders managed to scrape through. With lungs almost collapsed with desperate deflation, the chest, its ribs bent to the cracking point, got by. The slim and yielding waist slid easily. Then he hung there, upside down. Sweat dripping from him with exertion, gasping for breath, there he hung, hooked on the edges of that hole by the great haunch bones. A little articulate in infancy, but now in adult years welded into the strong and rigid pelvic section, there they held him fast, the great *ossa innominata* of the medicos—the bones unnamed. Blondy Kamp, hanging there head down in blackness and in dankness and in solitude, with the stir of approaching panic in his heart, named them again and again—named them with homely stout old Anglo-Saxon expletives a thousand times more fitting and more formidable than the most bristling Greek roots ever employed by science.

But the time was not a time for completing imperfect physiological nomenclature. It was a time for getting through that hole. Headfirst, hands first, so that if he did get through, his hands would be ahead, to reach, to grasp, to tear apart.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick!"

Each threatening that the very next ——

Blondy Kamp, hanging there, reached up into his shirt. Against his yielding stomach walls his battery light had come through whole. He touched its switch. Within reach was the bottom edge of a great reënforcing web. He hooked his hard fingers under the steel. He pulled. A thing to wonder at, a thing to stand in awe of—how he pulled! His splendid face, so clean, so wholesomely wind-tanned, now black and horrible with swelling veins. His eyes, blue-white, deep-set, that looked at men and looked at women straightly, now bloodshot and protruding.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick!" Perhaps the next one ——

Those good thick thews that bulged and writhed inside his sleeves—they were his own, a part of him, subject. Whatever the agony, however savage and inhuman the mandate of his will, they would obey.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick!"

A time for getting through. All right then, gather strength for it in a deep breath. Now!

Consciousness! He was through! How his head ached! But Blondy knew it was not his headfirst drop onto the stone floor that had knocked him out. He knew that he had been unconscious when his head hit; that, falling, he had fainted from the flame of pain that seared him as he tore his hips through that cruel opening. But now no trace of that hideous pang remained. In fact, but for the headache, so great a freedom from suffering existed in him that a dreadful fear put out a hand and touched him. He tried. His legs were dead.

Sweat trickled coldly from his forehead at the effort of his will. Commonplace all his life, this thing motion. He willed a foot to move and the foot moved. But now the marvel and the mystery of it! Infinity not more incomprehensible! He willed with all the strength of him that a foot move—and the foot, his own foot, would not. The dreadful thing that previously had but put out a hand and touched him now dipped icy fingers into his chest. Somewhere a wire was down. Where? That gelid hand at this interrogation closed on his heart so tightly that for a while he had not the courage to try to move a hand. But at last he tried—and could have sobbed with thankfulness. He shrugged his shoulders, moved his head, breathed deeply. Somewhere below the diaphragm then. There the lines of communication had been wrecked in the frightful wrench that had brought him through the opening for the eyebars.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick!"

Blondy reached in his shirt. The lamp was there.

Above him, out of reach, the underside of the anchor's wide flat top—its bearing plate; thick reënforcing webs, in close array, extending downward from it till they almost reached the floor on which he lay. Through a hole in the anchor's bearing plate the eyebars came, six great flat fellows, inch thick and more, twelve inches wide, nested side by side. Had he in fact come through that same hole? Blondy shuddered. Close to his chest were the expanded ends of the bars in which the eyes were located. Blondy could touch the big pin that had been threaded through them. And what was that, to be seen indefinitely through the narrow slots made by the little distances between the nested eyebars? Surely, no! Not an inverted pair of shoes! Then a grim terrible smile. His own—clothing dead feet! Dead legs still grotesquely elevated, not yet having fallen through after the living torso. Blondy hitched himself ahead a little bit. He heard his feet come thumping down, like clods into a grave.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick!"

Blondy's light found it—out of reach!

It was as he had thought; somebody working on the job. How many trips, bananaless, sandwichless, pieless, that imitation leather lunch box must have made to have carried that array of waxy, yellow sticks that Blondy now saw piled in orderly fashion in that corner which was as far away from Blondy Kamp as though it were in Papua! And, last trip for that box, this very day, it had come through the time-card alley, under the gateman's very nose, carrying beneath its lid that thing which now was ticking down the great Marchborough Bridge, with world-end uproar and with death cries, into the roily blackness of Tide River.

With what power he could bring to bear with his arms in that cramped place, he dragged himself forward till his thick chest wedged between steel and concrete and would budge no farther. Had his legs not been dead, the arching muscles of his thighs might have jammed him a little farther; but not far enough. A curse on bigness! What a little man it must have been that placed those yellow sticks! Not even Banty Raff was small enough ——

"Tick-tick ——"

In hopelessness Kamp rolled his head and turned his lamp to look as thoroughly about him as he might. And there, within his reach, he saw it—saw the means of flooding silent that accursed ticking, ticking; the means of drowning it to stillness, if at the same time he would drown to stillness that other little engine that beat time so sturdily inside the splendid chest that housed it.

Three years or so before, some mason boss had carried a little water pipe up the center of this pier as he had built it, adding lengths to it as the footings rose, closing his masonry about it as he went. Thus he had water always handy, in the middle of his work. From the level of the anchor chamber floor he had let the little pipe go up the inside of the shaft, no longer mortared in; and when the work was done, the pipe was salvaged down to the anchor chamber floor, where a little valve was closed and the last length of pipe above it unscrewed and hoisted out.

And there it stood now, this small valve, out of the floor on which lay Blondy Kamp. Tarnished and mortar-stained it was in the light of Blondy's lamp. Battered and dented, valve stem bent, the little wheel-like handle fallen from it. Maybe the line no longer carried water. Maybe, as he picked up the little handle from the floor, Blondy Kamp hoped for that. What does it matter, since he had the courage to find out? He fitted the little wheel upon its stem, turned it. Water welled in a small glistening dome above the valve's end and overflowed it gently. In frantic haste Blondy Kamp screwed that valve down onto its seat again.

To all men comes from time to time a question, grave, disturbing. If it is written that I shall sometime be given the opportunity to die for a great thing, shall I find fortitude? Not just the chance to risk death, merely, for this worthy thing. Many and many a man will dice with death for sheer adventure's sake. But to die! No risk! The certainty!

A woman was in love with Blondy Kamp. He knew it. She was his wife, and there were children. So Blondy had hoped that somewhere down the long road of years she would be granted death ahead of him. Men are capable of mighty grief; but even so, they know very little of this thing called love. And Blondy had sensed this; and so, with a great tenderness in his heart, had hoped that hers would not be the hard portion of living out the years after their parting. The grimmest dread of death comes only to such men as know that through God's grace, inexplicably, a woman loves them.

How long he had lain unconscious after tearing his hips through that hole Blondy Kamp did not know. Perhaps it now was morning. Perhaps hundreds of men now swarmed that great steel skeleton far above him, his own rough fellows with them. But even the roar of rivet hammers would not penetrate that anchor pier's black death cell. Blondy Kamp replaced that little handle on its bent stem and turned it to the right as far as it would go. Then he said one word aloud. The word was "Mary." Then there came a clink as of metal against stone from a dark far corner of the anchor chamber.

Blondy Kamp had thrown the handle of that valve away.

Two dwell in each of us, one base, one bold. Wise he, however brave, who knows it, and who so devises in his day of strength that when, some day, the bold one has been beaten low by some insane might, some panic fury of the mean, still that craven one finds himself upon a course so straitly laid, so closely fenced with iron courage, that there is no departing out of it.

Not long afterward iciness on the floor crept, spreading, under Blondy's shoulders; but it was not entirely the cold that made his teeth to rattle like castanets. He clamped his jaws, the bold one in him still the master. He tried to work back past the eyebars. There he might at least sit up. But no; in that cramped space his dead legs sprawled and bent and blocked him. At last the batteries of his light played out. Then fear, chalk-faced and sunken-eyed, crawled down and stretched out straight and motionless beside him, and lay and gibbered in his ear. That small valve handle—maybe he could reach it after all! Until he was exhausted, Blondy tried; tried terribly, even though he knew that its recovery was absolutely hopeless. Then, as he lay there spent, he said, "You see, you're licked!" He was not talking to the thing that ticked.

It was not till hours, centuries, eons after that, with water at the corners of Kamp's mouth, that there uprose in that black well and overflowed it a flood of terrible screaming.

With face corpse-pale and voice ghost-thin, young Andy Brown, the rivet counter, staggered through the Marchborough Bridge field-office door.

"I've found them!" he found breath to whisper.

Bill had sent him out a little while before to search the bridge. The rivet gangs were in a snarl and no one had seen either of the foremen on the job. Pursuing the elusive rivet to its lair, Andy had climbed to every point and visited every cranny on the bridge. He knew it blindfold, anchorage to tower top.

And now he stood with trembling hand on Boss Bill's shoulder whispering that he had found his men, saying it in such a voice, with such a look upon his face, that all work in the office ceased as in death's presence.

"Back at the end of the anchor span I spied some brand-new air hose lying on the floor. Banty Raff would be somewhere close about; Blondy Kamp too. Magnet to that pair. I followed it. The line led from a pipe connection to the anchor pier. It went down into it. Down at the bottom, boss, it went down under water—water, Bill! That anchor chamber's flooded! But there's tapping there! Somebody living under there! Don't ask me how. Under the anchor! Under water! Living! I tapped three times. I stood there knee-deep and tapped three on the eyebar chain, and someone tapped back three! Under my feet! It's Banty—Blondy! New air hose to prove it!"

Without question, Bill accepted Andy's story. "Ambulance!" said Boss Bill, swiftly, quietly. "Pulmotor!"

Someone snatched up a phone. There was the anxious voice of that man telephoning. Aside from that, no noise disturbed the office. Bill would think it out. He would actually think that water out of the pier shaft. A head on Bill the boss. So no one spoke or stirred.

No suction pump at the pier top. Suction pumps will not draw water eighty feet. No room to put a pump down inside the shaft so as to push the water out. No place to do pipe fitting. No time to do it if it could be done. Absurd, trying to fit pipe in that black hole, hanging to ropes and ladders. Hours even to fit up a steam siphon—hours! That meant for sure the end of that brave tapping.

Suddenly Bill's head came up off his hands, flame in his eyes. Good Bill! He had it! Every man on his feet!

"Rock drill!" Bill's voice was low, but the words tumbled. "You know—two minutes' run from here. The new Marchborough Hotel excavations. You, Jack—ten men to carry the drill in relays. Ask for the drill; but bring it! Sam Boer's the best hard-rock man on that job. Ask Sam to come; but bring him! Five men can do it. And drill steels, Jack; longest he's got. You're off!"

(Continued on Page 130

A car for every purse and purpose

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

A car for every purse and purpose

BUICK
CADILLAC
CHEVROLET
OAKLAND
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GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment · Fisher Bodies · Harrison Radiators · Jacox Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers · New Departure Ball Bearings Delco-Light Electric Plants · Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators · Jaxon Rims · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears · Lancaster Steel Products Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns.

* * *

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SOMEWHERE today a Chevrolet has taken its family into the fresh spring woods. Stand with them on the hillside and watch the General Motors cars and trucks go by.

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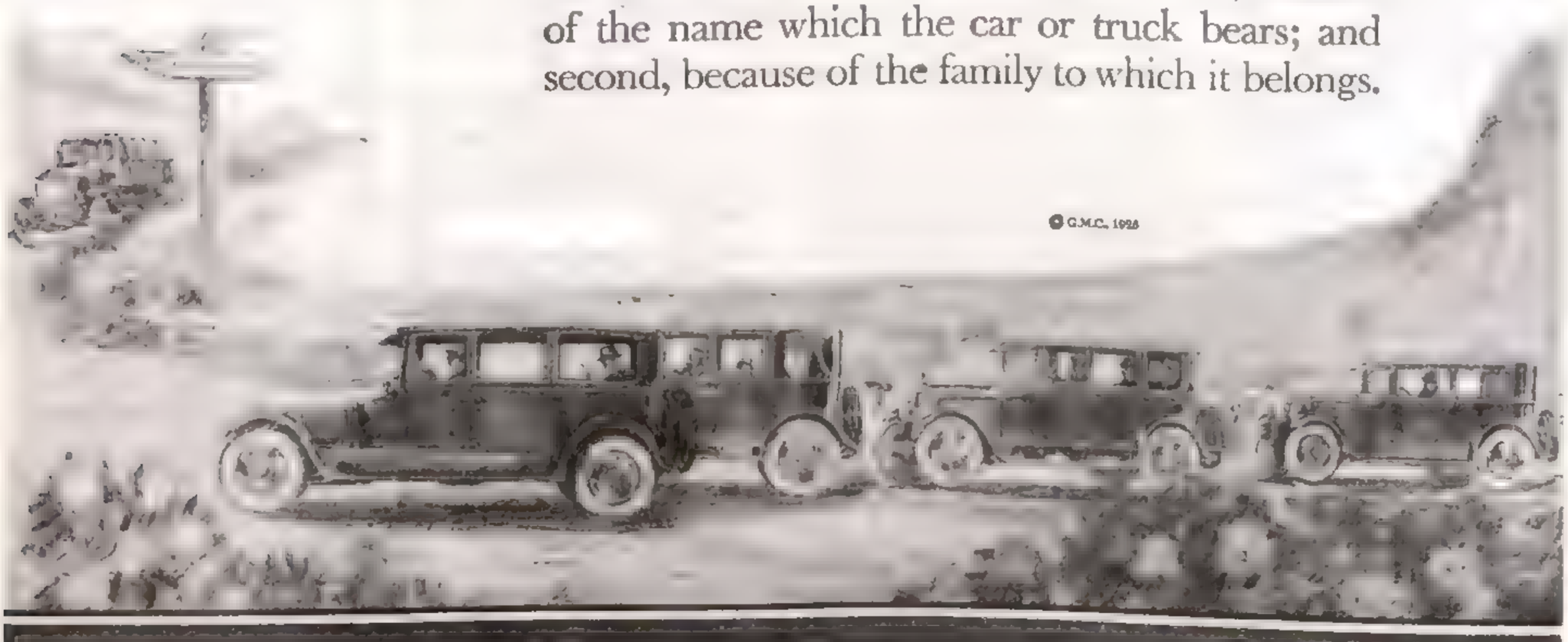
Think of this scene as being repeated on every road in every part of the country; think of 3,000,000 of these cars and trucks on every conceivable useful errand, and you have a picture of the part which General Motors plays in the nation's daily life.

General Motors has a car for every purse and purpose—a suitable model in each price class. (See the list at the left.)

Each car is made by an organization with an individual character and reputation of which it is rightly proud. But as a member of General Motors, each organization enjoys definite advantages in research, in the purchase of quality materials and in manufacturing economies—all of which make for *added* value.

You can feel a double confidence, therefore, in selecting your car from the General Motors line. First, because of the name which the car or truck bears; and second, because of the family to which it belongs.



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GENERAL

MOTORS

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL—DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.

Book-Cadillac
Room Comforts

The luxury and comfort that characterize the public rooms of the Book-Cadillac extend also to each of the 1,200 guest rooms.

Every bedroom has private bath, circulating ice water, individual bed lights and lighted mirrors. All have full outside exposure.

Beds are without foot-boards, adding greatly to their attractiveness and comfort.

Thoughtful, yet unobtrusive service is everywhere apparent to guests of Book-Cadillac. It reveals itself in many unexpected courtesies, not often encountered outside of private homes.

1200 Rooms with Bath
$4 and up

475 rooms at minimum rate and $5.00

Parlor Suites
$14, $16, $18 per day

Sample Rooms
$5 and $8 per day

Three Main Restaurants
Cafeteria Service in Coffee Shop on Ground Floor - 18 Shops and Broker's Office in Building

Special Luncheon Served Daily in English Grill and Blue Room $1.25

Dinner De Luxe in Blue Room and English Grill $2
(Except Sunday)

Venetian Room a la Carte

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY • DETROIT
ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*

Continued from Page 127

The door slammed shut on Jack.

"You, Andy, hose enough to bring air to the ground at the anchor pier. Two lines in case one breaks. If any leatherneck hesitates to uncouple his line, brain him!"

Andy went through the door. Lucky it opened outward and that the lock was old. He did not slacken pace to turn the knob.

"Eddy! Quick now! A blue print of the anchor pier!"

Rock drill a-punching—savagely. Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! Fat Sam Boer, better known in the more select rock-drilling circles as Wild Hog Sam, sending the tough steels down. Feet on the leg weights, one hand on the feed crank, one on the valve handle, yelling for air—more air.

"Tell that blank-blanked old pensioner up there on that blank-blanked old wreck of a compressor to step on 'er! Give 'er the gun! Men gonna die for the want of a couple pound of air, eh? Want me to throw this blank-blanked old rock eater of mine in the river and churn this blank-blanked hole down by hand?"

Never such drilling. Tripod set up on the ground at the foot of the anchor pier. Location of it and drilling angle figured out to the inch by young Bill the boss, so that Sam's longest steel would just make it, would break through at the very bottom of that anchor chamber deep below there, back of that granite bulwark. Never such a sweet piece of drilling. Profanely, spectacularly, sending the long steels down. Loosening the chuck nuts while the drill still pounded. Old steel out, new one in by the time the helper had the drill backed up to the top of the feed screw. Tugging the chuck nuts tight as the drill started punching again. Saving split seconds. Lucky he came! Lucky they did not have to bring him, the burly, big-paunched savage, the old devil!

Yet not all brute strength and profanity, Wild Hog Sam. Finesse to that drilling of his, art. His steels were all tempered for limestone. And he made a record in granite, easing them down when you thought he was blindly hammering. Four bites, five bites, six bites of granite every second—and fat Sam getting the feel of every bite through all that clatter and vibration. Master craftsman, Wild Hog Sam. The world produces few things finer. Salt of the earth, all master craftsmen; salt, too, the unspectacular, quiet men who figure out drilling angles and the like for Sam, brain working smoothly with the lives of men in the balance.

A great grunt of profanity from the Wild Hog. His drill churning up water, then suddenly silent. He's through!

Down that drill hole a length of small-diameter pipe. Into that pipe from a hose, compressed air. Bubbles; bubbles that come effervescing up to the top of that drill hole; millions of bubbles, each a bit of air, each bit of air inside an envelope that makes of it a bubble—water! Back at Ironville Steel, in a place so hot and dusty that men would not properly look after steam pumps, and where motors gave short life service, Bill had seen a pneumatic water lift installed. It ate compressed air and so cost a mint to run it; but it had its uses. Boss Bill had tucked that lift into an out-of-the-way corner of his head. But there it was, waiting, when he needed it.

The flame of an acetylene torch hissed through the steel of the great anchor plate as soon as it was exposed; and soon, up through a big hole burned into it, they hauled the following, dripping: Item, two living men; item, one imitation-leather lunch box, ruined by water; item, one infernal mechanism, ditto; item, one hundred and eighty-three sticks of dynamite. Items two and three, total loss. Items one and four in need of a little drying out, but retaining explosive properties, all hundred and eighty-five of them, invaluable to the Ironville Steel Company. The chief bone-setter that came along with the ambulance shook his head when they told him the size of the hole through which his patient had torn himself.

"That's a good one," he said. "Now let me tell one!"

But he rolled Blondy over on his stomach across the raise in a buckle plate just the same, yanked out his shirt tail and made an examination along his spine just as though he believed the story. Soon he said "Uh-huh!" very wisely, and then made a sharp contrary motion with two powerful thumbs. Blondy Kamp cried out. Then he sat up.

"Hey," he demanded of the tense circle of his men that ringed him and the doctor, "what are you dolly knitters yapping at back here at the anchorage? We drove up this land span last year. Burn leather out to that cantilever where the sweatin' is good, an' do some! Do you want that little shrimp, Raff, to put the trimmers on us drivin' rivets this month?"

Poor Blondy Kamp! My gosh, you've no idea how ashamed he was! He was telling all about it in the office after quitting time.

"I knew I didn't have the guts," he asserted. "That's why I played it safe. But, mamma, how I tried to get that little valve handle when the water started to trickle in my ears! I must 'a' bawled like all possessed. Good thing I did, though. Banty heard me roarin'. It was him, the little mullet bait, that loosened my climbing line. How he smelled out that I was wise to that hose he stole I'll never tell you; but he laid for me, watched me go down—and then he sure did put in on me. Sat up there at the shaft head half the night waitin' for me to start yellin' I'd had enough. But you can bet he wasn't expectin' any such yowls as I finally must 'a' let out o' me!"

Blondy worried a corner off a slab of his favorite confection. Was it true about Steve Nevitch? Good night! Shot up the dick that tried to pinch him and took a Brodie off the cantilever! Full of snow, more'n likely. Found him workin' over on the New Market side, eh? Pretty quick change; but he was probably countin' on the Marchborough cantilever not being exactly safe today. Union could be glad they've got rid of one more rat. Too bad, though. Mighty good rivet heater, little Steve, even if he did look suspiciously like a hop-head. Here Blondy fired point-blank at a box of sawdust. A bull's-eye kept his average unimpaired. Then he went on with his own story.

"Raffy got down that shaft so fast I thought he'd jumped. I gave him the dope. Told him there was nothing he could do. He left me. I knew, of course, he'd stick; but I sure was glad to hear him scramblin' down again. I needed company. A man only kicks off once and he likes to do it sane. I wanted to tell him he was a dead bird if he tried to get down to me, but the water kept running in my mouth. So in he came, a-squirmin' and a-wrigglin', head under water, mind you, upside down. He made it without gettin' drowned; that's how small he is, the shrimp.

A Scene From Baddeck, Nova Scotia

"'I got air,' he gurgled; and stuck the end of a hose into my hand. Lucky we had a minute to practice breathin' out of it. Banty kinked the hose till the bubbles came slow. We got the hang of it just in time. Then there we lay, passin' that air hose back and forth. Pretty tough graft, but you bet we took a submarine handshake when that tickin' suddenly stopped. Feel that goose egg, will you, where my knob hit that stone floor?"

Blondy bent down that corn-silk thatch of his and extended to each and every gentleman of the office force the courtesy of a personal investigation.

"Weren't you scared to death we'd never find you?" someone asked

"Sure," answered Blondy; "scared half crazy. Still, I had hopes. I knew that Bill would count on us being on this job of work some place, absolutely. The rivetin' was sure to get in a jam. Then he'd be sending Andy out to look us up; and that guy knows more about this bridge than a dog does about fleas. Put it up to him and he'd find a grand piano on it—or a rivet inspector with a brain. What had me scared most was whether a little pressure would hold out in the compressor's storage tank till the old air squeezer started up again this morning."

Blondy dug up a pipe. One look at it, no need for any olfactory test, and its tale of past years and iniquities was told. Blondy unconcernedly hammered this deadly thing against his palm.

"I've been tryin' out goat hair lately," stated he. "Who's got some?" Bill had.

"One would think you had had quite enough of infernal devices for the present, Mr. Kamp," he remarked as he extended a pouch.

But Mr. Kamp ignored this unkind innuendo.

A rising indignation of his treatment at the hands of Banty Raff submerged all lesser hurts to his sensitive nature as he went on to tell about it.

"The trouble was," he said, "I had no way of makin' that little tadpole understand that a good big chestful of air will last twice as long as a boy-sized one. That tomtit's got a pair of half-pint bellows, and judgin' mine by his, he kept shovin' that hose back to me every time I tried to hand it to him. I'd 'a' kicked the shins off him if my legs'd been workin'. Tried to blow me up like a toy balloon. Bad enough livin' on stale tank air flavored with rubber and valve grease without havin' a foot of hose shoved down your gullet every twenty seconds. Come near drownin' me. Had me pullin' on that hose like some fat baby on a nipple three-quarters of the time—the peanut!"

"He certainly did abuse you shameful," Bill asserted.

"Didn't he even try to get out from under the anchor after he got the air down to you?" someone else inquired.

"Oh, no," Blondy explained. "You see, he couldn't do that. He could tell I'd cracked my nerve down there and never would be able to make the grade alone. And, of course, there's nothing a man can do except stand by when his buddy's shot his last clip empty."

The office was silent at this.

Then, "That's so," said the boss. "Just the same," he added, "it's a little bit hard to understand." His face was as serious as six quarts of casket varnish as he spoke. "Banty Raff, at least so I've been told, isn't always so willing to share his air hose with his buddies."

At this a gleeful light brightened in Blondy Kamp's blue-white eyes. He leaned forward and spoke in low tones, taking the office gang into his confidence.

"Say, listen," he gloated. "This is good! That half-portion mullygrub got so excited over this affair that be dog-gone if he didn't forget that new hose for about ten minutes and left it in the pier shaft!"

Blondy winked a pale-blue wink.

"He won't be savin' no more lives with them two hundred feet, the two-by-four, hose-stealin' little shrimp!"

6-Ply Balloon

General's 4-ply Balloon is the practical equipment for the smaller cars. For the heavier cars the 6-ply Balloon has greater thickness to carry the load and still allows the full flexing action over obstructions. At the same time, it reduces balloon puncture risk to a minimum.

General's 6-ply Balloon consumes no more power than the average 4-ply balloon because General's greater freedom from internal friction always means power and gasoline saving.

Back of the 6-ply General Balloon is the long-standing experience that has been responsible for General's singular success with low pressure—in all Regular sizes as well as Balloon Cords, both 4-ply and 6-ply.

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By *double action* it gets all the dirt! And it cleans as thoroughly for years.

The ball-bearing motor and brush not only do away with the task of oiling — but give the cleaner a longer life of real cleaning power!

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A TOY PREMIER DUPLEX FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

Pin a one dollar bill to the coupon to get a toy Premier Duplex 21 inches high. Send it now. Or just ask for a free color booklet on the Premier Duplex.

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IN PRAISE OF JAMES CARABINE

(Continued from Page 5)

claiming that Adam and Eve were symbols for the male and female principle and that the serpent was a symbol for Fate. He told me that Noah's flood was a great period of ice on the earth, and that the old writers had no name for it, but called it a flood. Noah's ark was the preservation of the vital principle. Nate did worse than not believe in God, he didn't believe in the devil, so you can see how far he had gone.

"This man, Mr. Kerry, was a nice man. He was not one of those who told me to go to night schools and learn my letters. He knew that for every thousand men who could read books, like himself, there was only one who could read the country and the sea, and the faces of men, like myself. If anyone wanted to go to heaven, though he didn't believe in it, he would give them a hand. If anyone wanted to go to hell, though he didn't believe in that, either, he wouldn't put out a finger to stop them. He was a broad-minded man. He was a decent man and would lend you money. He would take care of money for you and give you a strict accounting of it. Also, if any singer or dancer was down on their luck, they could come and perform at Nate's, and be sure of a meal and a dollar or so, until the luck changed. Ordinarily, Mr. Kerry, the singers were bad, but occasionally one would come with a voice that would make the birds hush their notes and listen—someone in a streak of bad luck, or that drink had played a trick on.

"I went there one night, Mr. Kerry, and I noticed there was little attention paid me. The waiters had no time for a chat, and Nate was busy, and Peter the harpist was hard at his music, so I sat down in a corner and made myself at home, calling for a pint of beer. One singer followed another, poor enough, God knows; and then there was a wait. And after a while a woman came on the platform, and looked around the hall as if everybody were the dirt beneath her feet. She was a tall woman and a fine woman, and no more splendid body have I ever seen, perfect in each degree, and strong, and music to it. But her face was a face to make you stop in the street and wonder. It was a white face, white as a wall, and her hair was black, and sleek as sealskin, and came to a point on her forehead. Her lips were pale and her eyes were green. Her face was like a mask, Mr. Kerry, a painter fellow would imagine. And the whole of her was like a drug or some strange foreign drink that would take a grip on you even though you disliked it. There was hatred and contempt in her face.

"She sang a German song, Mr. Kerry, which I couldn't understand, and at the end of it she turned to the piano player, and very quietly, so that we could hear no word of it, she spoke to him. And the man cringed and cowered like a dog that's being whipped, and turned this way and that way as if he were trying to escape. The poor fellow had made a mistake in the music, I suppose, but nobody stood up for him. Nate went away, and Peter the harpist busied himself with his strings as if he didn't want to be noticed. And all the time she spoke so gently we couldn't hear her. Then she sang a lullaby for a small child, and it made me angry, such a sneer was in it. And then another tune came to my ears, a tune I knew, that I had heard often, and the woman began the opening verses of 'In Bordenstown Churchyard there is a green grave.' When she finished she passed me on her way to the inner rooms.

"'Come hither, girleen,' I said. 'Was it for me you sang that song?'

"She looked at me as if I were something in a showman's case, something curious but cheap and contemptible.

"'And who are you?' she asked. 'And why should I sing a song for you?'

"'I'm Carabine, the Irish fighter,' I told her, 'and everyone around here knows me, so I thought Nate had asked you to sing that, by way of compliment.'

"'Compliment? From me?' she laughed at me. 'So you're a fighter. Where are your diamonds? Where is your loud talk? Where are your pals?'

"'I have no diamonds,' I said. 'And as for any kind of talk, I'm not much good at it. And as for my friend ——' I told her the story of the Swimmer McGeehan.

"A waiter came up to ask for an order. She turned around and said, 'Go away!' and the tone she said it in made the man scuttle off like a rabbit.

"'They seem to be afraid of you,' said I.

"'They are,' said she. 'Aren't you?'

"'And why should I?' I asked her. 'Are you Irish? If you aren't, why do you sing that song?'

"'My father was Irish, a drunken Irish fiddler from Trim. My mother was Italian. Do you see these women around the room? Well, my mother was one of them.'

"It was a facer, Mr. Kerry. And the woman was watching me. She had hatred and contempt in her face. If the Great Man above came down she would look at Him in the same way. She was a fearless bitter woman. But she wasn't a bad woman, Mr. Kerry," said James Carabine pleadingly; "even after thirty years, I wouldn't say she was a bad woman.

"So I said, 'Well, it's a bad start, but there's many's a horse won a race after being left at the post.'

"There was something fighting and untame in that woman, and what there was in me of the same kind went out to her. And she could see it in my eyes, and she liked it.

"'Are you fighting?' said she.

"'No,' I said. 'I can't get a fight. I'm going back to Ireland. I'm tired of doing nothing in New York.'

"'How do you spend your time?' she asked.

"'Oh,' I said, 'I go on the little boat to Brooklyn and walk in the country, and I look for Gypsies and talk to them, for I'm half Gypsy, and speak their tongue. And I see the sights and marvels,' I said.

"'If you like,' she said, 'you can come around with me.'

"'I'd like to,' said I.

"'You flatter me,' she sneered. 'Well, come and take me out driving tomorrow. Nate will give you my address.'

"'What name is on you, girl?' I asked.

"'Ward,' she told me. 'Lina Ward, the Nightingale of Avenue A.' And she left me.

"I sat there for a while thinking about her, thinking of her as some strange wild thing, some cold furious cat; and one of the waiters came to me.

"'Well, Mr. Carabine,' he said, 'you made a hit. It ain't everybody can talk to Marcolina Ward. There's men killed themselves for that woman. And it's not everybody she'll look at, no.' But Nate came along and sent him away.

"'Have nothing,' said Nate in a whisper, 'to do with that woman.'

"'I'm taking her out driving tomorrow, Nate,' said I.

"'I hate to lose you,' said Nate, 'but leave this place and never lay eyes on that woman again. Take my advice.'

"'Och, Nate,' I said, 'have sense. I understand her.'

"'Oh, my God!' said Nate. And he too left me."

VI

"I GOT a lightish fast-stepping mare and something that was like a dogcart, but the American name for it I've forgotten, and I went down to look for her the next day. It was the most cutthroat and God-forsaken place you can imagine, on the edge of Manhattan Island, but her house was a pretty little cottage, made of wood, in the American way. You'd have thought a woman would have been afraid to stay in a district where there were so many bad characters, but this woman had no fear in her. When I called she was ready to come out, and she was dressed as if she were a

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them

NEW YORK is building some more of those subways under the ground. No use building any more, people can't find their way out of the ones they got now. There's people down underground in New York that haven't been up for years. New York people are just like a lot of Gophers; every time they see a hole in the ground they grab a nickel and duck for it. If they keep on living underground, in two more generations their children will have fur like a rat.

What's this Subway got to do with 'Bull' Durham?

Nothing.

What do people outside New York care about how New Yorkers live?

Nothing.

But there is an old saying that one half the world don't know how the other half live, so I am telling you how they live, not as an Ad but as a fact. Five million Ground Hogs in New York rush through life missing one Train and being shoved into the next. The real trouble is that they can't smoke 'Bull' Durham down there.

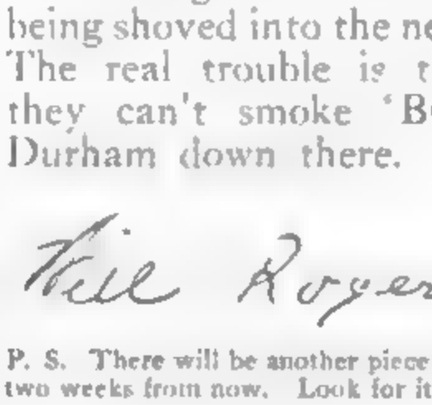
Will Rogers

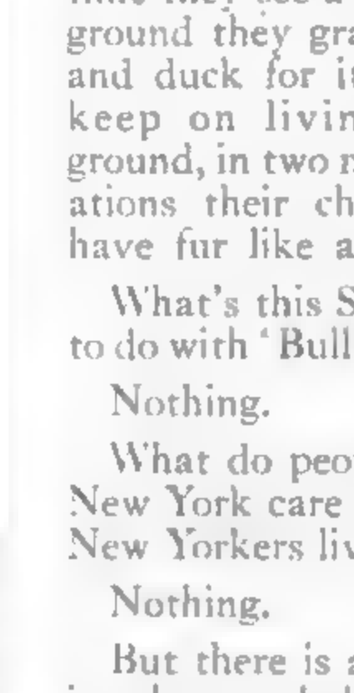
P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—'Bull' Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking

TWO BAGS for 15 cents





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40 DAYS including two weeks in

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Sailing from New York July 18th on the "S. S. CAMERONIA"

Returning from Cherbourg Aug. 21st on the "S.S. ANDANIA"

Three whole days in London; three in Paris and Versailles; visits to Edinburgh, Glasgow, York, Oxford and Stratford, *in addition to two wonderful weeks among the Swiss Alps and Lakes.*

Altogether a most remarkable tour with two delightful ocean voyages.

Fare includes transportation and hotels of a character to conform as far as possible to the standard of

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which consist of specially reserved third cabin accommodations on a number of Sailings of our leading steamers; comfortable, well-ventilated private staterooms for two or three persons; many baths; large dining halls; lounges and libraries; plenty of deck space for exercise and recreation; excellent, abundant menus.

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Some 4000 passengers sailed with us in this comfortable, inexpensive way last year. So many enthusiastically appreciative letters were received from them that we offered cash prizes to the amount of $600.—for the three best descriptions of the actual voyages.

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may be obtained on request in the form of an attractive booklet, they will tell you all about the Cunard Vacation Specials, just what kind of accommodations, service, cuisine and fellow passengers you will find.

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Reservations may be made now.

The World's Fastest Passenger Service De Luxe
Comfortable Cabin Steamers

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lady of high degree, rich and quiet, but you could see that the quiet of it all only marked the wonder of her face. And she had a dog with her, a bull, and if she was the finest thing I've seen on two legs, he was the finest thing, barring a horse, on four. He was two years old, white, deep in the chest, without much saddle in his back, and forefeet straight as ramrods. The dog and I looked at each other, and I liked him. Then he made a dive for me.

"Said I to myself: 'If we're to be friends we'd best find out now which is the better man,' and I let him have the loaded end of the whip on the skull, and he rolled over and went to sleep for a while.

"Well, the language that woman used to me, Mr. Kerry, would shock the captain of a canal boat. I could understand how the fellow at the piano the night before cowered under it. But I only laughed.

"'Sure, you wouldn't have me let the dog freeze onto me,' I said. 'He's getting all right now. And what you say to me doesn't matter, because it isn't true.'

"Sure enough, the dog comes up to me, wagging his stern, and we're friends; and when she sees that she laughs. And we all get into the cart, and the dog sits between my feet.

"I drove her out northward to where the Hudson River splits and makes New York an island. And she gets out of me about my fights and about Destiny Bay, and the Gypsies and the coursing of dogs, and Dublin and the horse racing. And whether there was a woman in my life, which there wasn't. In the end, I take her back home. And I leave her.

"'I've got some influence in this city,' she said, 'and maybe I can get you some fights.'

"'If you could,' said I, 'I'd be grateful, for it's a long wet way to have come and nothing to show in the latter end for it. I'd be very grateful,' said I.

"'Is that all?' said she.

"'What else?' said I.

"'Come on, Micky,' she said to the dog. But devil a come he'd come. 'You'd better keep him,' said she; 'he's a man's dog, and he's found his master.'

"'Och, I can't take your dog,' I told her.

"'You'll have to,' said she.

"'Well, all I can say is I'm grateful to you.'

"And again she said, 'Is that all?'

"'He's a valuable dog,' says I, and I put my hand in my pocket, but she gives me a look like a knock-down blow, and goes into the house without a word. And I drive back to the stable where I got the mare and cart. The owner is a Carlow man, a decent fellow.

"'I take it very bad of you, Mr. Carabine,' he said, 'that you didn't tell me it was Miss Ward you were going out with, and you'd have had the best horse in Manhattan, and the best cart, too, and silver harness.'

"'It'll do the next time,' said I.

"'By the same token,' said he, 'aren't those the queer clothes for you to be wearing and you going out with the likes of her?'

"'And why?' said I.

"'She's a lady,' said the Carlow man, 'accustomed to ride out in grandeur.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if that's the case we'll have to change. Is there a man in this town can fix me?'

"'There is,' said he. And he gave me the name of a fellow on Fifth Avenue. For this is the way of that city, Mr. Kerry, that the streets are numbered and go east to west, and the avenues are numbered and go south to north, barring a handful in the south or butt end of the town that have names like in a kindly town. The tailor fellow fits me wonderful with an elegant suit and a light-colored coat and boots with varnish on them, and a silk stock and a top hat; but gloves I wouldn't have. So the next time I drive up for Marcolina, she looks at me.

"'How's this?' she says.

"'A man told me I was no credit to you in my country clothes,' I said to her.

"'He was a fool,' she said. 'However, 'twas a nice thought behind it, James Carabine.'

"Well, Mr. Kerry, to make a long story short, this woman did all for me that the best friend could do. She took me around and introduced me to sportsmen, to the Tammany Hall fellows, whom I didn't care for very much, but who controlled the fighting, and to a man that run a paper called the Police Gazette, that had very little to do with policemen. It was a queer thing to see this woman come into a room where there was an important man. She would pass office boys and everyone, and walk in, even if there were people in the room with the important man. It would be, 'Hello, Lina! How's the kid?' And she'd say, 'I want to see you a minute.' And he'd say, 'Sure, kid,' and send the other people out of the room. She was New York born and bred, and other New Yorkers understood her and were proud of her. They were all very nice to me. In the end I was fixed up with a fight against a black man, catchweight and gloves.

"In the meantime all over New York there was talk of James Carabine, the Irish champion. And I think the cause of it was Lina Ward. When I drove up Fifth Avenue in the daytime in a fine rig, with the splendid woman at my side, and the white bulldog at my feet, there were always eyes for us. I'm told there were many things in the newspapers, and once I saw a picture a fellow drew of us. All this time Marcolina sang at Nate's and there was always a big crowd there now. And every evening I saw her home and wished her good night.

"'You've been a good friend to me, Marcolina,' I told her. 'You've made me in this city. And I've done a wee bit for you, I think. You don't sneer as much as you did. And your laugh is not bitter. Your heart is getting soft, Marcolina.'

"'I don't know whether to thank you or curse you for that, Carabine,' she wondered.

"'You can thank God, Marcolina,' said I.

"The time came when I went off to train for the fight against the black. I went to Staten Island. I said good-by.

"'I'll come over and see you,' said she.

"'You will not,' I said.

"'You're not aware of the compliment I'm paying you.'

"'I am indeed, Marcolina,' I told her, 'but I'll take the wish for the act.' So I didn't see her until after the fight.

"The fight itself, Mr. Kerry, was not much. The black man was a huge fellow from New Orleans. He was like a statue, so big he was, bigger than the other black man, Diamond. He came across the ring at the call of time like a hurricane, and if one of his blows had landed it would have been 'Good night, Carabine!' But by the mercy of God I caught him with a straight left as he came in, and his own speed more than my hand burst him. His head went back between his shoulder blades. And I got home a left and right in his ribs to take the steam out of him, and banged him hard on the mouth as he straightened up. There was a roar in the club you could have heard a mile away. For two minutes of the round it was like this, the black man coming like a steam engine, and the left hand jarring and bursting him. He didn't know how to avoid it, Mr. Kerry; he could neither block it nor duck. He stood for a second puzzled, and at that instant I saw my chance and took it. I belted him with the right on the point of his jaw, and he fell forward with a crash on his face, and when time was called he was out of it. He was a powerful man and had a heart of corn, but the straight left did for him.

"When I climbed out of the ring the first thing I saw was Marcolina. When I was in the ring, Mr. Kerry, I had no thought but for the man in front of me, and the green scarf knotted in my corner, so I hadn't seen her. But when I came out, with my frieze coat around me, and the green scarf around my neck, she was the first to greet me.

(Continued on Page 137)

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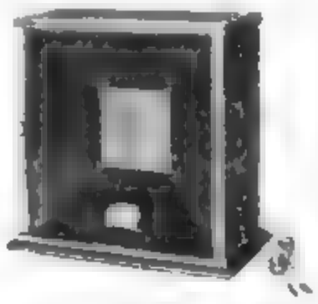

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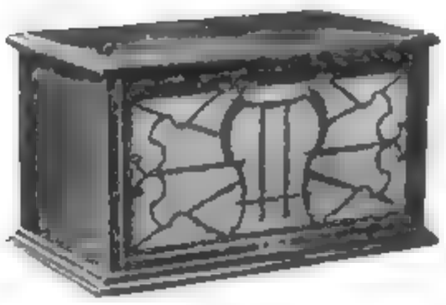

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(Continued from Page 134)

"'It didn't take you long, Carabine,' said she, and her eyes were shining.

"'And what brought you here, Marcolina?'

"'To see you fight of course,' she told me.

"'This is no place for you, Marcolina.'

"'If this were the worst place I'd ever been in I'd be on my way for a saint,' she answered me. 'But there, don't be angry with me, Carabine.' And when she spoke that way you couldn't chide.

"I had my supper at Nate's that night, and there was great talk of the fight. It seems this black fellow had never been beaten before and the odds were six to one against me. Marcolina had won a pot of money on me, nearly a thousand pounds, and Nate had ventured a little and won. Nate was overjoyed, but Marcolina was quiet.

"'Carabine,' she said suddenly, 'when you were training I had dinner with an old friend of mine, an old friend of mine of whom I used to be very fond.'

"'I'm glad of that,' I told her. 'Two old friends meeting, it lifts the heart.'

"'But when he wanted to kiss me good night,' she said, 'I couldn't bear it. I pushed him away. Do you understand that?'

"'I don't,' said I, 'unless you've taken a dislike to this man.'

"'I don't know, Carabine,' she said coldly and bitterly, 'whether you're a fool or a very clever man.'

"'Well, I don't think I'm either, Marcolina,' I told her, 'and I don't know why you say it.'

"'Because I'm a dirty cat, Carabine, my big true friend,' she said, and she smiled, and that was all there was said of that.

"I got another fight after that, against a clever fellow from the West, a Californian fellow. He could slip and duck and sidestep like an acrobat, but his punches hadn't much power, so I went after him hammer and tongs. I managed to work him into a corner and against the ropes, and banged him where and as hard as I could. In four rounds the speed was out of him, and I finished him cleanly with a short uppercut. The odds were evens, but Marcolina had doubled her money. She didn't come to this fight, because I told her I didn't want her, but she waited for me at Nate's. She was very worried until I turned up. I don't remember any friend of mine being ever so worried.

"All this time I was trying in New York to get a fight according to Prize Ring Rules. The gloves are grand for exercise, but they're not the real measure of a fighting man. Besides, with the gloves there's too much trickery. You can hit harder with the gloves than your bare hands, for there's protection for the hands in gloves. In the Prize Ring you've got to think more of your wrestling than hitting. The hitting is more to prevent a man getting into position for a back heel or a cross-buttock or a flying mare. I don't like these three-minute rounds where a crooked timekeeper can shorten or lengthen the round, Mr. Kerry, with his watch in his hand. And these draws, and winnings on points—they aren't good. In my day you went into the ring and you came out either beaten or conqueror. And there was no talk about fouling. And the minute's rest between rounds gave an unlucky fellow a chance to come to. A man may be the better man, and have no luck; and that's not a right thing, Mr. Kerry.

"I came at a time, Mr. Kerry, when the Prize Ring was setting in glory. The men weren't maybe the equals of Tom Figg, or Sayers, or the negro Molyneux, though it's hard to say. But they fought like champions. The time when Gentleman Jackson won from Mendoza by holding his hair and hitting him with the other hand, and when a man got his opponent's head in chancery and hammered his face—that time was gone. We fought each other's strength, not infirmities. When I was fighting Simon Kennedy, and slipped on a patch of wet grass, and threw out my hand for the ropes, Simon could have hit me, but he stepped back. And when I twisted my right wrist in a fall against Tom Hill of Bradford, and couldn't use my right hand for hitting, Tom would only use his left too. And they weren't all just bruisers, Mr. Kerry; Simon Kennedy was a schoolmaster, and Deaf Wallace was a maker of fine jewelry, and Dan Lane afterward became a great preacher in Sydney.

"They promised me a fight in New York as soon as they could get a man. They said it would be hard on account of it being against the law. 'But we'll find a man for you,' they said, and they smiled.

"All this time Marcolina and I were good friends. Often we'd go down to the sea and look at the water. There's something in a great spread of water that brings your sincerity out. She'd be awhile silent, and then she'd say something. Sometimes it would be that she was glad to have me for a friend. It was so hard to have a man friend.

"'I don't see why,' I said.

"'You wouldn't, Carabine,' she told me.

"And then one day, out of nothing, so to speak, she told me something there was no need to tell me at all.

"'Will it make any difference to our friendship, Carabine,' she asked me, and she looked at me, she looked at me square in the eyes, 'if I tell you this, that there have been times when I wasn't what is called a good woman?'

"I thought it over before I answered, and I said to myself, 'What with this city and a lonely life, you couldn't expect her to be the same, so to speak, as a country girl. And besides,' I said to myself, 'there is great strength in this woman.'

"'It will not, Marcolina,' I told her, 'for I understand this—that the lone adventurous person on the road has pitfalls and ambushes where the schooled protected traveler escapes. As long as you know now, Marcolina, sure it's all right. As a fact,' I said, 'and this is a dangerous and maybe wrong thought of mine, but a person has no virtue until they've known and chucked the evil things. I wouldn't like to say I'm sure of that,' I puzzled, 'but this I know—that the unbeaten person who has never had a fight, there is no credit to him at all.'

"'I used to think nothing about it,' said Marcolina, 'but now I wish it hadn't happened.'

"'Well,' I told her, 'it's over, so think no more about it.'

"'That's easily said, James Carabine.'

"'Marcolina,' I said to her, 'we'll always be true friends.'

"It was a little after this that the fight was arranged for me. They told me I was to fight a Turk.

"'Sure, a Turk can't fight,' said I, 'as we know it.'

"'If you feel that way about it,' said they, 'you won't win.'

"I asked Nate's advice, and his advice was this—to train as hard as ever I trained, for the Turk was a wonder. So I said no more. I settled down to work. There are fine men in every nation.

"The morning of the fight came, and the ring was pitched in Bay Ridge. When I saw the Turk I said to myself, 'Carabine, you're fighting for your life.' He wasn't finely drawn, Mr. Kerry, but there wasn't too much meat on him, and he had arms like a man's thighs. He had a dark mustache, Mr. Kerry, and a kind look on his face, and there was no English at him. A German showman had brought him to America as the Turkish Giant, and my heart sank when I saw the sight of him, for big as I am, he'd make two of me, and a bit would be left over. But I chucked my hat into the ring, and jumped the ropes after it, and tied the green scarf to the ring post. I sat down thinking how I'd fight this fellow and then they called time.

"He had an awkward spar, Mr. Kerry, right hand out, and crouched, but quick as a cat for such a big man. He seemed to want to wrestle more than hit, and for more than a minute not a blow was struck. Then I saw my chance, and 'Here's two for old Ireland,' said I, and I let him have the left and right to the head. He seemed surprised, Mr. Kerry, so I punched him around the ring until we closed. The moment he had his arms around me I knew I was in the grip of a master. Mr. Kerry, he wasn't a man, he was a big thing of brass, and it was like machinery, his arms going around me. By the mercy of God I had my right hand free, and I tried my old reliable, putting my hand under his chin, and trying to back heel, but this fellow was as light on his feet as a goat. It was an old story to him. He just lifted me in the air and began squeezing my life out. So I let him have it right in the face, hitting him with my fist as if it were a hammer; and with the pain and shock he dropped me.

"He turned to the referee, and said something in Turkish, but the referee only clapped his hands as if to say 'Get on with it!' and then he talked to his German manager, but the German man only smoked his cigar. So the Turk comes at me with a rush, and he was shouting, Mr. Kerry, like a bull. Well, for five minutes I hit him with everything I had. I was like a hare before the hounds. I twisted and turned and then would jump in punching and get away. My hands were sore and when I hit I grunted, so tired I was, and just as I was on the point of closing with him and going down for the minute's rest, the Turk throws up his arms and says something in a loud voice and walks back to his corner. I stand there for a minute, while the referee goes over to the German man. And then the referee comes to the middle of the ring and says, 'Aaron Ahmed,' for that was the Turkish man's name, 'Aaron Ahmed retires.' The round had lasted between eight and nine minutes, and the Turk hadn't hit me once

"A sporting man called Al Mills comes over to me and says, 'Well, Carabine, you finished that fellow.'

"'Mr. Mills,' said I, 'did the Turkish fellow know this was going to be a fight?'

"'Well, he knows it now,' said Mills.

"'That man is a wrestler,' I said.

"'Well,' said Mills, 'what does it matter? You won.'

"'I'm ashamed,' said I. 'I'm ashamed for myself and for that green flag in the corner. You've done the Turk an injury, but you've done me a worse one,' said I.

"'Oh,' said Mills sharply, 'is that how you feel about it? Maybe I can find a man at your own game will take the crowing out of you.'

"'Find him,' said I. 'I ask nothing better. But this thing is not in my line.'

"And I went over to the Turk and offers to shake hands with him, but he looks at me coldly. I don't blame him, for he thinks he's been fouled in his match. But I kept talking to him, and in the end he understands me, for fighting men can see into each other, and he shakes hands and smiles. He left the ring, his face cut to pieces—I couldn't help it, Mr. Kerry—but his head was high. He was the beaten man, but he took more glory out of the ring than I did.

"Marcolina was very nice to me when she knew how hurt I was. 'You're a queer sort, Carabine,' she said. 'You're the first fighter I've ever heard complaining he won!' But she understood why I felt bad.

"'I'm the Irish champion,' I said, 'and there's been a long list of them, but I'm the first that's ever been mixed up in a funny fight.'

"'But you didn't know it,' she said.

"'It happened all the same,' said I.

"She was very kind to me over it, and we got closer all the time, so that one day, driving out to Sheepshead Bay, she asked me a question.

"'It's a question,' she said, 'that may ruin this friendship of ours. But I can't keep myself from asking it, Carabine. Apart from being friends, are you fond of me, James Carabine?'

"'I am fond of you, Marcolina,' said I, 'but where's the use? I've little to offer you. A fighter's life and glory is short. And when that's finished, you, that are accustomed to lights and city streets, mightn't like the quiet of the shore and the blue hil of Derry.'

"'Why the hills of Derry, Carabine?' sl asked.

"'Because,' I told her, 'a wife will g with her husband to his home.'

"'Are you asking me to marry yo James Carabine,' she said, 'and you kno what you know?'

"'That,' said I, 'is over and done wit And we're two big people, you and I.'

"She waited a while, and then she sai 'You wouldn't be content,' she said, 'to l fond of me, and leave marriage be?' Sl spent another minute thinking, while drove on, before she answered. 'Well, the I'll marry you, James Carabine.'"

VII

ALL about in the golden Ulster sky, th breeze of Ulster in the ash trees an the grasses, the bees of Ulster hummi their note as of minute organs. All this wi remote, in another star, one might say, fro the Carabine's scene of the most cruel cities, of the cursing at the ringside and th shouting, the dark alleys of life whe spirits walk for the ruin of souls. Carabir had come through it like steel which ha known the furnace, like gold that had bee refined. My cousin, small Jenepher, sleep ing in his arms, had life before her, and m heart went out suddenly to her butte colored hair, her face like warm ivory, h hands like curled rose leaves. God ble you, little gentlewoman, and bring yo without too much heartbreak through th intricacy of life, and give you peace in th end among the blue hills of Derry at De tuny Bay.

"It was a change in my life, Mr. Kerry, said James Carabine. "I moved from th Danish woman's lodging house, which was sorry to leave, because she was a d cent body, to a hotel in Union Square. was no longer with easy-going comfortabl people, but with a crowd of politicians an gamblers, and important people who ha their names in the papers, for these wer all Marcolina's friends, and every day was dressed up as if it were Sunday, an showed myself. It was a great change life for me.

"And in the midst of it all I was lonely Mr. Kerry, in spite of Marcolina, for the people were her friends. What I had t talk about, outside the ring, were horses an dogs and trees and fishing; and many these men though they were heavy bette on horses, knew nothing about them an cared less. And as for the other things, w couldn't talk about them, they knowin nothing. It was as if you and I were to gether, Mr. Kerry, you speaking the Frenc tongue and I the King's English, we coul smile at each other, but that would be al

"I used to think to myself at first Ma colina would like these things I liked, th open country and the hedgerows; and sh did her best to like them, but those who a born in cities never get over it. The smok tang of the street is the same, or more, t them than a field of cowslips. There we things in the American spring I liked to se and hear, things we haven't got in Irelan the dogwood that comes on the hedges lik a fall of snow, and the wee frogs calling night, whether that is music or unmusic couldn't tell. But these were wonders an marvels to me. You know how it is wit me, Mr. Kerry; I can sit for hours whittlin out a child's toy with my knife and thinkin about the world, thinking of what shap souls are in dogs and horses, and how w will all be, and we dead. And thinkin about the rights and wrongs of fightin and how the fighter of today should be lik the Greek Olympian men, a mirror to th children of his day. The fighting beasts the forests have weapons, but we have onl our brittle hands, as easily snapped twigs, and a head behind them and a stou heart. We must fight hard and fair, an that teaches us deeper things, for the wil animals have only themselves to fight wit but against us always is the Enemy of th Brethren. And it is from the athletes an

(Continued on Page 141)

Who plays these songs for you?

ANNIE LAURIE
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG
SWANEE RIVER
HOME, SWEET HOME
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

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Rondo Capriccioso—*Mendelssohn*	PHILLIP GORDON
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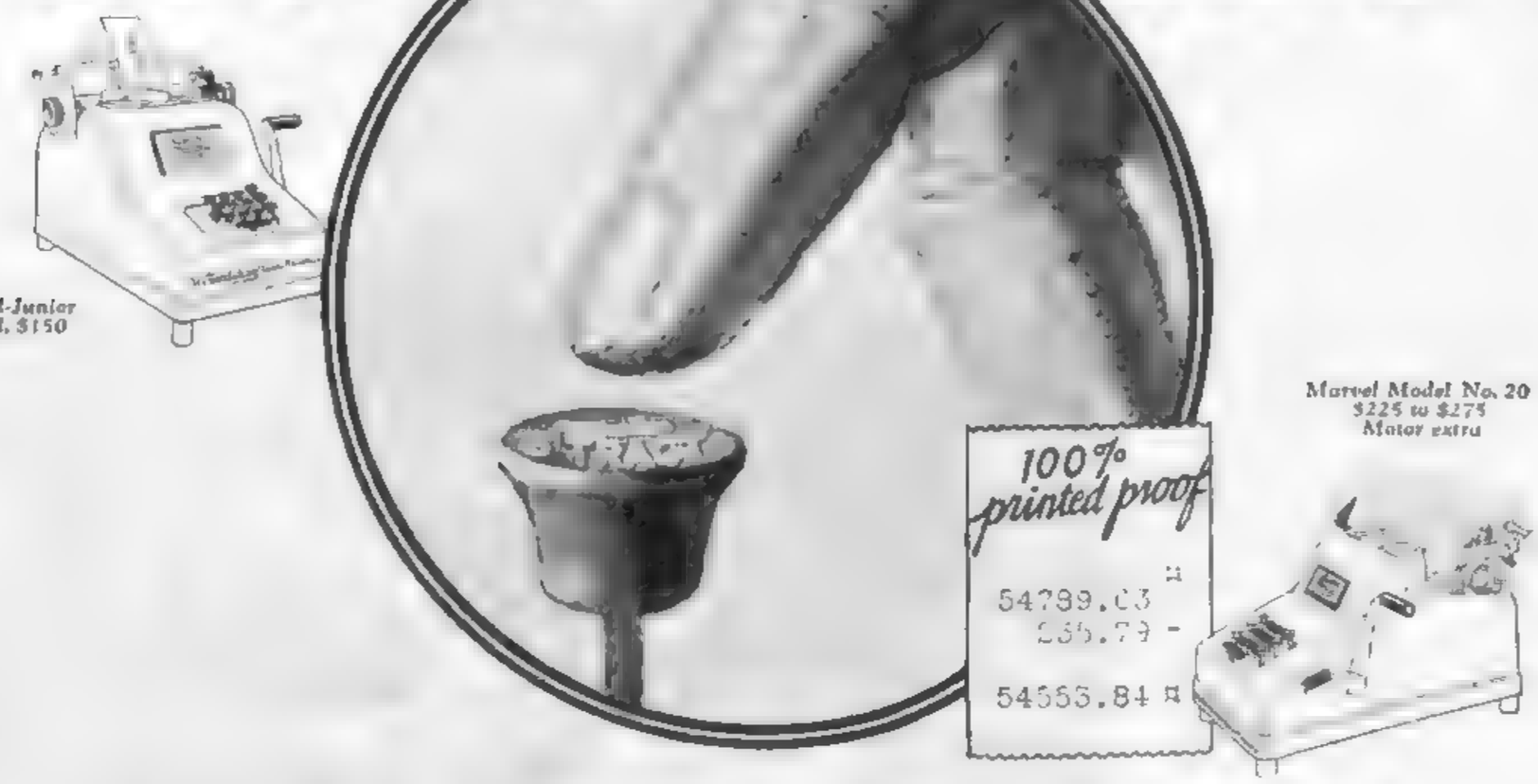

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Approximately one year ago you had to pay from $600 to $1000 to buy a 100% printed proof, one operation direct subtraction featured adding and listing machine.

Then Sundstrand produced direct subtractor models with adding, listing and automatic-shift multiplication features at a price range of $150 to $300!

Automatic Cross-Tabulator, carriage position control, $185, motor extra

And now that adding machine users have learned the tremendous advantages of direct subtraction, it is becoming more and more difficult to sell a machine without this feature at *any* price.

All understand why a 1901 automobile is obsolete.

For the same reasons, the ordinary straight adding machine became obsolete when the direct subtractor Sundstrand Marvel Model was announced at a price range which made it available to every type of business, large or small.

The wave of enthusiasm and flood of orders resulting from our announcement of a full line of adding machines including this highly desirable feature have proven a revelation even to us, as the demand has directed our production to these models.

The other famous Sundstrand standard features are included in all models—automatic-shift multiplication, one-hand control, 100% printed proof, forced printing of totals, simplicity and speed of 10-key keyboard, convenient desk size.

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Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations everywhere in the United States and foreign countries

Sundstrand

ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINES

Adding (+) Subtracting (–) Multiplying (×) Dividing (÷)

(Continued from Page 137)

fighting men that the citizen has to learn this, that he has to take care of his body, for, of all bodies, man's is the chief one to grow coarse and vulgar with age.

"These things to see and these things to think about were enough for me, Mr. Kerry, but Marcolina needed more. The lights of the town, the singing and dancing were the breath of life in her nostrils. The balls at Tammany Hall and at this and that place, and houses like Mr. Canfield's gaming house, where there was a straight game—at all these she was welcome and liked. Mr. Kerry, I wish you could have seen Marcolina. She was a queen of strange beauty; everywhere she went people used to stop and look at her, and maybe now," said James Carabine, "of all the world I'm the only one to remember her fine carriage and her green eyes.

"Down in her heart she was a strange seeking woman, and the marriage was not all she expected it to be. She turned to me one night and said, 'Can't you lose yourself, Carabine?' she asked queerly.

"'How?' said I.

"'In your love for me can't you forget,' said she, 'that there is anything but me in the world?'

"'The world is all about us, Marcolina,' I told her, 'the seen and the unseen world; and we occupy our places in it, big or small. No man or woman is big enough to blot out the rest of the world.'

"'Yes, I know that,' she said, 'but could you forget that?' She stood up, and her eyes were like emeralds against her pointed face. Her arms were like honey. She was altogether beautiful. 'People could get drunk on me, James Carabine. Could you not get drunk on me?'

"'No,' I said, 'Marcolina, I couldn't. The man who would give himself up, give up everything for a woman, no matter how much he loves, is no man, and a woman will despise him.'

"'She'll despise him, yes,' said Marcolina, 'but she'll love him all the more.'

"The way of the country people is this, Mr. Kerry, as you know, that a man and woman can be friends, and marry and be friends still. The desire of a man for a woman and of a woman for a man is a fever that comes and goes. If the friendship remains when the fever is gone, then all is well. Passion, Mr. Kerry, is as little to be avoided as death, and maybe it's a little of the same thing," said James Carabine, "for after each there is either true life or no life. Be that as it may, but a true friendship is worth all the passion in the world. Friendship doubles good fortune and halves disaster. If a friend of yours were dying at a great distance you'd walk all the way to be with him, where if it were a woman you love you'd just mourn. No matter what a friend's faults are, you know them and still are friends; but in a woman you love you won't believe there's fault at all. If your friend is wrong you still fight by his side, right or wrong as he needs. In love you're like an actor on the stage, talking high. In friendship you are silent. Friendship is the better part.

"This, mind you, Mr. Kerry, Marcolina could see, but inside her something kept her from accepting it. In love she was like a poor fellow with the bottle, wanting it all, and certain that he could have his liquor and his health too. It wasn't in the cheap way of the body, Mr. Kerry, but some queer twist of the mind.

"Once she said to me, 'I thought myself, before you came, James Carabine, some wild thing of the woods, some noble thing, a lioness maybe; but now,' she smiled bitterly—'but now I know myself for a dirty gutter cat.'

"'Och, Marcolina,' I said, 'have sense!'

"'I am what I am, James Carabine.'

"After this she said nothing more to me, but closed herself up as if she were locking herself up in a room. She was proud to be married to me, she said, not because I was a prize fighter, but even though I was a prize fighter. In about five months, Mr. Kerry, I had three fights with the gloves, and there was nothing notable in these fights, Mr. Kerry. I won them. I took training seriously, and worked hard. Marcolina was singing in a place called Koster & Bial's, and then in a place called Tony Pastor's. And often I'd go to a ball with her, but leave her and come back for her. Sometimes she was as nice as a woman could be to me. I once told her I was sorry I couldn't dance.

"'I'm glad, Carabine,' she said. 'You're not a dancing man, thank God! You're a fighting man.'

"But at other times she would be mean. I might come to fetch her and she'd say, 'There's a man here who's been making love to me.'

"'Well,' I'd tell her, 'what do you want me to do about it?'

"'Aren't you going to hit him?' she'd ask.

"'No,' I said. 'For one thing, Marcolina, it would be like a grown man hitting a child. And another, he couldn't have made love to you if you'd objected, for one twist of your tongue would take the hide from any man, barring myself perhaps.'

"'Well, I let him then. Aren't you going to hit me?'

"'No, Marcolina,' I told her. 'I'm not going to hit you.'

"'You think yourself too big to beat me,' she'd say. She was just like a naughty child.

"Then after that she'd say, 'I'm sick of myself, Carabine. I'm sick of myself. I wish I'd never been born.' All this I thought was on account of the singing. Singers are queer. One day they'll be high in their hearts and the next they'll be in the depths. And they're forever imagining things, singers are.

"One day she said to me seriously, 'Sometime I'm going to hurt you, Carabine, hurt you so hard that your heart will break.'

"'Why would you do that, Marcolina?' I laughed at her.

"'Because, before you came, Carabine, I was in my own mind big and wild and fine, and now I know I'm not,' said she. 'And that will be your reward for teaching me the truth about myself, Carabine.'

"But I put that down to the tantrums that singers do have."

VIII

"THE man, Al Mills, that I was so short to over the fight with the Turk, began making great friends and though I had no liking for him, yet I didn't mind him. He was a short fat fellow, with a bald head and a cigar in his mouth. And he had a way of looking at you as though he saw through your words into the back of your head. He was a gambling man, and if you saw him in the street, with his flashy clothes, and his deliberate way, you would know him for that. This man always carried a pistol and was very much respected, for people knew that this fellow would draw and kill. He was not one of those loud threatening men, hollow as a drum. This fellow was in everything in which there was money, be it a horse race, a prize fight or a city contract. There was great credit in being seen abroad with this fellow.

"'Carabine,' he told me, 'I've got a man to fight. A man,' he said, 'that's in the same fix as you are, a London Prize Ring man, and can't get a fight.'

"'I hope it's nothing like the Turkish fellow, for if that's the case I won't touch it.'

"'Oh, he can fight!' he said. 'I don't think he's as good as you are, and frankly that's one of the reasons I'm interested in the fight.'

"As long as it's a fair ring and no favor,' said I, 'I'll fight anything. I won't say I'll win, but I'll do my best.'

"'Good enough,' said Mills.

"I got to going around a good deal with Mills and his friends, and they were always going into bars. Indeed a lot of their business was done in bars, and they were forever drinking. Myself, I never cared much for drink. I could drink if the need arose, as much as the next man. And here there seemed to be need for it. For a man who hangs around bars has little liking for you if you're a blue ribbon. So I drank with them. It never bothered me to the extent of getting drunk, Mr. Kerry, or of being unfit the next morning, but I know now that if you take a lot it plays tricks on you. The timing of your punch is not right. You're not as fast as you ought to be, and your head doesn't work in a jam the way it would if you were a nondrinking fellow. I'll put it this way, Mr. Kerry, it takes the crackle out of your silk. It's good for the old people, and they with a chill in their bones and maybe a doubt in their minds, but it's no good for a young or a fighting man.

"I drank too much and that's the truth, Mr. Kerry, and I wondered how it was the others could keep it up. It was only afterward I found out that at their favorite houses of call these fellows kept bottles of tea, and when you'd think they were drinking fiery whisky they were swallowing weak tea. They were cunning fellows. You would have thought they'd have put me up to this dodge, but maybe they didn't think of it," said James Carabine, "or maybe they thought I liked whisky better, being Irish.

"At last Mills brought this fellow along he was fixing to fight me. 'Meet Blanco Johnson,' he said, 'the champion of Canada.' And there before me was a fellow you would and you wouldn't have taken for a fighter. He was tall and broad in the shoulder, Mr. Kerry, but very light below for a Prize Ring man. You would think that the very weight of his shoulders would be too heavy for his legs, and that he would have little power when it came to wrestling. I'd have great respect for that fellow in a glove fight, but in the London Ring I wasn't worried at all. He had beautiful long muscles, and a small head that would be hard to get the range of, and when he walked he had the nice springy step of a fighter. But there's the funny thing, Mr. Kerry, he was the handsomest fellow I ever laid my eyes on. His hair was wavy like a woman's. He was fair and he had a face that was symmetrical in each degree, but for one. The only thing wrong about him, Mr. Kerry, was that his eyes were too small and a wee bit too close together. But dress that fellow up, and put him on at a smoking concert, and you'd never take him for a fighter. Beauty Johnson was his nickname, and there was never a truer one.

"Well, the match was made, Mr. Kerry, for a purse of two thousand five hundred dollars, which was great money, and three hundred pounds a side, London Prize Ring rules, at a place to be decided later, for this was to put the police off. We signed our names to the articles, I making my mark, and he writing like a schoolmaster. He was a nonpareil.

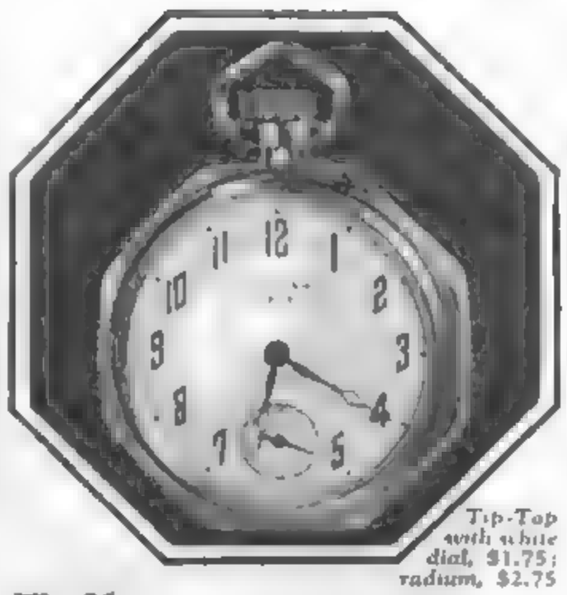
"Well, Mr. Kerry, you'd think I'd done this fellow the honor of the world in fighting him. It was 'Mr. Carabine,' here, and 'Mr. Carabine,' there, and 'What is your opinion of this, Mr. Carabine?' And Al Mills introduced him to Marcolina, and he kissed Marcolina's hand. He was a play-acting man. For a week I couldn't get rid of him. He took Marcolina out to dances at the Five Points Club and Tammany Hall, and he was an elegant dancer. There was nothing this fellow couldn't do, so that I wondered whether or not he could fight. In a while I cut off to the country to train, for I don't like being too much friends with a man before you fight him. There are bad tongues everywhere, Mr. Kerry, and I like to be given the credit for fighting square.

"'I'll be seeing something of this man while you're away,' said Marcolina.

"'If it cheers you up, child, see him,' said I.

"'I wish you'd forbid me to see him,' said she.

"But all I did was to laugh. So I went off to Westchester, that's near New York, with Nick Dolan, who trained me, and a couple of fighters and a black man as cook, and a fellow who could play the fiddle. Nick was satisfied at the way I came along.



Tip-Top with white dial, $1.75; radium, $2.75

Folks—
meet "Tip-Top," *the new octagon watch*

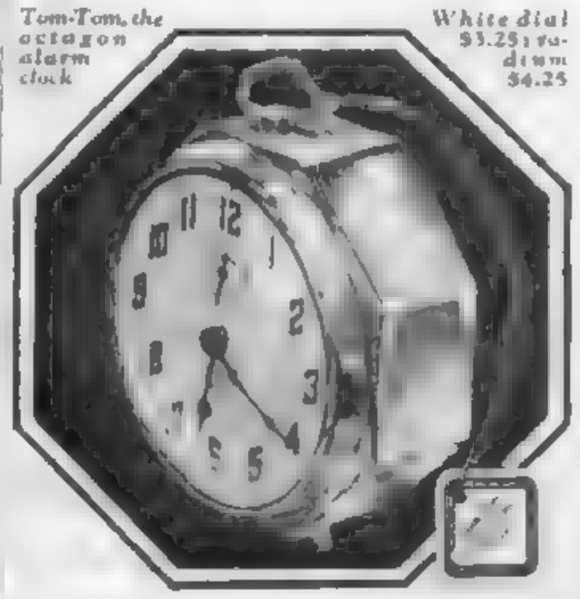
HE'S the tip-toppest of watches—this octagon Tip-Top with his compact perfection. Proud of that *octagon* shape of his; proud to belong to the famous True Time Teller family. Thin, too. His case has a refinement that will be interesting to compare with any other watch at the price. Clear beveled glass crystal; special bow, crown and pendant; open hands, cubist numerals, pull-out set.

Tip-Top is an accurate time-watcher; it's always NOW with him. Tested through four runs of twenty-four hours each, he hits the minutes with joyous precision. He never ticks loudly about his accuracy, either. Just breathes inaudibly in your pocket all the while you're sure he's keeping faith. Yet a very low price is attached to Tip-Top. See him at your dealer's.

See also Tom-Tom, the alarmer, with his sure-rousing calls and quiet tick. See Tidy-Tot—an exact replica of Tom-Tom, only smaller. See all the *octagon* members of the True Time Teller family. Their acquaintance is well worth cultivating.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY

New Haven, Conn.



Tom-Tom, the octagon alarm clock

White dial $3.25; radium $4.25

A broken *film* of oil often stops a 10-ton truck!

Leviathans of the road need the Veedol "film of protection."

AS you watch a giant truck thunder along the road, it seems as though only a stone wall or a mountain could bring its powerful engine to a forced stop. Yet most truck breakdowns are caused neither by stone walls nor mountains—but by the failure of a film of lubricating oil, thinner than the sheet of paper you are reading.

Oil, in action, is no longer the cool, rich stream that you poured into your crankcase. Instead it is a tissue-thin oil *film*, fighting for its life and the life of your motor. Heat—searing, scorching heat—attacks that film. And tearing, grinding friction threatens it.

A film of ordinary oil soon quits, curls up and burns. Through the shattered film, hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction sets up. A piston seizes; a bearing goes; the engine is damaged.

But Veedol forms a film that does not quit. It is an oil film perfected by Tide Water engineers to withstand the lash of heat and the wear and tear of friction. It is the Veedol "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

The "film of protection"

You can prevent costly breakdowns and unnecessary delays by always using the "film of protection."

Have the old oil drained from your trucks. Refill with the correct Veedol oil. Veedol in your garage will make certain that your trucks start out with the "film of protection" on the job. If oil is needed on the road, instruct your operators to stop where they see the orange and black Veedol sign.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York *(main office)*; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland (Oregon).

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

"'You're not the man you were four months ago, Shamus,' he said; 'you're slow. Another wouldn't notice it, but I do. I wish to God,' he said, 'you'd done less of this pub crawling in New York.'

"'I was never drunk in my life, Nick,' I said.

"'If you were,' said Nick, 'it would have been better for you, for you'd have known when to quit!'

"It was two weeks before the fight when Marcolina came to see me. I wouldn't have her in the camp, but she came for a few minutes.

"'I want to tell you, Carabine,' she said. 'Don't underrate this man. I've seen a good deal of him in New York and I've been to his camp with Al Mills ——'

"'Don't tell me anything about his camp, Marcolina,' said I. 'A man's training secrets are his own.'

"'There's something else I have to tell you, Carabine,' she said. 'This man's in love with me; and I,' she said—'I'm crazy about him.'

"'Och, is that all?' said I, and laughed. 'Run along now, Marcolina. I'll see you after the fight.'

"'Good luck in the fight, and always, Carabine,' said she, and went away.

"When she had gone I laughed again at what she said, for I thought this—that Al Mills and the others had put her up to it, so as to make me fight the harder and finish the quicker. The betting was five to one on me, Mr. Kerry, and everyone knows that a money-on bet is the most dangerous bet in the world. A broken hand, an ignorant swing from your opponent, and the champion of the world goes down before an unheard-of man. 'But aren't they the ignorant crowd,' I thought, 'to consider a mild stratagem a child could see through?'

"The day before the fight Nate came to see me, and he took me aside.

"'I was always your friend, Carabine,' said he.

"'You were, Nate,' said I.

"'I'll give you a friend's advice,' said Nate. 'If anything happens, go right back to Ireland, and forget America and forget all you've seen or anybody you've met here.'

"'You mean if I lose the fight?'

"'If you lose more than the fight.'

"'What do you mean, Nate?' I asked.

"But he would say nothing, and I couldn't understand until I remembered the drugs the poor fellow would be taking. Drink is bad; it wearies and weakens the head; but drugs are the devil's invention. They give false life to you, and the sane clean world becomes a maze like you see in old-time gardens. You wander and wander and think you're going fine, but only by accident or a friend's hand do you come out of it. Drink and women are pitfalls, Mr. Kerry, but drugs are chains.

"So I said, 'Of course, Nate.' For I thought I'd humor him. 'Sure, if I lost what would I stay here for?'

"'You fool!' said Nate. 'You'll never understand.'"

IX

"THE fight was called in New Jersey, across the river from New York, in a clearing in the woods. It was six o'clock of a June morning, and the birds singing to raise your heart. I never saw a bonnier day. The ring was pitched on fine springy turf and there was a big crowd from New York—Tammany men, gamblers, fellows of society who liked to be known as sportsmen, a big crowd of Irish fellows. When I was in the ring I noticed Marcolina in the crowd, and that annoyed me, for I thought she knew I didn't want her at a fight. She was very white, it seemed to me, and she avoided my eye, and gave me no look at all. Al Mills was there, and he smiled at me in what I might call a dirty manner. I thought, 'That isn't the look of a man who has his money on me.' And then it came to me: 'That fellow hasn't his money on you. That fellow has his money on the other man.'

"'What's worrying you, Shamus?' said Nick Dolan.

"'Nothing at all,' said I. But that was wrong, for what with Marcolina's manner and Al Mills' look I wasn't easy at all. The Johnson and I met in the middle of the ring and the referee talked, and Mr. Kerry, I've never seen a man in better shape. He shone. He was fit to fight for the world. And his legs that I thought were weak were only light, like a deer's. There was no 'Mr. Carabine' now. He was curt and ugly. And when I held out my hand he looked at it.

"'What's that for?' said he.

"'To shake hands,' said I.

He turned his back and walked to his corner.

"I felt hurt at that, Mr. Kerry. The men I had fought with before hadn't been like that. It was: May the best man win! I tell you there was a queer feel in the air that morning, for all the birds were singing.

"Time was called and we met, Mr. Kerry. And he began sparring like a glove lightweight instead of a Prize Ring man. One instant he was in front, in the next breaking ground to the right or left, dancing in and out like a ballet master. I had a trick, as most boxers have tricks, of feinting with the left before leading it, and someone must have told this fellow of it, for as my shoulder moved he let fly with his left hand, and Mr. Kerry, it was like a sling shot or a golf ball going through the air.

"He got me fair. And before I could answer he was away dancing. Four times he did it in a row. Once I crowded him in a corner and began to hit, but he rolled to the punch, and when the crowd began to roar, thinking I was doing for him, I wasn't hurting him at all. And when he got out of the corner he began with the left again. He had great tricks, this fellow. When it looked as if I'd corner him he'd bend like an acrobat and catch me by the ankles. There was nothing in the rules against or for that. So I'd look down at him and wonder what I'd do. And then he'd straighten up and let go with the right. When I'd set myself, as a heavy man will, to let go with a knockdown punch, he'd drop his hands and walk away laughing, so that I felt like a fool. And then I'd do what a fool will do, rush him furiously, to be a mark for his left hand. When I'd get close to throw him he'd go limp and loose, and fall with me of his own accord. Take his minute's rest and come up grinning.

"There's no use telling you about that fight, Mr. Kerry; there was only one man in it, and that wasn't me. First I could hear the crowd roar for me and then be silent, and then begin to roar for the other man. That is always cruel hearing, Mr. Kerry. In the fourth round I couldn't see, so that Nick had to open my eyes with a knife to give me a glimpse of the fellow at all. This man fought a great heady fight. He never let up on my eyes, so that in a little while I didn't know that it was day only for the singing of the birds. They had to lead me to my corner, and once I hung on by hands to the rope to avoid going down. I had a hope he'd close, so that I could take the strength out of him wrestling, but he was too clever.

"And then in my corner I heard the towel go through the air

"'Are you throwing up, Nick?' I asked.

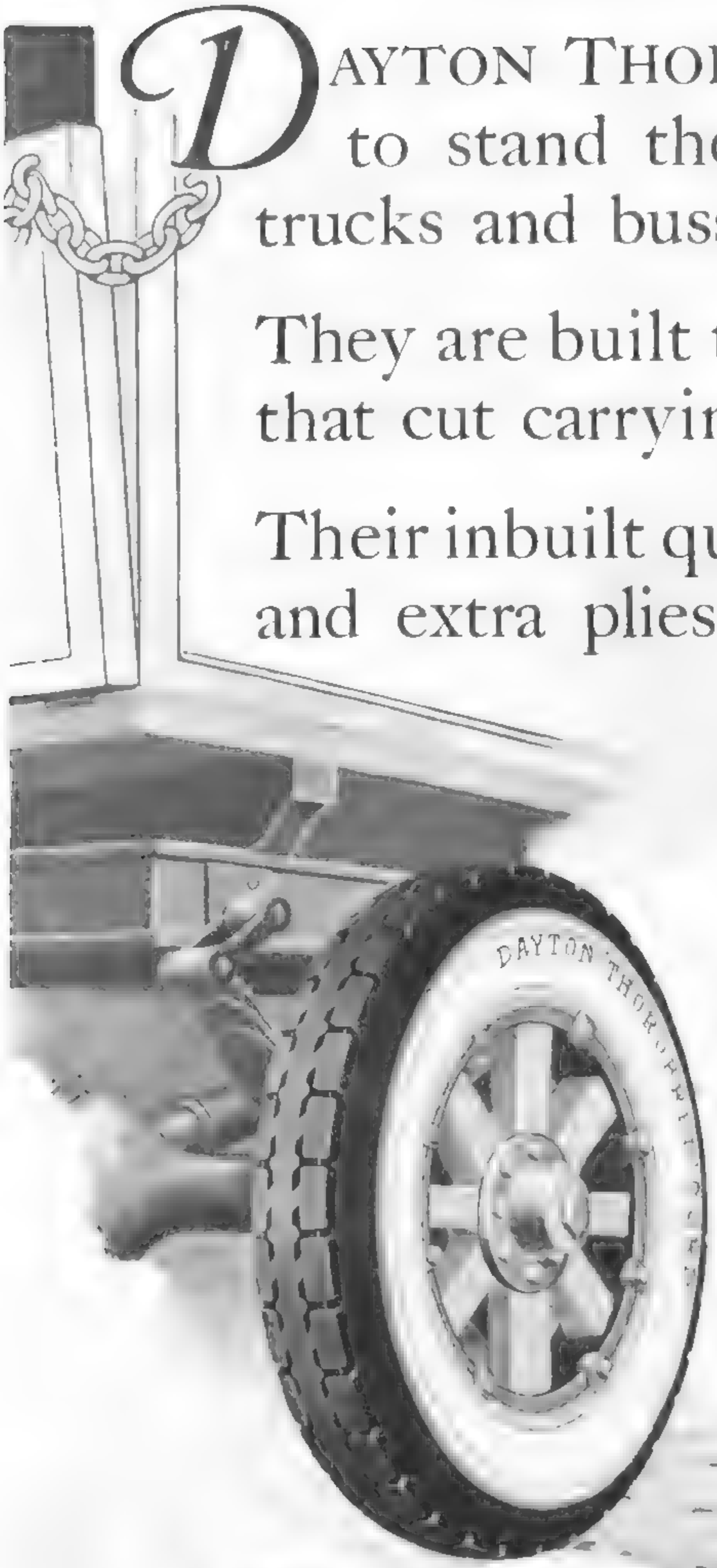
"'I'm sorry, Shamus,' said he, 'but I can't see a fellow countryman killed.'

"So that was the end of that fight.

"There is no person in the world so lonely as the conquered fighting man. He is like a star that shot across the sky and is lost. The people who were cheering him a month before turn and say, 'Sure, he was no good!' The cheering and the handshaking are all for the other fellow, while you are in your corner by yourself; and your trainer and your seconds, even they feel uncomfortable, and wish they were with the other man. The crowd that has been waiting for you before the fight now passes you by as if you were a convict. There is no person in the crowd that doesn't feel he is a better man than you.

"I went across to New York and to a Turkish bath, to steam the sores out of

(Continued on Page 145)



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They are built to deliver the extra miles that cut carrying costs to the bone.

Their inbuilt quality, super-construction and extra plies make this service possible. It is this service that is winning the keen buyer of truck tires the country over.

There is a Dayton Dealer in your town who can talk facts about truck tires.

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Dealers Everywhere

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OSBORN

A Better Wearing Brush For Every Use

GARAGE BROOM
NO. 641

This is the Osborn "Garage Broom"—the brush for sweeping garage and factory floors and for sidewalks and other rough sweeping about the home. Made of selected Palmyra fibre. Sizes, 14 inch to 30 inch

In thousands of public and private garages throughout America, Osborn brushes are the efficient tools with which both garage and cars are kept clean.

The garage broom featured here is designed for rough work, especially in garages and factories.

It is also a valuable assistant about the well-kept home, for cleaning sidewalks, driveways, basements and the family garage.

SPOKE BRUSH
NO. 5727

Quickly cleans automobile wheel spokes. Made of high grade white tampico twisted into rust-proof wire. The stem wire extends clear thru the handle and is riveted. The brush cannot work loose

There is an Osborn brush for every need of the motor car owner or garageman, just as there is an Osborn brush for every need of the home, the institution, the municipality, or for industry.

Osborn brushes do better work, and quicker work, and more economical work, because they are designed with outstanding skill for particular tasks.

Osborn Brushes are sold in hardware stores, and in mill and supply houses. Assure yourself of Osborn superiorities by asking for Osborn Brushes by name, and by accepting only those bearing the Osborn trade-mark.

Osborn maintains branches in the principal cities, and has experienced representatives everywhere. Osborn Industrial Brushes are also available from leading hardware, mill and factory supply distributors.

Makers of Osborn *Blue Handle* Household and Personal Use Brushes—Sold by Leading Merchants Everywhere—Never Sold by Canvassers.

The Osborn Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
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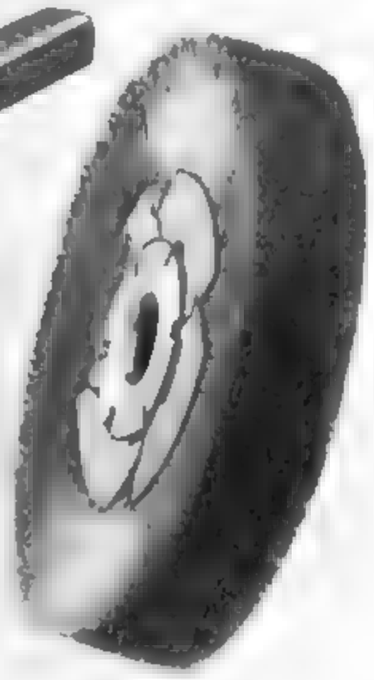
3-ROW WIRE
SCRATCH BRUSH
NO. 1777

Automobile owners and garage men find it indispensable for removing rust and grease.



MASTER
STEEL WIRE
WHEEL

For cleaning and polishing work in garages, tire repair shops, etc. Sizes 8 inches to 15 inches.

Osborn Brushes

MAKERS OF QUALITY BRUSHES SINCE 1892

(Continued from Page 142)

myself, and to get my face patched up, and my eyes painted. It was afternoon when I got to our hotel. 'Is Mrs. Carabine within?' said I.

"The fellow behind the counter of the hotel gives me a look, and says, 'Mrs. Carabine left here two hours ago, taking all her luggage with her.' Well, Mr. Kerry, it was no surprise to me somehow, and I remember saying to myself, 'Well, you might have known it.' But I said to the hotel fellow, 'Yes,' said I, 'we intended moving today. Mrs. Carabine's just gone ahead.' And he said, 'Yes, Mr. Carabine,' and smiled. The fellows behind hotel counters are knowing cynical men, and there is no richness in the hearts of them.

"Upstairs in our rooms there was nothing but my things, no word for me even, though none was needed. But the white bulldog was there. He barked at me, glad to see me. 'She must have forgotten him,' said I. He'd have made a grand present for Johnson. 'What are you doing here?' said I. 'Don't you know I'm a beaten man?' And he barked again. So I said to him, 'You stay with me. You're one thing they don't get.'

"I spent the rest of the day looking for lodgings where I wouldn't be known. I didn't want to go back to the Danish woman's, after leaving it to be married in great style. In the end I got a place on the west side of the town, near where the ocean liners dock, and there I shifted my gear and took the dog. When all was settled I thought I'd go across the town and have a bite to eat at Nate's. 'For there,' thought I, 'I'll have friends anyway. A tune from Peter the harpist, and a crack with Nate, and it'll take the edge off the hard day.'

"The day itself had turned dreary after the promise of the morning, and I mind walking through the yellow murk across Sixth Avenue and Madison Square and Fourth Avenue across to Third and going along to Nate's. I turned in the door and was going down the stairs when a champagne bottle was opened and the noise of it made me look up.

"Well, there at a table were the Johnson fellow, with not a scratch on him, Mr. Kerry, and Marcolina sitting beside him, and a look on their faces as if there was nothing in the world for one but the other. Well, Mr. Kerry, Marcolina had never a closer escape from death, and maybe the Johnson had, neither, but at that moment Nate came up to them and sat down and began drinking with them and treating them as if they were his best friends.

"Well, that was the last straw. Nate that had been so friendly with me, and professed such friendship to me, to be cheek by jowl with the man that had beaten me and the woman that had left me. Mr. Kerry, no blow that day hurt me, or Marcolina's going didn't hurt me as much as that conduct of Nate's did. I had always thought that decency was common in the world, and until that moment I had known no different. I walked back up the stairs, without anyone seeing me, and as I went through the streets I was glad it was a murky night, so that no one could see my face."

x

"THIS fellow Johnson was now described as the champion of Canada and Ireland, though how he could be of Ireland I don't know, not being born there, or having anything to do with Ireland. In a way he had a claim to it. So I couldn't go back to Ireland again. I couldn't face the mountains. I couldn't face the people. So I stayed on in New York, taking my mother's name MacSorley, and working on the docks, loading and unloading vessels. Big Jim MacSorley, they called me. They were decent fellows there.

"Well now, Mr. Kerry, I'll tell you a difficult thing. I took to the drink. It was a cowardly and poor thing to do. But after a hard day's work, the lightsomeness of saloons is welcome, and a man with a load on his mind is not good company for himself. I was never a loud drunk, or a dead drunk; I was just a stupid drunk, but even in a crowd that drunk hard I was notable. Men would say to me, 'Jim, you'd better lay off that stuff. It'll kill you.' To myself I'd say, 'What matter if it does?' But to them I'd laugh. In the end they figured it was something on my mind. All the water front knew Big Jim MacSorley and his white dog. The stuff gave me sleep, Mr. Kerry, but it got like this—that I had to have a couple in the morning before I was good for anything. When I look back now, Mr. Kerry, I can hardly believe that was me.

"I never met anyone I knew in that place, for the way of New York is this—that Seventh Avenue is as far from Fifth as Ireland is from the Lowlands of Holland. People that live in Broadway will not go on another street. The New Yorkers are habitual people. But talk of Johnson came to the saloons, of glove fights he had had, and how there was talk of matching him with Peter Jackson, the black, and Charlie Mitchell, England's champion. There was an occasional word about James Carabine, and the talk was he had gone back to Ireland, and it was said that Johnson's science had beaten Carabine, who had none, but was just an ignorant Irish fighter, good for a street brawl and nothing else. This was queer hearing, Mr. Kerry.

"I heard them speak of Marcolina, Mr. Kerry, and how she had married Carabine and left him for the better man. And it was said that she was married before to a fellow who was a professional killer and now in Sing-Sing. I asked how could she marry Carabine if she was married to another fellow; and they said that maybe Carabine wasn't the only one she married. Lina Ward, they said, was a great favorite with the politicians, and what another woman would get two years for as a crime, Lina would only get pity for as a mistake.

"I'd say, 'I see. What'll you have, boys?'

"And they'd say, 'We'll have schooners of beer.'

"'Schooners of beer all around,' I'd call; 'and just shove over that decanter of red-eye.'

"I knew myself that all wasn't well with me, and that I'd gone a ways from the man I was, for one day near the boats a man stopped me and he said, 'Aren't you Mr. James Carabine, the Irish fighter?'

"'Oh, no,' said I. 'I'm afraid you're mistaken. My name's MacSorley.'

"'I beg your pardon,' said he. 'Now I see you're not when I'm close to you, for you're a fat soft man, and not the cut of a fighter at all.'

"I used to think to myself, 'Well, I'll make a break. I'll fight a couple of times, and then join a ship on her way around the Horn, and that way get to Australia.' I got a fight in a little club for a five-pound note under the name MacSorley, but though I won it easily on points, I should have won in the first round. The club manager spoke to me afterward.

"'You've got a natural style of boxing, MacSorley, and you're a big man, but leave it alone. There's one thing you haven't got, and that's a fighter's heart.' And to him I said, 'I haven't.' And to myself I said, 'Not any more.' And so I let things go. I was like a bird whose wings had been clipped and was compelled to walk on its small feeble feet. I was like a fox a man had chained in a stable yard and made a curiosity of. I was like a man—the Lord between us and all harm!—on whom some aged crooked-minded woman had turned the Bad Eye.

"I was so far gone as this, Mr. Kerry, that I didn't care how I looked; and what was worse, I had let the white bulldog get dirty, too, and that was meaner than not taking care of myself.

"If I had been a weak man I wouldn't have got a job at all, but with my frame I was always sure of work. But every night it was the same old tale—the heat and sawdust of the saloon. I was there one night drinking, and a voice came through the place that made me drop the glass from my hands and turn cold.

"'Aren't you the devil and all for hiding yourself, James Carabine!'

"I looked up, and it was true. There was your Uncle Valentine before me."

xi

"HE HAD no beard in those days, as you know, Mr. Kerry, and he was then like you now, tall and thin. His head was red as it is now, but more curly, and he had a merry look in his eyes. There was the smell of Ulster from his tweed suit, heather and turf smoke, and the ash plant under his arm, Mr. Kerry, I could tell the coppice where it was cut. Mr. Kerry, it was as if the walls of that boozing den had fallen apart and shown me the hills of Derry and the Gypsy women at their caravan doors weaving their baskets.

"Your Uncle Valentine walked into that saloon as if it were his own Kildare Street Club, with a nod and smile for everyone as if they were his fellow members.

"'And how is it with you, James Carabine?' And he took my arm.

"'Mr. Valentine,' I said, 'I'm through.'

"And he lets a laugh out of him that was like a church bell bringing you back to security and belief. 'And is that the way to face a run of bad luck? I'm ashamed of you, James Carabine.'

"The people in the pub were silent, and then they turned to him, and one man said, 'Is that Mr. Carabine, the Irish boxer?'

"'And who else?' asked your Uncle Valentine.

"'And are you a friend of his?'

"'There's none closer,' answered your Uncle Valentine.

"'That's all right,' said they. 'We were getting worried about him. We didn't know who he was, but that he was a good man low in the heart. But now that he has a friend with him, he'll be all right.' You'll find blacker hearts, Mr. Kerry, than on the wharves of New York.

"There was once at dinner in Destiny Bay a soldier, or maybe just some casual wandering man, who was talking of Constantinople, of the Turks, and how there was a great church there from Christian days, and it was not dedicated to any saint, but to a gift of God, and that is Holy Wisdom. Well, if there's one man ever had that healing gift, it's your Uncle Valentine. He never spoke to me about the drink, or about my troubles; and he was wise there. I've heard it said that it's best to get a thing off your mind to a friend, but holding a lodge of sorrow only revives the matter, and gives the weakness in you an excuse for keeping up depression.

"Your Uncle Valentine acted as though he'd seen me a month before. I had to come up to his hotel and take a room there, and get decent clothes on, and face New York. As to the drink, your Uncle Valentine was always asking, every three or four hours, whether I'd like one, and having one with me as if it were just a pleasant thing for both of us, and not for me a loosening of the clutch on my throat. Your uncle was like a small boy. He said he'd come to America to see the Indians on Long Island, and the people murdering each other on the Bowery; but I knew well enough he'd come for me. He took me to Sheepshead Bay to the racing, and if there was ever an Indian let loose in New York, it was your uncle, Mr. Kerry, for even I felt sorry for the gamblers when he was through betting. Every day, every hour I was feeling better. We followed the races to Saratoga. In a week I could hardly believe all that had happened to me was true. Only when I was by myself at night I'd see Marcolina's face. And I'd hear the towel whishing into the ring in token of defeat. And then I'd know it was true.

"To get back to good feeling and strength, Mr. Kerry, was like throwing off an old suit that you'd worn out and were ashamed of. I noticed myself thinning down and my eye hardening. And one day your Uncle Valentine threw his leg across the arm of a sofa and looked straight at me.

"'This fellow calling himself champion of Ireland, it's hard,' said he.

"'It is, Mr. Valentine,' I agreed. 'None feels it more than I.'

"'Did he beat you fair?' asked your Uncle Valentine.

"'He did,' said I. 'He was too quick for me. His left hand was like a rocket in my face.'

"'Would you take him on again?' said your Uncle Valentine.

"'I would,' said I. 'But I don't know if it would be any different. He's too clever for me, and besides, the heart is out of me.'

"'There was never an attack yet that there wasn't a defense for,' said your Uncle Valentine. 'As to the heart being out of you, you've no right to say that. If it were your own small fight, for a purse of money or a woman, then you could feel any way you liked about it; but this is to keep it from being said that the Irish Belt passed to a cheap bully from overseas.'

"'Mr. Valentine,' I told him, 'get me that match and I'll fight till I die.'

"'That's better,' said your Uncle Valentine.

"Your Uncle Valentine took it in hand to get the fight, and it wasn't very difficult, I heard later. There were scores to subscribe to a purse for the satisfaction of seeing us, men who had missed the first one, and had heard afterward about Marcolina and Johnson and me, and were eager to see a savage dirty fight over a woman. And there was great money to be made in betting over it. So sure were the gamblers of the outcome that they would give six to one against me, and the Irish are fools enough to back their fancy, no matter what odds are against it. Everybody on the other side laughed and said it was easy money. Oh, no, there was no difficulty about the fight.

"It was a queer thing, Mr. Kerry, but the fitter I got the more I thought of Marcolina, and for the first time in my life I knew what jealousy was, and it is a disease and sickness. Her face was like something in a sick man's head, always hovering there. The queer sleekness of her hair, and her pointed face, like a fox's, but white, and the green eyes like emeralds. It used to grip me like a sickness. One night it got so bad that I told your Uncle Valentine I couldn't go on.

"'Well,' he said, 'we'll let it go for the present, Shamus, and take it up again.' And he left me alone. I rang for a bottle of whisky and they brought it to me and left it on the table. It just came to me, Mr. Kerry, like a truth comes to a man, that if I drank that bottle of whisky I was done forever. Mr. Kerry, there were great battles fought in great fields, but there was never a harder than between myself and myself in that little room. I must have prayed, but what words I used, or if any at all, I don't know, but after a while the bottle of whisky was no more than a bottle to me, and I left it there. I've heard of men throwing it out of the window after a fight like that, but they must have been play-acting with themselves. I just rang for the waiter and told him to take it away.

"'But you wanted it,' said he.

"'Well, I don't want it now,' said I. And I went out to where your Uncle Valentine was. Your Uncle Valentine must have seen how it was, for there was the moisture of death on my face. But he said nothing.

"So I said, 'Mr. Valentine, when do I start training?'

"'Come down to Castle Garden tomorrow,' he said, 'and meet your trainer. He'll tell you.' But who the trainer was I couldn't get out of him.

"I went down with him, and off the Irish boat there comes an old fellow in a beaver hat, and with a gray shawl around his shoulders, and Mr. Kerry, it would raise the hair on your scalp, but who was it but Shadrach Kennedy, the Irish fighter who had won the championship of Europe at the age of twenty in the camp of Waterloo. I'd often heard of him, and how he was greater than Captain Donelly himself. He had killed Gaffer Casey at the Curragh of Kildare, and after that had fought, but the

(Continued on Page 149)

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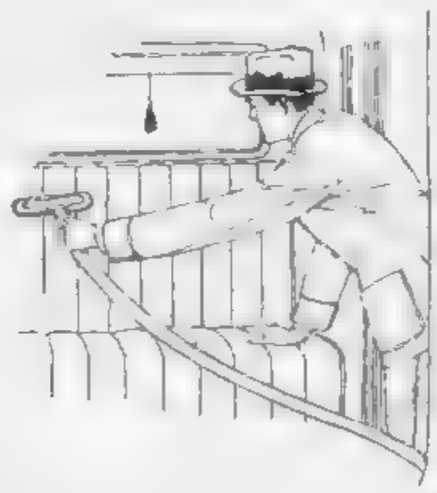

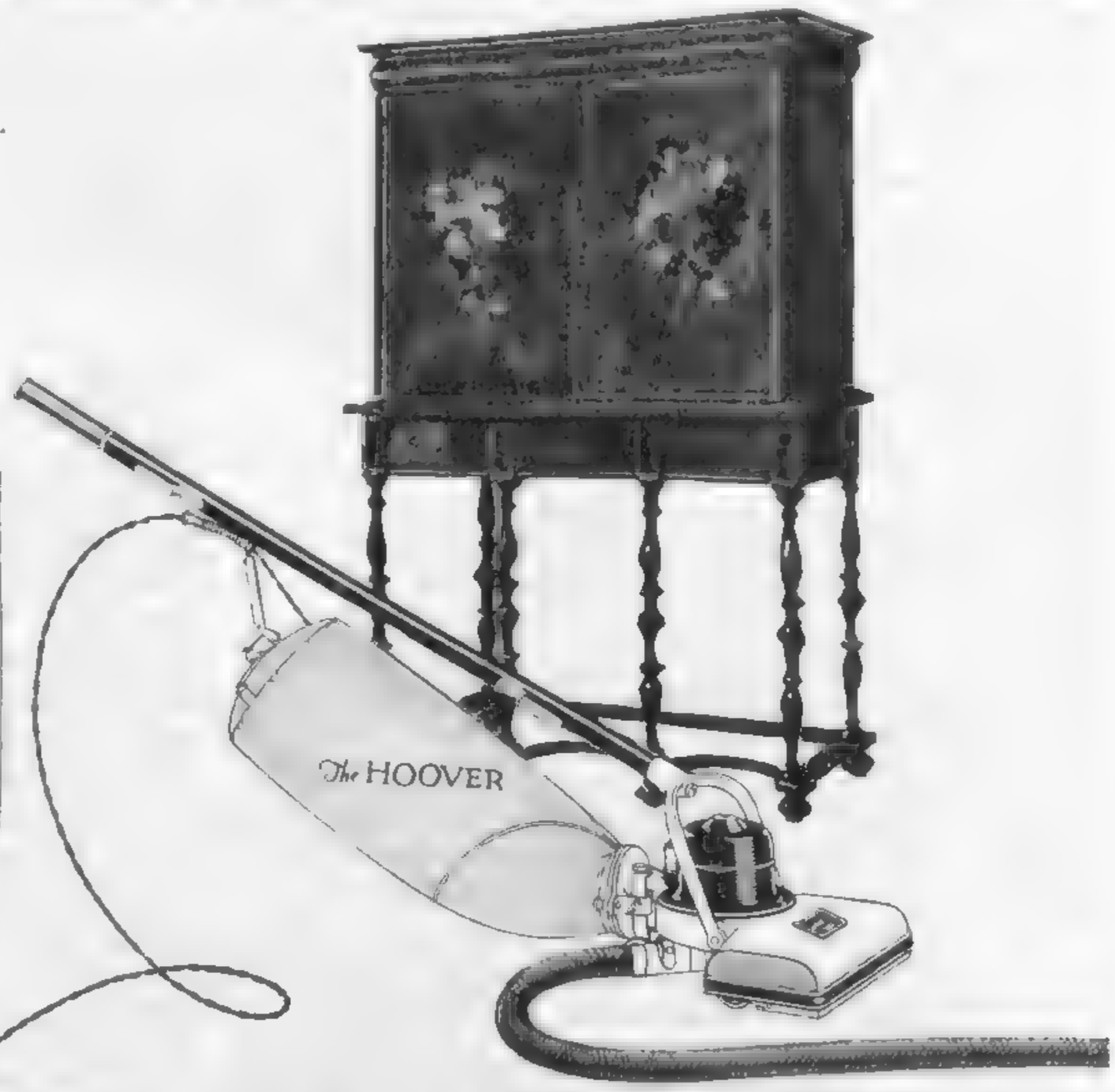

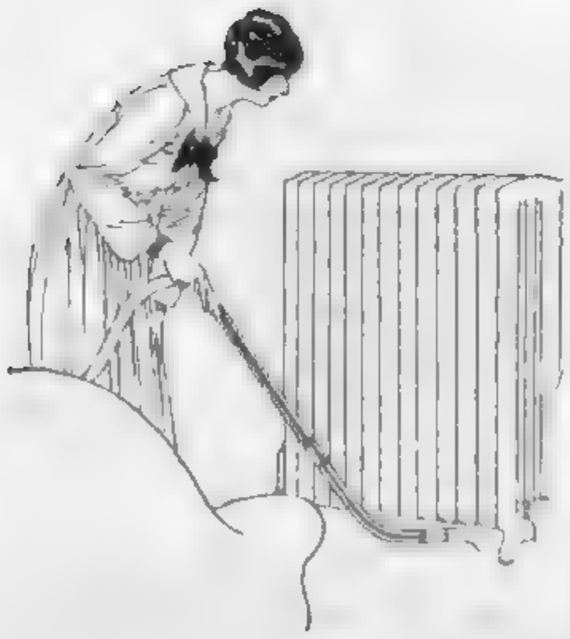

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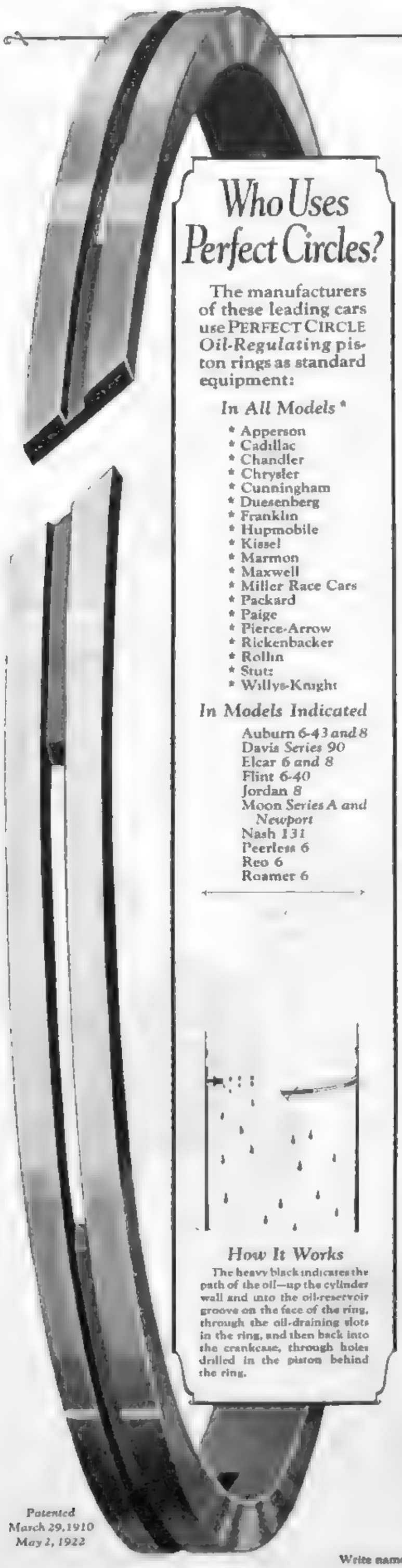

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(Continued from Page 145)

country people said he had sold his soul to the devil for knowledge of boxing. And looking into his eye you might believe that thing. His body was a man's of near ninety, but his eye was a man's of twenty-five. There was no stroke in the game unknown to him.

"'So you're the young man that has lost the championship of Ireland, and taken me from my death bed.'

"'I'm sorry, Mr. Kennedy,' said I.

"'You'll be sorrier before I'm through with you,' he promised, and he looked me over. 'You've got a fighter's frame. Was it cowardice?' he sneered.

"'He was too quick for me, Mr. Kennedy.'

"'Before I'm through with you you'll beat a hare in full flight.' Your Uncle Valentine was for putting him in the carriage, but he turned on him. 'Is it for insulting me you are, Mr. Valentine?' he asked. 'I have as good feet as any other.' And to avoid argument he catches the horse a clout over the rump with his stick. I tried to take his carpetbag, but he promised me the same as the horse. He took a look now and then around him as we walked uptown.

"'And what do you think of New York, Mr. Kennedy?' said I, so as to make conversation.

"'Belfast is better,' said he. He was a very downright man."

XII

"WE HAD our camp near Stamford, in the county of Connecticut, which is a seaport town, but not on the sea, on a sort of lake, as it were, Mr. Kerry, a great healthy place. Your Uncle Valentine chose the boxers and wrestlers. There was a big Pole who couldn't speak English but was a nice fellow, and an American fellow from the Far West, and the boxers were Paddy Moynihan, the Irish-American boxer, and John Rhys, and Cornstalk Bill Ryan, who was looking for a fight. They were the best to be found, and if there were better I'd have had them. They'd all seen men trained in their day, but they themselves had never seen the like of the cruelty of Shadrach Kennedy. Mr. Kerry, if I were a poor sinner, and he a devil, he couldn't have been worse. He'd sit there with his shawl over his shoulders and his snuffbox in his hand, and while I boxed and wrestled, his tongue would cut me like a whip. He would drive out, with me behind the buggy, as they called it, and make me run until I'd nearly drop. It was no trotting. It was swing your legs. And he'd get the Pole to pitch a football at my stomach and ribs, until I could have taken the kick of a mule there. Then he had another trick, which was getting the boys to chuck a bag of sand in the air, and for me to catch it on my jaw and neck. Mr. Kerry, at times I could have cried with rage, and killed the old man, and your Uncle Valentine wouldn't stay in the room, he was so sorry for me. But this wasn't the worst, Mr. Kerry. One day he had my arms tied to my sides with three twists of rope, and made Paddy Moynihan put on riding gloves with welts.

"'Now cut the face off him,' he told Paddy.

"'I'll hit no man that can't put his hands up.'

"Well, Mr. Kerry, you'll hardly believe it, but Shadrach Kennedy laid on to Paddy with a driving whip until the big fighting man was nearly crying. In the end he made Paddy go for me. It was cruel. But after a few days of it, I noticed I could sway and duck and draw away my head in a manner I hadn't thought possible.

"'Mr. Kennedy,' I protested, 'I'm sure you were never trained as hard as this.'

"'I was not,' he said, 'for two reasons. The one was there was never as good a trainer as myself when I was a boxer. Now, ax me the second,' he said, 'and I'll give you a good answer.'

"'Well,' said I, 'Mr. Kennedy, what is the second?'

"'I was never,' said he, 'such a traitorous cowardly third-rate tinker's pup as to lose the championship, and to have to go after it again. Is there anything else you'd like to hear?'

"'No, sir,' said I. For I'd heard enough.

"He was clever, Mr. Kerry. He'd have none of the old slip the left and cross-counter. He'd make you catch your man's left on your right wrist and counter with the left straight to the face. A dandy blow. He'd teach you to hit, in a long fight, at the point where a man's left shoulder and arm joins. After a while his left hand is useless. He'd teach you to weave inside a guard instead of breaking it down, and to punish your man with short punches to the body. He taught me to catch my man's left arm, and twisting around pull him over my shoulder in the flying mare. A terrible throw.

"He was good, Mr. Kerry. He never pushed me past my strength, for all his cruelty. He kept me fresh as new butter. Twice a day he'd work at my hands, fingering the muscles and bones until they were like hard rubber balls with steel inside them.

"He was queer, Mr. Kerry. He was a religious man. He believed when he died he would sleep until midnight of the thirty-first of December, 1999, when an angel would wake him and give him a white robe with gold lettering on it, and a gold crown. He would go to heaven with a certain number, while all the rest will go to hell. As to whether he was right or not, time will show. But for all his religion, he would play with us at the Irish card game of five thousand up, for a silver shilling a hundred, and cheat like a common vagabond. None of us had courage enough to call him crooked, or even to stop the game. He made great money out of us that way. He would go out fishing with a rug over his knees and a rug over his shoulders, and an umbrella over his head. One day I was putting him in his boat, and noticed he hadn't hooks, but he had worms. I asked him how it was he had forgotten the hooks.

"'I never use them,' said he; 'my purpose in fishing is not to catch fish.'

"I told this to your Uncle Valentine, and I said, 'I don't doubt but that man's mad.' And your Uncle Valentine thought for a while and smiled, and said, 'Now I wonder is he?'

"He let up on the training one day, and sent me out for a walk. And that evening he called me into his room. 'I've one more thing to tell you,' he went on. 'Don't watch your man's eyes, or his feet, or his hands. Watch the point of his jaw, and when he drops that into his shoulder, jump in and punish.'

"Your Uncle Valentine came in and laid his hand on my shoulder. 'We sail over to the Oyster Bay, Jim,' he told me.

"Then I knew I had to fight on the morrow."

XIII

"YOUR Uncle Valentine would not let me out or see anything until the next morning. There was the early note of winter in it, and the trees brown and the black crows in the fields. We left the farmhouse where we were staying after breakfast, and your uncle huddled me up in one of his great frieze coats with a white muffler about my neck.

"'I have a present here,' he told me, 'for you from the Gypsy folk of Destiny Bay.' And out of his pocket he pulls a green scarf of silk so delicate you could pull it through a ring. And on it in gold thread was the Irish harp. 'You'll wear it on your back, Jim.'

"'Please God!' said I.

The ring was pitched on the shore of the bay, fine springy turf, and the sound of the little waves in your ears. And if there were plenty of people at the New Jersey fight, there was a multitude here. You wouldn't have thought it was against the law at all. There were folk of quality, acquaintances of your Uncle Valentine, and the scum of the Bowery, horsemen, gamblers, and Irish. There was a sea around the ring, and on the rim of this crowd there were carriages of all sorts with people standing on them. I noticed maybe a dozen of our own sort around the ring, North of Ireland fellows—very quiet men who would knock the head off your shoulders for twopence—and I saw your Uncle Valentine had taken no chance against the ring being rushed in case of my winning.

"I was in the ring first and he made me wait for a while for him. Your Uncle Valentine was talking to Paddy Moynihan about the trotting horse, and I, I'm not ashamed to admit it, Mr. Kerry, I was saying a bit prayer. All around the ring the gamblers were shouting 'I'll lay fives against the Irishman. Here, I'll lay sixes. Six to one against.' One fellow shouted, 'I'll take tens,' said he. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a big man with a sealskin waistcoat pulls a roll of bills out of his pocket and passes it up. 'A hundred thousand to win ten thousand dollars on Johnson,' he agreed. The man who offered the bet looked green.

"Your Uncle Valentine heard the other man coming through the crowd, and had my coat and muffler off, and pulled the sweater over my head. For an instant I stood stripped. As I looked up and they were throwing the greatcoat around my shoulders I caught sight of Marcolina standing on a dogcart on the edge of the crowd, and she seemed whiter, her face more peaked than ever. She saw me and her eyes widened until I could see the white around the pupil. How long we looked at each other I don't know, Mr. Kerry, but there was a twist to her mouth as if pain were on her, and she turned away.

"'Hy!' said your Uncle Valentine, and punched me in the ribs.

"Then I saw my man was in the ring.

"I went forward to hear the referee go over the rules—his name was Kilrain, a fine fellow and a good fighter in his day—and there I met Johnson, who had a smile on his face, but it left it as I looked at him. He had plaster on his hands.

"'Do you object to this, Carabine?' the referee asked.

"'I object to nothing, Mr. Kilrain; not even brass knuckles.'

"As we turned to our corners I held out my hand to Johnson, for a prize ring is no place for private spite, and a championship fight is above personal feeling. He looked at my hand without taking it, and turned away. There was a lot of laughing at the ringside, but there was a good deal of hissing. I went back to my corner, and 'Good luck, Jim!' whispered your Uncle Valentine and whipped my coat off, and time was called.

"Mr. Kerry, there's nothing in the world like a man in the ring when his seconds get out of it, and he's left there with the man he's to fight, and the referee like the blinded woman that's the dispenser of justice on the outside of the law courts. Everyone who has fought knows the dropping of the heart. I gave a good pull to the ropes to loosen up, and walked out to meet my man.

"I don't know what there was about me, Mr. Kerry, but I could see Johnson change his mind as he came forward. He closed up in a way. We fiddled for a few minutes, breaking ground, moving here and there. Around the ring you could have heard a pin fall, as the saying is, with the silence that was in it. Then Johnson jumped at me with his left hand. I didn't try to stop, but pulled my head away, as Shadrach Kennedy had instructed me, and each time he missed. He looked back and looked puzzled. And when he was thinking I rushed him myself, and letting go with the left caught him with a swash in the ribs that made the wind go through his teeth whistling, and bringing it up caught him on the side of the head and sent him staggering across the ring. I followed him, Mr. Kerry, but he covered up in the corner, so I had to clout him a couple of right-handers at the back of the neck to straighten him up. He slipped under my guard and got away. We sparred and I noticed his chin going down and I jumped in and hit. It spread him on his back in the middle of the ring, and the first round was over.

"I never heard such a minute's commotion as there was at the ringside then. The

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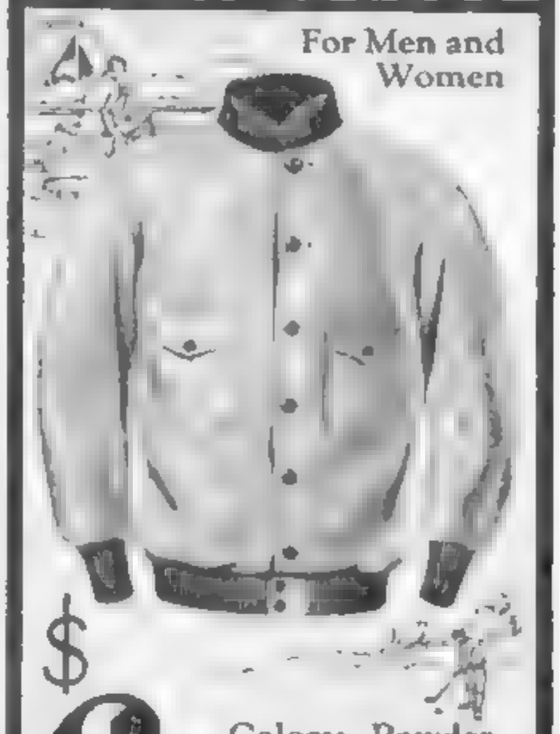

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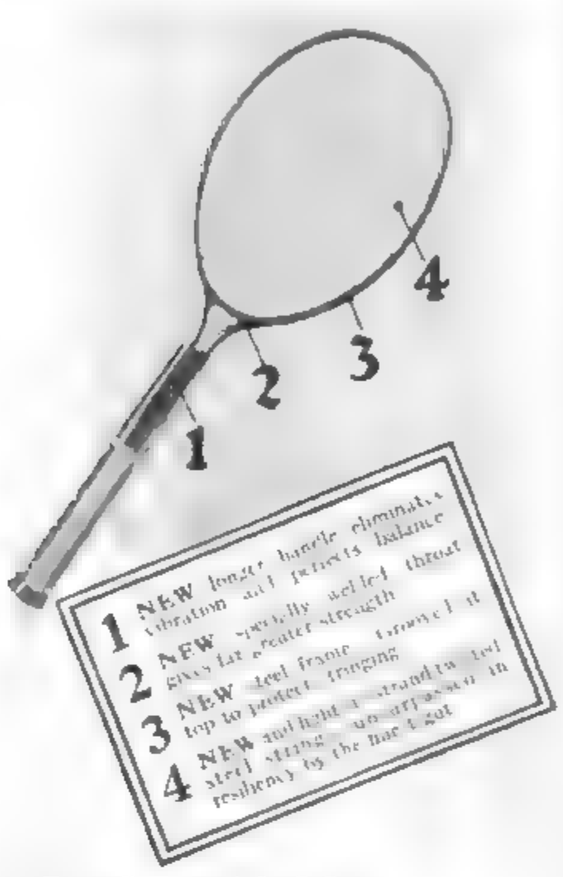
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crowd was roaring. It stopped as time was called for the second round. One minute it was shouting and the next it was silent as night. I noticed the marks of my blows on Johnson, the red knuckle marks against the white skin. He had taken it too easy, Mr. Kerry. It never does to take a man too easy, even though you've beaten him easily the first shot. He was thinking, he was thinking hard. He feinted at my head and went in for a swing at the ribs, but I got him with right and left as he came in. He was clever, Mr. Kerry; he slid behind me to find a hold, and got a full Nelson on. But the Pole had taught me how to beat that. I dropped forward on my knees and threw him over my head. He was quick, so his hands saved him. We were both up on our feet and at it hammer and tongs. He hit hard. He shook me on the neck and jaw. But I got home with an uppercut that finished the round.

"Mr. Kerry, in spite of everything, Shadrach Kennedy's instructions nearly did me. He had told me to watch my man's chin. In the first fight I had lost to him with my little trick of feinting with my left before leading. The man that beats another to the punch is the man that wins. My feint was a personal trick, but the dropping of the chin to the shoulder is universal. Everyone will protect himself before he attacks. I was doing so well beating him to the punch that I paid no attention to anything else. Once he tried a hard left on me, and dropping my head I caught his knuckles on my skull, and that must have hurt his hand, for he switched with his right hand forward quickly.

"'Look out!' shouted your Uncle Valentine.

"I had only time to set the muscles of my stomach, no time to drop my hands even, before his left with all his body pivoting behind it socked me in the midriff. It was like the blow of a sledge hammer, or a bullet. And the crack of it could be heard all over the ring, so that the people swayed forward, and a big groan came out of them. If I hadn't been in time setting myself for it, it would have been an end of that fight, and maybe of any other fight. And if I hadn't been in condition I could never have weathered it. Mr. Kilrain, the referee, looked at me, and his face was white as a sheet.

"And then some Irish fellow from the ringside shouts, 'Sure, he's laughing at you, Johnson!'

"Well, I wasn't laughing at him, Mr. Kerry. My face was just twisted with the grin of pain. Pain does either of two things to you—it makes you senseless or it drives you mad. It drove me crazy, and I went for Johnson, hitting him with everything I had, jolt and chop, hooking him, and backhanding him on the return, as we were allowed to do in the Prize Ring. It must have been like hailstones hitting him, until he went down and lay quiet.

"The ringside was in a roar, men trying to hedge their bets, taking any money offered on Johnson, where before there wasn't a penny to be taken from his supporters except by the ignorant Irish and your Uncle Valentine. Your Uncle Valentine was the only calm person there. His face was pale and he was whistling The Boyne Water, and he dropped on his knee and began to rub my stomach. Before the minute was up I was all right.

"'I'm fine, Mr. Valentine,' I said.

"'It's nearly over, Jim,' said he, 'but just keep your eye open.'

"It didn't need any advice from anyone to make me pay attention, for the pivot blow was a master tradesman's punch. I went after Johnson in the next round, giving him the straight left and bringing over the right occasionally. All he did was to try and push me off with the left hand. And then after two minutes of fighting he drew his last trick. He swung his right, high, overhand to my jaw. He brought it from his right heel and as quick as lightning, a punch nobody but a fool or a great boxer uses. If it had caught me on the temple I'd have been like a felled ox. If it had caught me on the jaw I'd have been through. As it was, my knees gave and my hands dropped, and a cloud came before my eyes. And I could hear the roar of the ringside, and the cry: 'Carabine's gone!'

"But the fog cleared away. I hadn't time to fall, and there was Johnson in front of me, looking more dazed than myself. He couldn't understand I wasn't down. I waded in and began to punch at him. And when I wrestled with him I knew I was strong again. He gave a look over his shoulder at his corner, and threw his shoulders up, and then I knew I was only beating a beaten man.

"He was game, Mr. Kerry. There was no black spot in him. He was a better man losing than he ever was winning. I could feel the vitality pouring out of him with every punch I landed. Once he slipped from weakness and fell, and I helped him to his feet. He said, 'Thanks, Jim,' and he put out his right hand and I took it. It was as fine an apology as was ever made.

"The ringside was bawling, Mr. Kerry, a mad roar. My friends, I noticed, had brass knuckle-dusters on, and worse than that in their pockets, for they weren't going to see the ropes cut and me done out of my fight. I worked Johnson over to his corner, and held him up, he was so weak, and I called to his seconds, 'Can't you throw in the sponge? Can't you see your man's done? What's the use of punishing any further?' But his seconds were surly and dumb.

"I called to the referee. 'Mr. Kilrain,' I said, 'this man's finished. Can't you stop the fight to save him?'

"'It's a championship fight,' said the referee, 'and I've got to give him every chance of keeping his title, if it's only the chance of an earthquake. You've got to knock him out of time,' said Mr. Kilrain.

"I appealed to the fellow himself. 'If I land you a light one,' said I, 'will you go down and stay down? There's no disgrace to losing a fight like this. You've given a lot and taken a lot. Will you do that?' said I.

"He shook his head, meaning he wouldn't. And he looked past me, into the crowd, and I knew whom he was looking at, and I understood the appeal in his eyes.

"'Ah, my poor fellow,' said I, 'is that the way with you?'

"There was nothing for it, Mr. Kerry, but to finish him, so I pushed him off, and bit my heels into the ground for a stance. He knew the end was coming, and he tried to get his hands up, but his arms were tired and numb. I let him have it with both hands, and stood back. And he thumped forward on his face. Then I turned and walked to my corner."

XIV

"I WAS coming away with my friends around me and your Uncle Valentine by my side, and around my neck was the green scarf with the gold harp glittering on it. It took courage to face me then in my victory and pride. But she stood in front of me and her face was whiter than I'd ever seen it.

"'I don't suppose you'll believe me, Carabine,' she said, 'but I always knew you were the better man.'

"'Och,' I said, 'I was lucky today, Marcolina. Either of those punches might have finished me.'

"We were for a moment quiet, and then she spoke again.

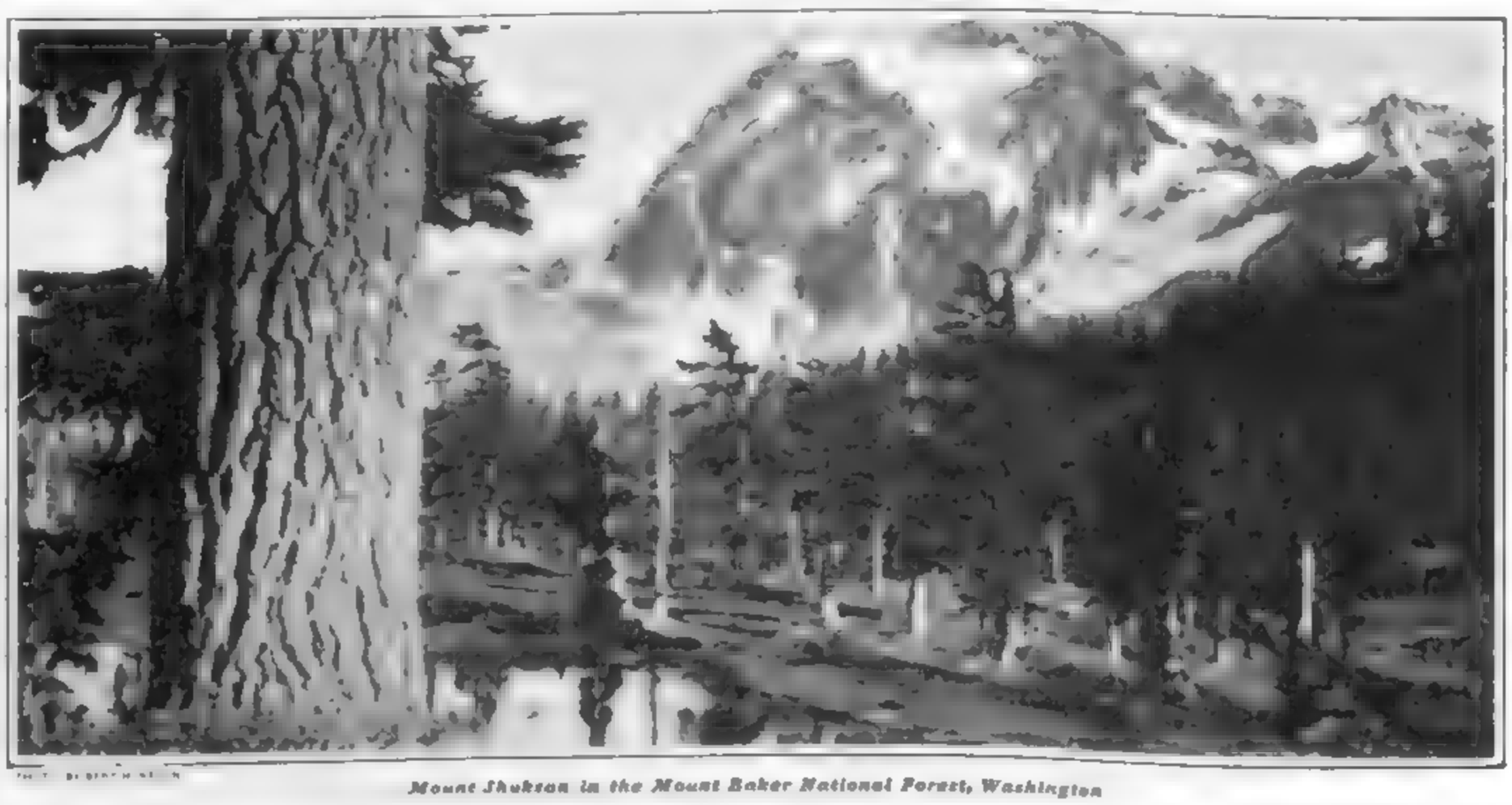
"'I don't know if you understand how much it costs me to say this,' and even her lips were white, 'but I don't suppose you'd have me back?' She must have read my answer in my mind, for she said, 'Well, I don't blame you.'

"'Go back to your friend, Marcolina,' I told her. 'He's a good man, and a game man. I never fought better. And he needs you now.'

"She waited a minute, and her eyes were on the ground. 'I've been a fool,' said she, and she walked back to the ring. And that was the last I ever saw of her."

My small cousin Jenepher was waking up in Carabine's arms, so that he turned his eyes from me to the little lady.

"That's thirty years ago, *athoreen veg oge*, small golden treasure! And maybe I've been a fool too," said James Carabine.



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THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

Continued from Page 35

face the fact that everything was over—perhaps at that very moment Mrs. McMannis was filling his mind with poison.

When she came in to luncheon the next day Dormier was not there.

Her stepmother looked at her and said, "You look tired, Jacqueline. Has anything gone wrong?"

Her life had simply gone to pieces, but she answered, "Wrong? Why, no! What could go wrong?"

"All this excitement is a great strain," said Miss Salisbury.

Jacqueline gave her brief scowl.

"What excitement?" she said contemptuously.

Miss Salisbury answered, but Jacqueline did not hear her, for at that moment Dormier came into the room, apologizing in tones hardly audible. Jacqueline became aware that she was going to do one of her cataclysmic blushes, during which she felt as if she looked like a featureless red beacon. No one seemed to notice it; and when she was again able to listen to the conversation about her, she found that they were talking about an expedition downtown to see the closing of the Stock Exchange and the heights of the Woolworth tower.

"Are you going with us?" said the duke.

He used names so rarely that you were obliged to watch him every second to know who it was he was addressing; but there was, from Jacqueline's point of view, no trouble about this. The direction of her eyes were never more than about six inches away from his face whenever they were in the same room. She knew now that he was speaking to her, even if he had not looked at her, for there was—she could not deceive herself—something a little different in his tone. She shook her head, without even glancing in the direction of her stepmother. She would not stoop to plead.

"I suppose you've seen it so often you'd find it tarsom to go again."

"I've never seen it," answered Jacqueline with bitter tragic emphasis.

"Then you're coming with us, aren't you?"

At this she could not help a quick glance at Mrs. McMannis, and saw there exactly what she had expected to see—that look of suave negation—stubbornness, Jacqueline called it.

"No, I'm afraid not, Tac," said the older lady.

"No, Mrs. Mac?" said the duke quietly, and yet as if nothing had ever been refused him before in all his life.

Mrs. McMannis offered him an explanation: "It's so public—the Stock Exchange—under the circumstances."

To Jacqueline, this sounded like the feeblest nonsense she had ever heard, and she expected to hear the duke demolish it in a few well-chosen words. Instead she saw to her horror that he was accepting it—with regret, but accepting it—giving in. In another second he and her step-mother were leaving the table. A few minutes later, from an upper window, she saw them getting into the car and being wheeled away from her.

This, to Jacqueline, seemed to be war. All through the afternoon her rage mounted. She was not to be treated like that; she was a woman—and a woman in love. She had never before given this name to the pervading joy of the last few days. How could she tell what this other woman might do to her? Perhaps she would poison Dormier's mind; perhaps she would in some way spirit him away; perhaps never again would she and he meet. She would speak to her father about the way she was treated.

No, she would ask him, she would make him answer—the Socratic method, though Jacqueline was not philosophically minded and did not call it that.

At half past six she was sitting rigid in her father's bedroom, waiting for his entrance. Mr. McMannis' room was a solemn, depressing room. It had many tall doors leading into closets that nobody opened but the manservant, and a great deal of heavy, valuable furniture that nobody used. There was about it the flavor of a spare room, and yet the mingled scent of tobacco and tweeds and the sharp smell of Russia leather polish was in its air. It contained two enormous armchairs done in bright scarlet leather, fresh as the day on which they were bought, for Mr. McMannis was not a man who spent any of his time sitting in his bedroom. On one of these Jacqueline had taken up a slippery position.

Presently she heard voices and Mr. and Mrs. McMannis came in together. The girl had one of her rare glimpses of them as friends, companions; they were talking as she and Lucy might talk with their shoulders leaning against each other. Then as they saw her Jacqueline noticed with pain that her father's expression changed. He assumed the paternal and she knew in another second he would say, "Ah, Jacqueline, have you been a good girl?"—or one of those freezing phrases of his. She sprang up.

"Father," she said, "I want to ask you what my position in this house is. Am I a daughter or a poor relation? Am I a child, to be shoved out of the way, or a grown person, to be asked down to entertain your guests when you find it convenient? I want to know. I can't go on like this, never knowing what to expect."

The longer she talked, the angrier she grew and the worse she put it. The serried ranks of her parents had been a good deal disordered by her sudden attack, but now they were reforming their columns, exchanging significant glances, ready to repel the guerrilla.

Her father cleared his throat.

"My dear Jacqueline," he said, now every inch the father, "I am very willing to answer your question. It comes quite apropos. . . . No, no, Estelle, don't go. I want you here. The fact is, my dear, that something very flattering, very important, has happened. Dormier—the Duke of Dormier—has—has ——"

Then she knew—knew before her father could choose between the various phrases at his disposal.

"—— has asked for your hand—has asked you to marry him—has proposed to me for you." She never was clear as to which he had finally elected.

Her knees gave way under her and she sank down into the red leather chair, which gave first a flop and then a deep sigh, as is the habit of leather chairs.

To her surprise, her sensations were not at all pleasurable. She felt much as if she had been dreaming about making a great success as an opera singer and suddenly found herself confronting a Metropolitan audience. Her father had stopped speaking, and she felt the pressure upon her to make some answer, and she said the first thing that occurred to her:

"I don't want to live in England."

"I'm afraid you might have to do that," returned Mr. McMannis, very genial and amused.

Jacqueline glanced at her stepmother, prepared to hate her for smiling too; but she was not smiling; she was staring at the girl with calm level eyes.

There was a silence. Jacqueline felt intolerably the weight of these two iron wills pressing her for an answer.

"I don't say anything!" she cried. "I don't say yes or no!"

"Perhaps you would like to see Dormier," suggested Mrs. McMannis.

"About the last thing I want," answered Jacqueline. "I don't want to see him or anyone. I won't come down to dinner, and don't let Miss Salisbury come near me—grinning and groveling about dukes. I want to be alone," she cried, and, aware as she spoke that this was her supreme need, she sprang up and left the room. She had always made her decisions alone, and she must have solitude.

Out in the corridor, she found she was shaking; but she managed to induce her knees to bear her stiffly up until she was inside her own sitting-room door. She locked it, leaned against it, covering her face with her hands and indulging in a first-rate nervous chill; her teeth chattered, her hands were like ice.

Then some faint undefined sound made her look up, and there was Dormier sitting in her own big chair.

He was sitting relaxed; the reading light shining down on his yellow hair made it look like ridged brass, one long hand was hanging from the arm of the chair, one slim ankle crossed over the other—he had very handsome hands and feet.

Jacqueline asked hoarsely, "What are you doing here?"

"Reading," he answered, "But I must confess, dear girl, you don't offer a tremendous choice—algebras and Vergil in the original, and I don't seem to remember much of him but *arma virumque* and that bit about Laocoön and something about black and white gates. So I picked up your Scott—glad I did too. I haven't read it since I was a lad. Let me read you what I was reading."

She knew perfectly what he was doing—giving her time to recover—and if before she had loved him for being the hero of a fairy tale, now she began to love him with a doglike devotion for being kind—kind in a way no one else had ever been kind to her. She sat down on the only other chair in the little room—the chaise longue—and he began to read.

It was that celebrated passage in Guy Mannering which Stevenson has named as the very flower of romantic fiction—the moment when Bertram, still ignorant of his name and property, stands again on the Ellangowan estate and talks with the villainous usurper:

"'Would you destroy this fine old castle, sir?' His tone and manner were so exactly those of his father in his best days that Glossin ——"

Jacqueline unclosed her eyes and looked at the duke. No man except her father had ever been in her little sitting room before; strange that there was something soothing about him. She found she could draw a long breath again.

"'In the name of God, how came you here?' said Glossin."

She thought how beautifully he said the word "Bertram"—the "er" had a new value in her ears.

"'And how do you read the half defaced motto, sir,' said Bertram, 'which is upon the scroll above the entablature with the arms?'

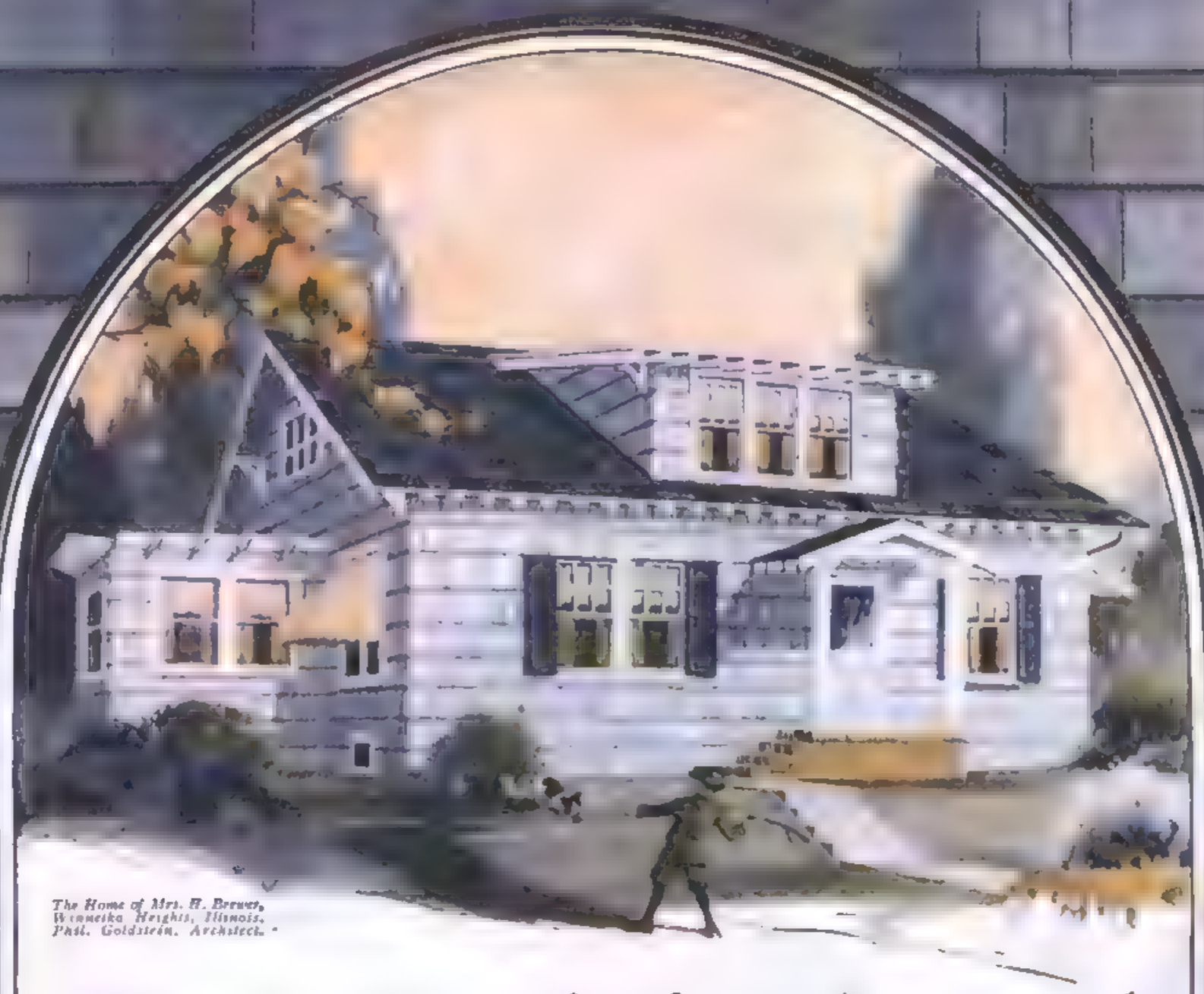
"'I—I—I really do not exactly know,' replied Glossin.'

"'It is odd enough,' said Bertram, fixing his eyes upon the arms over the gateway and addressing Glossin partly, as it were, thinking aloud; 'it is odd the tricks which our memory plays us. The remnants of an old prophecy or song or rhyme of some kind or other return to my recollection on hearing that motto ——'"

On and on he read in his wonderful low English voice; but by the time he had reached the great climax of the scene, when the servant maid, hanging out the clothes beside a near-by spring, takes up the song, and Bertram, beginning to recall his childhood, exclaims, "By heaven, it is the very ballad!"—before this point had been reached Jacqueline had fallen asleep. She found out afterward that she had slept about half an hour. She was wakened by a knock at her door.

The butler's voice said, "Will you have your dinner upstairs, miss?"

(Continued on Page 157)



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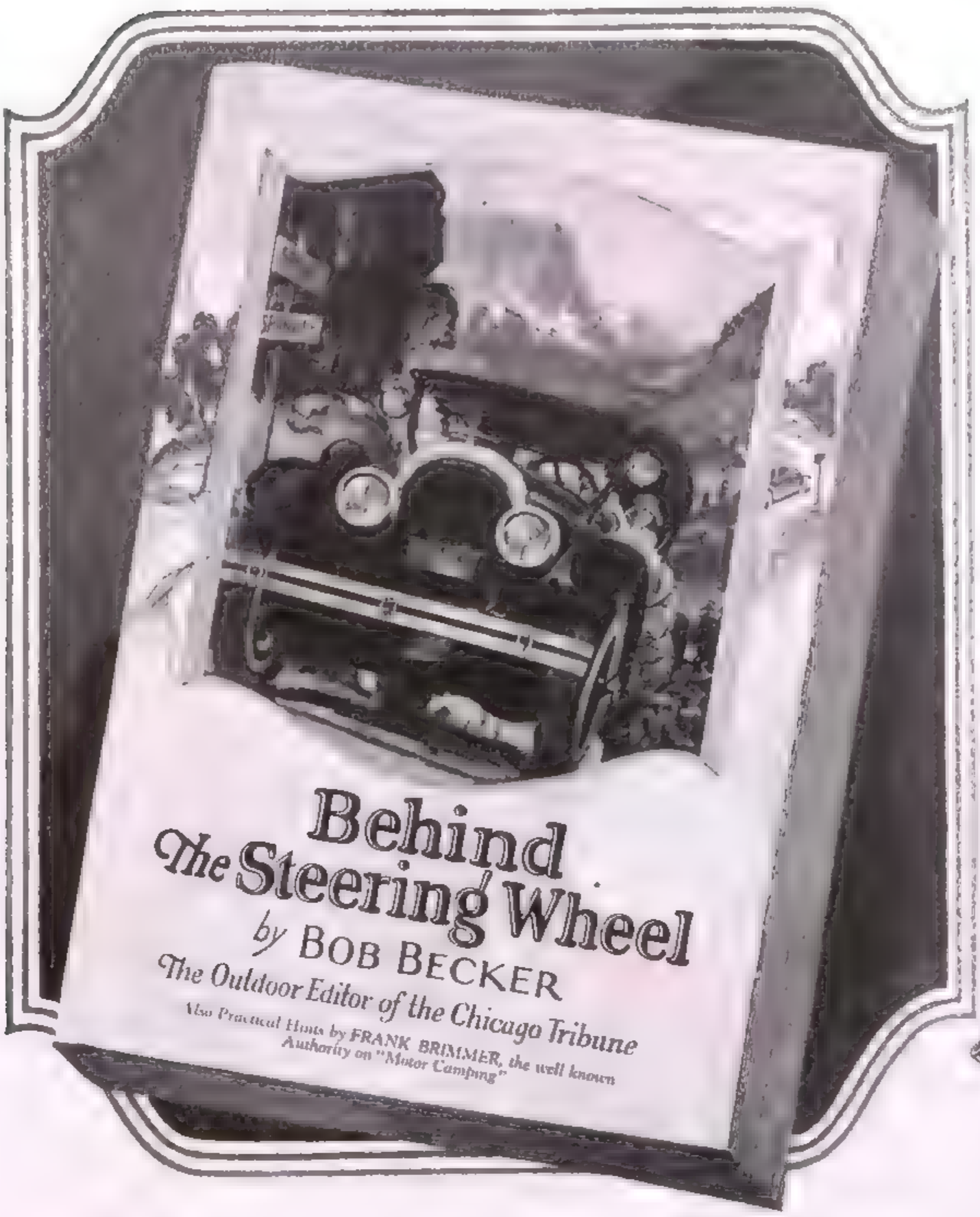
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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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(Continued from Page 152

"I don't want any dinner," said Jacqueline.

Dormier, who was now sitting beside her, whispered, "Say you want a cup of soup in half an hour."

"I want a cup of soup in half an hour," said Jacqueline.

They heard the man's steps going away. Dormier took her hand

"Are you going to marry me, Jacqueline?" he said.

It was extraordinary how all the frenzy and terror had gone out of the situation.

"I feel pretty young to be married," she answered. He nodded, and they sat hand in hand in silence.

"Has your castle a secret passageway?" she asked suddenly.

"Balliecouchan? Rather! One that ends in an open field nowadays, and one that leads down to a cave by the sea."

"To a cave!" exclaimed Jacqueline. It seemed to her strange that while she could talk like this in a natural way and be really interested in what they were saying, she was unable to lift her eyelids high enough to look at him. She stared at their clasped hands. "Have you a ghost?" she said.

"Oh, half a dozen!"

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I suppose you'd call it believing in them," he answered, without a trace of that embarrassment which an American feels in discussing the subject. "One sees them in Ireland, you know."

Surprise enabled her to look at him.

"One sees them? You mean you do—you have?"

"Often and often. You will too."

"Oh, Dormier!"

"Don't call me Dormier."

"What shall I call you?" Again it had become difficult to raise her eyes.

"My mother calls me Aubrey, but it's rather sickening. My friends call me Tac."

With the frankness of an Englishman when he sees no reason for concealment—quite as conspicuous a characteristic as his reserve when he does—the duke told her all about his relations and his youth; and she, in the space of the same half hour, told him all about hers. For they had developed the technic, so necessary to those in love, of being able to speak—or at least to communicate ideas—simultaneously. Then another knock came on her door, and opening it on a suspicious crack, Jacqueline took in a tray with her modest cup of soup and a few slices of toast on it, and thought to inquire the hour. It was nine o'clock.

"And you haven't had anything to eat!" she said. "Where do you suppose they think you are?"

"Out, prolly."

"Don't you suppose they waited dinner for you?"

"I hope not." But he did not take it too hard. She nobly offered him some of her toast and he even more heroically refused it. He said he would go to the club later and get something. "Only," he said, "you haven't told me yet whether you are going to marry me or not."

"Well, now," said Jacqueline, very practical and sane in her manner, "I'll tell you just how I feel about it."

"By all means," replied the duke, sitting down again.

"It's like this: I don't want to marry you—indeed, I don't think I can—but I don't want you ever to leave me. I know that sounds silly, but it's just exactly the way I feel."

This answer affected the duke strangely. He gave a little laugh, and yet if he had not belonged to a nation reputed to be unemotional, Jacqueline would have said that tears came into his eyes. He got up, put his hand on her little black head, and then took two rapid turns about the room.

Then he said, "Perhaps it's looking at it that makes it alarming—like plunging into cold water, you know. How would you like to run away with me, say, tomorrow?"

Jacqueline gave a squeal.

"That's simply terrible!" she replied.

The duke made a little gesture.

"It was just an idea," he said apologetically. He took another turn and had another idea. "Could we put it like this?" he said: "That when you do make your mind up you'll prolly decide to do it?"

Jacqueline looked at him, and nodding her head gave vent to an affirmative noise—something between yep and yaw.

And then, for on the entrance of the tray the door had been left unlocked, Miss Salisbury came in; and far from being either grinning or groveling, she was obviously displeased at finding the duke there, and made Jacqueline giggle by administering a rebuke to His Grace, which he could not or did not answer:

"I'm very much surprised to find Your Grace here. This is no place for Your Grace to be—not what I should have expected—not what your mother would have expected, if I may say so."

The duke moved toward the door.

"I'd rather like to cable my mother," he said.

"All right," said Jacqueline, "cable her."

She knew, without particularly feeling it, that she was deciding her whole future life.

It did not occur to her the next morning not to get up and go to school as usual, and even at luncheon that day nothing seemed to be changed. Her father was there, and afterward he was to take the two Englishmen to the Bronx Zoo, and this time she was asked to go too. She knew the zoo well and was prepared to act as guide; but to her surprise, she found the visitors interested less in living animals than in the roomful of heads and horns. This collection roused in Dormier and Pitts-Cave, even in her father, the primitive emotions of the hunter, so that Jacqueline, standing aside and watching them, felt intensely feminine—an outsider.

When they reached the house again she found she was expected to have tea in the drawing-room. A good many people had come in to tea, paying their dinner visits after the party, and Jacqueline had no chance to talk to Dormier, though he settled down in a low chair beside her. She was not discontented with these arrangements; she would not have asked anything more of life than endless days exactly like this one. She was too happy to examine the situation closely; only it did seem as if her willingness to allow Dormier to cable to his mother had not had any such definite results. Perhaps she wasn't quite engaged after all.

But that evening after dinner she discovered that life had made one of those enormous bounds forward—further even than she had feared. Pitts-Cave was out, and she and Dormier and Mr. and Mrs. McMannis were sitting by the fire in the library; coffee had been served and the servants had taken away the cups, when Dormier had said very quietly, "Is it necessary, sir, that Jacqueline should go on going to school? It's such a bore. I hardly see her at all."

"Oh, you'll see her enough before you die," said Mr. McMannis genially.

From which Jacqueline perceived for the first time that interviews had taken place behind her back—miracles, it seemed to her, had been accomplished by her lover.

"The time is rather short, you know," said Dormier.

Her stepmother answered, "We thought it better she should keep on at school until the engagement is announced."

"I shall be sailing in three weeks," said the duke.

"You're going away?" cried Jacqueline in a tone that brought a smile to her father's face and a courteous explanation from Dormier.

"I'm only going home to get my mother," he said.

"Your mother is coming?" asked Jacqueline.

"For our wedding, of course."

It appeared that some political crisis in his party necessitated the duke's presence in England before Christmas, and the wedding was to take place about the middle of December. Jacqueline thought of a piece of needlework she had begun last August as a Christmas present to her father. She was to be married before it was finished! She wanted to protest, and it was not timidity that prevented her, but a certain dignity of character that made her recognize that, having consented, there would be something trivial in quarreling about times and places.

She had told Lucy nothing of what had happened. Lucy had, of course, heard from her brother that the duke had not been at the party, and imagined that she was pleasing Jacqueline in condemning him violently. The scene on the stairs had not been for Lucy's ears. But now that things were reaching this definite public status, Jacqueline asked permission to invite Lucy to luncheon the next day and tell her the news. Mr. and Mrs. McMannis were inclined to disapprove, but the duke brought them round. His simple method seemed to be to bring about whatever it happened to be that Jacqueline wanted.

So the next day Lucy came to luncheon and had her first sight of the Duke of Dormier, still ignorant that her best friend was to be a duchess. Unhappily, Pitts-Cave seemed to Lucy supremely comic, and when Lucy thought anything comic she giggled, and when she had once giggled she found it impossible to stop giggling. Every time Pitts-Cave spoke he began with a few low grunts, worked up to louder ones, exclaimed "Oh-ah" a few times, and then said what he had to say. The first time he did it Lucy stared at him with large wondering eyes; the second time she shook with silent, well-suppressed laughter; the third time she snorted loudly through her nose, and though she pretended she had choked, she deceived no one—except perhaps Pitts-Cave, who was not in the least interested in her anyhow. Miss Salisbury was disgusted and raised her own thin nose in the air, thinking, "Oh, these American children!" Even the duke looked rather coldly at her.

While they were at table Heccles brought the duke a cable.

"Oh, oh, is it from Scroggles?" said Pitts-Cave.

Lucy put her napkin to her face and shook, and even Jacqueline was somewhat infected.

"Yes," said Dormier, and he gave the cable to Jacqueline. It read:

"Congratulations. Love to Jacqueline.
"MUMS."

Jacqueline looked up and beamed at Dormier. It seemed to her a beautiful message.

It was then given to Pitts-Cave, who, feeling for his monocle and placing it in his eye with a tremendous convulsion of his jaw, observed, "Very nice, very nice. Fancy dear old Scroggles cabling!" At which Lucy simply had to be led from the room. Jacqueline herself thought it strange that a duchess should be known as Scroggles. At the same time, she did not like Lucy's laughing so much. She found herself thinking that her friend showed her gums too much when she laughed.

In the shelter of her own little room, she asked, "Well, what did you think of him?"

"I think he's the funniest man except Ed Wynn that I ever saw."

"I mean of the duke."

"Just nothing at all."

"Lucy, what do you mean?"

"That long thin face and nothing to say for himself? I think he's the limit, duke or no duke," said Lucy. "I like a man to have something to say for himself, and not to sit there thinking how great he is. Every now and then he glanced at me as if I were a new kind of worm. And he has no sense of humor—you can see that—or he couldn't keep his face straight either."

Jacqueline made a great discovery at this. Heretofore she had always been immensely influenced by what Lucy thought of young men; several had been wiped out by her disapproval. Now she found she cared nothing at all about what Lucy thought of Dormier. She merely pitied her ignorance.

Continued on Page 159

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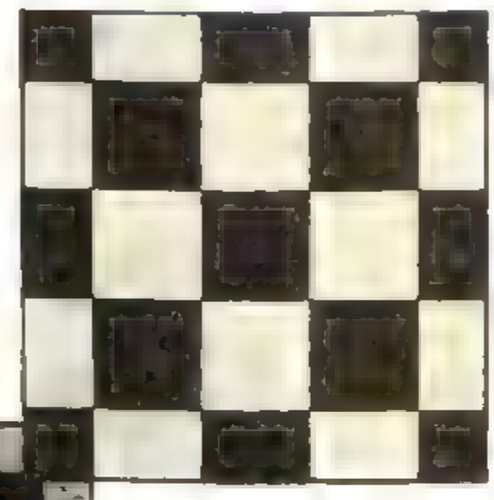
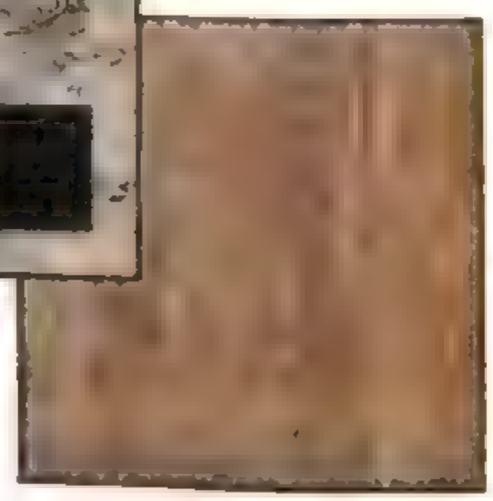


Above—Pattern No. 285.
Left—Marble Inlaid No. 71.



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To meet this demand, designers have created for Armstrong's Linoleum correct color combinations and patterns, a few of which you see here. There are many equally attractive patterns to choose from. All offer new opportunities to secure floors of color and design—floors that are handsome and dignified as well as surprisingly reasonable in cost.

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Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house

(Continued from Page 157)

"Lucy," she said seriously, "I want to tell you, though it's a deep secret, that I'm going to marry him."

She was surprised and shocked by the violence of Lucy's disapproval—"horror" would be more exact.

"Oh," Lucy cried, "to think that you, Jacqueline, should become a snob, captured by a title—to desert your own country!"

"Lucy, I love him."

"Love him? What nonsense!" said Lucy. "No one could love that stick. You love my brother—and he adores you. Oh, Jack, the grandest person that ever was! How can you throw him over like this?"

"He has never said a word to me"

"Don't make that excuse, my dear. You know just as well as I do how Paul feels about you. Only Paul is afraid of your money—very different from this bird, who doesn't care for anything else, who came out just hunting for it, and got it. It makes me sick!"

But Jacqueline could not allow her to say this, and the two girls quarreled and parted on bad terms. Jacqueline was haunted, not by Lucy's judgment of the engagement, but by doubt of her treatment of Paul. It was horrible to her to think that she might have been disloyal or unkind.

Within a few days the inevitable happened, and the news known to only a few began to leak out; it was decided to announce the engagement. It was strange to Jacqueline to see her name in the headlines of newspapers—strange, but not interesting. All outer aspects of life were a little vague to her in these days—everything except Dormier. He was not only her first lover but her first comrade, and except for Mr. Winters, her first true friend. She gave him her complete trust. They were not very often alone together; but she did not mind that, for wherever she was she had a sense of his love and protection. His caresses were rare. Only once had he kissed her—a memorable moment.

They had been running upstairs rather late to dress for dinner after a day of sightseeing. The duke had said to her apropos of some tablet he had been shown that afternoon commemorating a crushing British defeat, "Aren't there any brass plates in this country except for having licked us?"

Mrs. McMannis had laughed and gone on into her room and shut the door, and Jacqueline, standing on the famous landing, had sketched a little square on the wall and said, "On this spot Thomas Aubrey Cecil Edward Fitzgrady first met and fell in love with Jacqueline McMannis." Standing behind her, he drew her long throat back until her head rested on his shoulder and kissed her on the lips.

"Put that on the tablet, too," he said, and went on very quietly upstairs.

Jacqueline was so struck with the fact that her heart began to beat in an utterly new way that she did not stop to think that she had not said quite what she meant. It was rather bold to assume he had loved her at first sight, and yet he must have.

With the announcement of her engagement, letters began to pour in—letters from her teachers at school, from Miss Grigsby, full of interesting items about other Duchesses of Dormier; a letter from Mr. Winters.

"So I hear that dukes have become something in your life after all," he wrote. "Tell His Grace that he is not good enough for you no matter how good he is."

Dormier, of course, had heard all about Mr. Winters, and seemed not displeased at the message.

A letter from Paul:

"*My dear Jacqueline:* I want to be among the first to wish you joy. I hope this new life of yours will be a very happy one. I consider the Duke of Dormier the most fortunate of men. I hope he knows he is. May I add that something in my own life has changed profoundly with the knowledge that you are to be married and go out of the country forever?

"Yours,

"PAUL."

She stuck the letter into the front of her dress, for all of her engagement letters were shown to her family, and this one she intended not to show. It dropped out presently, and Dormier picked it up and gave it back to her. She felt guilty and unhappy, but she could detect no suspicion in his face. She thought that some day she must tell him all about it.

Some time before, pursuing the idea of Anglo-American unity, the duke had promised to attend a dinner of war veterans at Chicago. He was to be away two days. Jacqueline attempted to conceal how tragic she felt. She said to herself that a month ago she had been comparatively happy, not knowing that such a person existed. It was not that she expected him to be killed on the journey, or to find an older, more sophisticated, alluring woman, though both possibilities rather forcibly occurred to her, but she could not imagine how she would spend the time—those terrible hours and minutes and seconds stretching themselves out into two days. If only she could sleep through them instead of being obliged to live them, consciously suffering from this sense of his absence. She almost wished she were still at school, the morning hours were so long and dreary.

After luncheon the first day she wandered into the library, thinking she would find it empty, but Major Pitts-Cave was there. Usually to be with the major was much the same as being alone, particularly while he was slowly consuming his after-luncheon cigar.

He had the instinct for the most comfortable chair in the room sometimes seen in pet cats. Without looking about him, Pitts-Cave moved imperceptibly toward it, sank into it; and who would then think of disturbing that vast bulk?

He was lying back in a great chair now, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, pulling at long intervals on one of Mr. McMannis' excellent Havanas—not, as the major was even then thinking, in quite as good condition as he was accustomed to in those he bought at his Pall Mall tobacconist's—but still a very good cigar.

Jacqueline, seeing him, did not address him. She had developed a technic to mitigate her suffering, as most sensitive young people who live alone must. Her plan was to plunge into some well-remembered and much-loved book, and read and read until some of the ache had gone out of real life. This was what she was now contemplating, when, much to her surprise, she heard herself addressed by Pitts-Cave.

"Rather a bore having Tac away, eh, what?" he said.

Jacqueline's heart went out to him for the first time.

"A bore?" she returned. "It's simply frightful; it's just about all I can bear." And then, because talking of him was next best to being with him, she added, "Oh, Major Pitts-Cave, I'm so afraid of the duchess!"

"Frightened of Scroggles?" said the major. "Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"But suppose she doesn't like me," the girl suggested, longing to hear the answer.

"Oh, certain to like you," said the major exactly as desired. But then he added something else: "As a matter of fact, it was her idea from the beginning."

"From the beginning?" said Jacqueline.

The major corrected himself:

"No, no, not the very first go; but as soon as she had Miss Salisbury's report she was keener than anyone about it. She said at once it was just what she had been wanting for Tac."

There was a short silence. The point of the major's chin was turned to Jacqueline, for his eyes had never left the ceiling; but if he had looked at her he would have seen only a rigid little figure and eyes staring at him as if to pierce his soul. She knew that if she betrayed astonishment, or even lack of understanding, she might stop the unfolding of this terrible thing, and she felt she must know at all costs.

She said presently, with the subtlety of the serpent, "Oh, it was to the duchess Miss Salisbury wrote?"

"No; as a matter of fact, it was to her father—the Reverend What's-His-Name. You see, he had once held one of the Dormier livings, and so, of course, when the duchess heard the girl was your governess, she wrote straight off to her for ——"

"—— for my character," said Jacqueline.

Her tone was perfect, but Pitts-Cave felt a twinge of doubt, for he said protestingly, "Tac could have had his choice of all the girls in England, you know."

"Really?" answered Jacqueline. She was speaking mechanically, hardly knowing what she said. "Yes, I suppose so—and none of them would do?"

"Well, now," said the major, very just and accurate, "Miss Sampson wouldn't. Quite a nice girl, but a bit Oriental for Tac. And Lady Betty—Lady Betty is a fair corker; but when you divide the Meddenton fortune up among the five, you see, that didn't do either."

Her father's fortune, Jacqueline thought, need not be divided at all; it would all be hers. Pitts-Cave staggered on with his conversation, dropping his monosyllables until they made a sort of chain of meaning.

Jacqueline sat still, with that queer rigidity. Yes, Miss Salisbury had deceived her. Her father had sold her for a title. How could he have done such a thing to her? How could he? And yet it was as nothing compared to what Tac had done. Her lover—her only friend—had utterly fooled and betrayed her. And, oh, how she had lent herself to it! "On this spot Thomas Aubrey Cecil Edward Fitzgrady first met and fell in love ——" How could he have let her say that? Oh, if he had had one spark of honesty in his make-up he would have told her then! He had not loved her. No one had ever loved her. She knew what people meant when they said their hearts broke—her heart broke then. How different from any sorrow about which she could talk or cry! She felt as if all joy and calm and happiness had been drawn out of her veins forever and in their place she was filled with a cold solid despair.

There was just one more fact that she felt she must know. She said—and her voice sounded not like Jacqueline McMannis' but like the voice of a normal cheerful girl—"It must have been in the summer that Miss Salisbury wrote."

"Let me see," said the major in exactly the same calm contemplative tone. "It was the end of July, for I remember we were going to Bonny Brigg in about a sennight."

There was a silence after this, during which Jacqueline rose and left the room. The major knew she had gone, but did not move. He remained with his feet crossed and his eyes on the ceiling, drawing long satisfactory inhalations on his cigar. He would have been immensely surprised if anyone had told him that he had just wrecked his young cousin's marriage.

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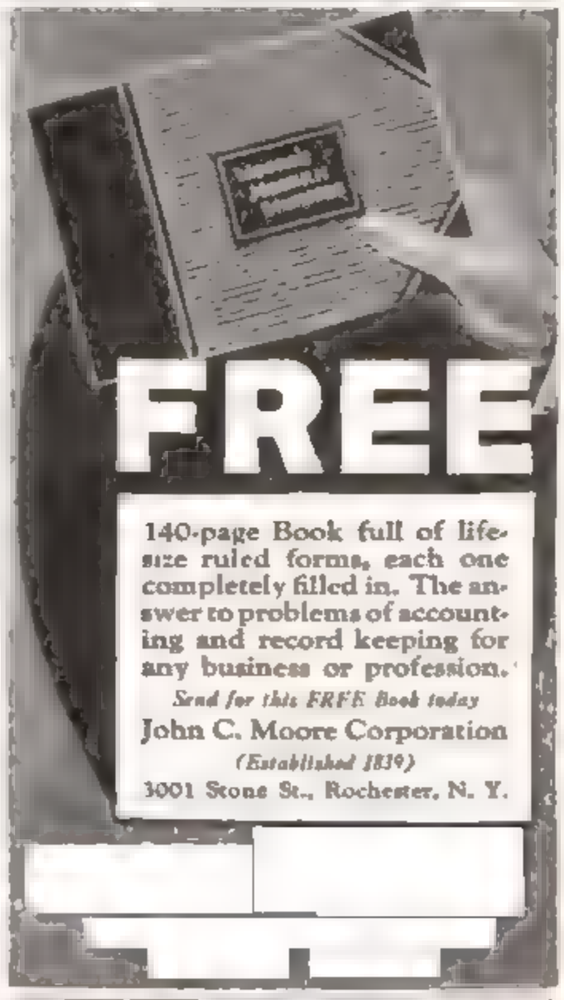
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EVERY "Wadsworth Gold Filled" watch case is made by welding together two surfaces of solid gold with a layer of stronger metal between. The fineness and thickness of gold used fully meet the standard of quality recently approved by the U. S. Federal Trade Commission.

The result is a watch case of moderate price, gold inside and out, but stronger and stiffer than a *thin* solid gold case.

When you buy a watch, therefore, look for the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled," stamped in the case. You can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the mark "Wadsworth Solid Gold" or "Wadsworth Sterling." For the name Wadsworth appears only in watch cases which conform to these three standards of quality approved by the government.

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

For work or play—indoors or outdoors
Buy and Enjoy it Now!
Sporty styles for young men, conservative ones for older men. Whichever Thermo sport coat or vest style you prefer, remember in either case you get an all virgin wool garment free from shoddy.
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Thermo is an attractive looking coat and the durability is knitted right in with every fibre of the yarn—washes beautifully and is worn the year 'round.
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The Jiffy Suit
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PROTECT your clothes from dirt, dust and grease by wearing this speedy on-and-off buttonless front suit. Opens and closes securely by indestructible hookless fastener. No buttons to catch or come off. Nothing to scratch polished surfaces.
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BANKRUPTS

(Continued from Page 28

accomplice, while there are often a dozen or more. Coöperation and assistance coming from half a dozen cities may be needed to launch successfully a large swindle.

Mr. Alton ordered the largest shipment of merchandise that his credit would stand. When the goods came he removed all marks of identification and shipped them to his aid in a large city 200 miles away. The second man sold them to a fence for forty cents on the dollar and the entire transaction was closed as far as the instigators were concerned. It only remained for them to share the profits. When the bankruptcy did occur, there was no trace of the lost shipment and the various papers that would cover the order and its reception had vanished utterly, leaving no trace. The credit investigator was able to unearth this information and enough other data to send the merchant to the penitentiary. But the $100,000 that was concealed by another credit crook was never found.

This man dealt in automobile tires. With a fine credit standing of several years' growth, he bought tires to the extent of $95,000. Then on the statement of his assets, which included the $95,000 worth of tires, he borrowed $87,000. When he failed to take up his notes and to discount his tire bills, an involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed against him. As a result of the proceedings the dealer was asked to account for $100,000 that had been drawn from the business in the month before the petition was filed. He claimed that he had lost it in the stock market, but the testimony was not accepted by the judge. He was committed to jail for contempt of court while he awaited trial. Later he was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary.

But never a glimpse of the money has been accorded to the credit sleuths, who sigh in vain over the lost $100,000.

False Statements

In addition to concealed assets, the issuance of false statements is a frequent method in credit chicanery. Such statements give nonexistent assets and are used as instruments of credit to make further purchases. Sometimes a man will have his plans cover several years before he feels equipped to make his haul. Such a case was that of a man who moved to a small town and opened a shoe shop. He carried a good grade of merchandise, made careful credit connections and played the game squarely. Twice a year, without solicitation, he filed careful and accurate statements of his habilities and assets. His business was legitimate and he was making a fair profit. But a just dividend on his investment did not accord with his calculations. He wanted money, not in hundreds but in thousands of dollars. So his fourth semiannual statement showed an unusual prosperity, but because of the general confidence in him it was accepted. On the strength of it he made purchases that totaled nearly $200,000 in merchandise almost equally divided between old and recently opened accounts. He had a confederate in the shipping yards who deflected the shoes to various points near by for storage. The merchant raised a great hue and cry, and the companies were about to come across with duplicate shipments when one of the creditors demanded an investigation. The case came to a head when the confederate was caught in another theft and turned state's evidence in an effort to save himself.

There is a quicker way to defraud than by building up a good commercial credit. Mr. Doe demonstrated the method. In a city of 200,000 there was an old-established woman's specialty shop. The senior member of the firm had died five years before, while the junior had been killed recently in a boating accident. The two widows were anxious to sell, as Mr. Doe soon assured himself.

He dickered with them for several weeks, but finally reached an agreement. He promised to make an initial payment of $10,000 and he gave notes for $5000, with sixty-day intervals. It was not what the women wanted, but it seemed the best that they could do. The minute he had made his first payment, he summoned an auctioneer, who was instructed to sell all the stock. From the auction he received $19,000, which netted him $9000. Meanwhile he had marshaled a force of sixteen who were willing to share any pickings. He sent them to wholesale houses all over the country. Without a word about the change of hands, they bought and bought, until they had reached the upper limit of even a fine long-standing credit. They had to be circumspect and very speedy.

Within twenty days after the auction sale, Mr. Doe had received $98,000 worth of merchandise. He reloaded and shipped it at once to men who would pay 60 per cent of its value and not ask embarrassing questions. Two weeks later he had another $45,000 worth of goods, which received similar treatment. Then he and his cohorts decamped. When letters addressed to the firm were unanswered and no word reached the wholesale houses in regard to liquidation of outstanding debts, inquiries were forwarded to a credit clearing house. Its representative found the store closed, its walls stripped bare of stock, its doors and windows boarded up. Nor was there anyone to give the forwarding address of the capitalist, Mr. George Doe.

The routine adopted by Mr. Doe, with slight variations, is a popular one among many crooks. There are frequently businesses with years of age and respectability which are on the market. Sometimes this condition is due to the illness or death of the head of the firm. Occasionally the offer comes unsolicited to an owner who has had no thought of selling. But it is too attractive to be disregarded. In either event the prospective purchaser is willing to suffer the inconvenience of an initial payment in return for the control of the house. The notes and obligations that he must assume in connection with the transfer annoy him not at all. He leaves all worrying for the original owner or owners and the wholesale creditors he has left behind.

Though the credit fraud perpetrated by a commercial crook is despised by merchants and credit agencies alike, the proof of guilt is only the first step in conviction and subsequent punishment.

Appeals to Local Juries

I was recently talking to a man who probably knows more about financial peculations than anyone else in the country. He gave me a striking illustration of the difficulties encountered in bringing a conviction. He cited the case of a man in a moderate-size Ohio town. The man had been careful to keep his local bills paid and to maintain friendly relations with other merchants. He was affiliated with a number of the city clubs, was a church member and a good lodge man. He was indicted on five counts—three for use of the mails with intent to defraud and two for concealed assets at the time of his voluntary petition in bankruptcy. The court room was filled with his friends. The trial moved apace and presently the national expert from New York was sworn in to testify.

"You are from the East, New York City, are you not?" he was asked.

"Yes, New York City."

"You represent the Eastern capitalists, bankers and wholesale merchants, do you not?"

"I represent the credit association; some of its members are bankers and wholesalers."

"They are all rich men, are they not?"

"No, not all."

"Which one of them is not?"

"I am not prepared to say."

"Your continuance in position depends on sending this poor man to jail, does it not?"

"Why, no; I want to see justice done."

"Justice? Do you call it justice to deprive this man's family of his support and him of his liberty to give more money to men who already have millions to this man's hundreds?" And so on.

Of course, the evidence eventually came out; but after all, the jury was composed of local citizens, and they felt almost a sense of personal satisfaction in sending that New Yorker about his business.

But social and political influences, as in this case, are not the only factors at work. Indifference and procrastination keep many an unprincipled rascal out of a cold cell, and there are many circumstances that contribute to this condition. One district attorney has become a saddened man over the situation.

See Mr. Leatherhead

"What can I do?" he asked. "I round up my evidence against the crook and have it ready to present. Meanwhile the creditors are at white heat to see a conviction and the case is sitting pretty. But what happens? There are a hundred drunks to be disposed of, and seventy-five bootleggers. The credit case is postponed and postponed and postponed. The judge is not to blame. Unless he cleared off the liquor cases, he and the jails would both be swamped. But that does not help me. Time passes. The creditors begin to chafe at the delay. They presently lose all hope of a conviction. So when the most outstanding ones are visited by a representative of the fraudulent debtor and are offered about twenty-five cents on the dollar, they decide that a little money is better than none and accept the settlement, not gladly, but with a patience tattered beyond repair. The case is then in a position to perish for lack of evidence. It is very discouraging."

It must be. And yet the creditors' attitude is comprehensible, even if it is not praiseworthy. They have been accustomed to charge such losses to overhead and to forget them. They have many other problems on their minds besides a single defaulter, and they can concentrate on him only for a limited time. Small wonder that they listen almost as willingly to the plan for a composition settlement as they do to talk about conviction and penitentiary. The first is quick and sure; the second takes time and is of doubtful result. Of course as a matter of principle a financial crook should never be treated with except through the courts. But he is allowed to enter into negotiation, if he has a run of luck and if court delays favor him, and he knows this circumstance only too well. It took a chap of sixty to demonstrate its workings in a high degree of efficiency. He posed as something of a philanthropist, ready to aid small firms in times of business stress. His henchmen were on the constant lookout for such houses, and always took opportunity to suggest to the harassed manager:

"Why don't you talk to Mr. Leatherhead? I hear that he is very generous about advancing money."

Many times the clever insinuation worked. The man would come to see Mr. Leatherhead. The latter's soothing manner and wide, kindly eyes invariably invited confidence. Soon he was hearing the whole story. At the conclusion he had advice ready.

"You are right," he said. "There is no hope for your business as it stands. But I can finance you, and I think you have ability. Dispose of your present stock, at a sacrifice if necessary. Then come to me and I will put you in charge of a fine new store."

(Continued on Page 165)

One Dollar

How you can make "money talk"—

Turn a dollar into a Topkis Union Suit—and you'll say the dollar "*talks*", that buys such value in men's underwear.

Here's fabric otherwise found in only higher-priced underwear. Fine-feeling material that you will take pleasure in wearing.

Here's comfort-fit that comes from liberal cut. Walk, stoop, twist—it's all one to Topkis. Ample action-room at every point.

Here's careful tailoring that stands the test of service. In the thorough stitching of the seams and buttonholes, there's overstrength. In every detail there's workmanship far beyond the commonplace!

Because men buy millions of Topkis, you get this fine underwear for just a dollar.

Ask your dealer for Dollar Topkis. Identify it by the familiar Topkis label.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each; Boys' Union, 75c; Girls' Bloomer Union, 75c; Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. Men's Suits, $1.50 in Canada.

It pays to buy Topkis by the box. Six union suits for $6. The more suits in service, the better each one wears.

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Write for free illustrated booklet

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

If garters were worn around the neck you'd change them frequently

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

Time for a fresh pair?

In single and double grips

25c to $1

(Continued from Page 162)

Another representative of Mr. Leatherhead's straightway purchased the condemned stock at thirty cents on the dollar and put it in the hands of another storekeeper who had just disposed of his goods, likewise, on Mr. Leatherhead's advice. He was made manager of the new shop and given further supplies, ordered from the same merchants who had supplied the original stock to the man who had sold out. This arrangement took care of any suspicion in regard to the origin of the goods. Any salesman who saw his goods on the shelves could refer to the books of his house and see that there had been an order. Meanwhile the first man's creditors were howling for their money, and Mr. Leatherhead had promised to handle them. He did. He had good credit and financial standing. When he finished giving information to the creditors they were relieved to see even the twenty cents on the dollar which he hoped to obtain for them.

He explained his connection with the case on the ground of being a heavily involved creditor himself and as anxious for salvage as anyone. His forged statements lent an appearance of reality to his assertions. He generally advised a settlement outside of court, as the saving in lawyers' fees and costs would be to the interest of the creditors. For years and years he worked his game successfully. He had compiled a sucker list that would have been the envy and despair of the proprietor of a bucket shop. He knew the wholesale houses of the country as a sailor knows the sea. He rated some of them as easy, others as difficult, depending upon the facility with which they entered into settlements and the percentages to which they were likely to feel entitled in cases of failure. He had a hundred letterheads, covering a hundred distinct businesses.

But he overplayed himself finally. He appeared as the guiding angel in too many cases. Suspicion was aroused and a complaint was filed. When the national credit investigation was concluded, forty-seven bankruptcies were chalked up against him, losses passing $2,000,000 with confederates representing him in thirty-five cities. When he came to trial he refused to testify; and, of course, he could not be compelled to give evidence against himself. But he did take opportunity to say several times: "I have done nothing that I regret. I have done nothing that I regret."

Everyone decided that his conscience could not be overfastidious.

Hidden Assets Recovered

But if creditors as individuals are likely to be too lenient with the crook, the same danger does not exist when they are organized against him. The national credit associations, which are represented by local bodies in every enterprising city and town of the nation, are beginning to take very special notice of the defaulter. They recognize the difficulty of local handling, with creditors of a single debtor spread over a dozen or more states and separated by thousands of miles. In a recent failure these were the findings: The total liabilities were $165,000. The number of creditors was 483, scattered through forty-two states. The largest single debt was $10,000, while many dropped below $1000. No firm would have felt sufficiently responsible to handle the case. But conducted by the national bureau, with an interest in every creditor, the case assumed a unity, a raison d'être that made possible the discovery of $36,000 in concealed assets and the conviction of the criminal.

In fact the whole question of credit fraud has assumed such proportions that it demands national and not local attention. Credit justice is bigger than waiting until a crime has been committed and then setting the forces to work that will see the guilty man indicted and convicted. Such measures are taken as a matter of course, as a physician would lance a boil while he prescribes the medicine that will purify the blood and prevent a second infection. But the larger credit problem is to make such procedure impossible.

A man high in credit prosecutions spoke of a conference that he had just left.

"The concern does annually $90,000,000 worth of business," he said. "And yet $2,000,000 is yearly expended as a tribute to the crooks of New York City. They are determined to reduce materially that $2,000,000, and they are willing to spend money to do it."

Why not, to save the millions?

I found one large wholesale credit association with a membership of 30,000 had already launched a nation-wide campaign against the credit crook. Instead of spending $70,000 in investigating and unmasking him, as they have in previous years, they plan to appropriate $500,000 annually. And this amount will be augmented by the cooperation of creditors who are benefited by the assistance. One banker gave it as his serious estimate that every dollar spent in this way would bring a saving of $100. Their plan is to bring to the defaulter the certainty of conviction.

The Fear of Prison

"Say what you will, men fear imprisonment," was the positive statement of a lawyer who has handled hundreds of cases of financial fraud. "When you read of the hardships through which prisoners go to effect an escape, and the desperate risks they run, you realize that incarceration is not popular. If these lads knew that their chances were five to one of going to the penitentiary, they would think a bit more deeply before they turned in their doctored statements or hid their ill-gotten goods." He smiled thinly. "Do you know, I feel as if I had lost a bond or played a bad golf game if I let a week pass without sending one or two of those johnnies up the road."

I happened to know, however, that he did not pass many unpleasant weeks on the score that he had just mentioned.

But men like him are in great demand. They are needed to offset the shyster lawyers who stand ready to give every assistance to the man who wishes to default. They have a regular school for bankrupts. They show their willing pupils how to go through the courts with the largest possible steal from the creditors and the minimum of risk to themselves.

One man who was staging his first fraudulent play was surprised and pleased to find at his finger tips the information in regard to the buying of merchandise preliminary to his failure, its quick disposal after his voluntary petition in bankruptcy, and suggestions and offered assistance for six future failures to cover a period of four years in all. Parenthetically, many a man who has been convicted has had in his possession plans fully outlined for fires, bankruptcies and defalcations in half a dozen different cities and at dates separated by but three or four months. Sometimes he has even been sponsoring two frauds simultaneously.

Two partners who had dealt with one so-called lawyer through four failures found him as wily in the fourth negotiation as in the first. He steadily refused to discuss any question with them jointly. One partner must wait outside the conference room while the other was given the hearing. When he had finished he yielded his place to his associate and took his position without. Likewise, in the important question of money and fees, there were never any transfers of checks. Reimbursements were made strictly in cash, and the bank notes could not be of very large denomination.

This particular lawyer had a stellar rôle. He was fortunate in a fine business presence, and he had managed to keep his machinations sufficiently *sub rosa* to prevent his disbarment. So with consummate adroitness he frequently contrived to represent the creditors in a bankruptcy case. He always stated the case fairly, but somehow or other convictions never followed and the creditors were generally puzzled at the smallness of the pro rata. They would have been less puzzled and more enraged if they could have been present at the meeting between their attorney and the lawyer for the defendant and have witnessed the careful division of the spoils that occurred between them. Small wonder that there was little left for the creditors when the winnings had to have a threefold division, between the guilty man and his lawyer-accomplices.

It is difficult to classify the type of man who would lend himself to commercial fraud. Character weakness is an evasion rather than a definition. But certainly there is a mental blind spot which permits a man to prey on his friends and associates.

I was greatly cheered in going over files of these cases to see a significant absence of good American patronymics. The unfamiliar combinations of harsh consonants and unfriendly vowels were an irrefutable proof that some of the strangers within our gates use us ill for our hospitality. I commented upon this fact to a credit prosecutor. His answer was truthful, but not flattering.

"There are two parties to every fraud," he explained; "the one which does the fooling and the one which is fooled. It is a commentary on us that we let these foreigners get the better of us. You read the case of Menzoniev. Take it out again and give a second look." I complied.

The prosecutor continued:

"You will note that his career of fraud extended over fifteen years. In that time he served six jail sentences, varying from three to six months. One district attorney wrote to another in his connection: 'A jail sentence does him but little good.' It did him no good; it simply gave him time to collect his thoughts and have his next dishonest move well planned by the time his sentence had expired. He is now serving a two-year term in a Federal penitentiary and doubtless dreaming of other worlds to conquer. He could never have perpetrated the second fraud if his record had been verified before he was granted any credit. Even in this last offense complaint was filed by only one suspicious creditor. He had a representative come to Menzoniev's haberdashery and look over the reports. He found an unexplained shrinkage in assets as listed four months before the voluntary petition in bankruptcy and at the time of the adjudication. It was his action that brought into the scene the department of credit justice, with the conviction as a result."

Bankruptcy as a Career

There was some truth in the prosecutor's charge against American business men. The same sort of crime can be committed against them again, again and again. The dead-check credit is established dozens of times within a year. A man writes a check on a bank, any bank that is not a local one, the farther away the better. And he deposits the check locally and receives the deposit book. Of course he would not be permitted to cash against the amount until the check is cleared. But he has no intention of using the account personally. Before he is notified that the check is worthless, he has shown his bank balance to the houses from which he wishes to make purchases and has received substantial credit on the strength of it. By the time an investigation is under way, the man is under way too. They evidently run along parallel lines, for they do not meet.

In this same connection there are men who have been through bankruptcy three times, four times, five times, and yet they continue their nefarious practices. One man, a brisk young citizen of thirty-six, made a sixth appearance in such a court. Evidently the game was beginning to pall on him, for after a long grilling by a district attorney he made a clean breast of his latest venture. He had large trunks of valuable merchandise stored in five cheap rooming houses. In every instance he had arrived with the trunk and had represented himself as a poor young man whose business kept him away from home much of the time. He kept his room rent paid, and if he brought a second trunk within a few days there was no unpleasantness.

He had in his little notebook the addresses of these houses and the names under which he had taken the rooms. When a representative was called to verify the data that the young man had furnished, he made one request: "I have several boxes of books in one or two of the rooms. Ask your man to leave them untouched, please." There was a short skirmish between the attorney and the defendant, and then the latter made a final admission: "Well, as a matter of fact, there is a little silver in those boxes, and I prize it highly." He would, since it was later transferred into cash to the amount of $11,000. His landladies were outraged, a fact which seemed to give immoderate pleasure to the attorney who had found them quite case-hardened in his own greener years.

Whether a man's repentance is sincere or not is a matter that will be held under advisement by the department of credit justice. This branch of the National Association of Credit Men in its warfare on fraud is doing much hygienic work in keeping an eye on the movements of commercial crooks who have been indicted or convicted. If there is the slightest suspicion of rottenness in Denmark, the gentleman is told firmly but gently to clean up or clean out. This department has the proud record of 175 convictions out of 623 indictments.

Frauds on Honest Merchants

It is certainly time for the question of credit fraud to receive serious attention. Aside from the ethics of the situation, it is exceedingly bad business to waste millions annually on preventable loss. Charging to overhead is no solution at all. Nor does such a method, lax as it is, take into account the case of the small merchant in a little town who has to contend with credit crooks. He has no redress. Such a case occurred last year in a Western town of 5000. There were three clothing merchants who received a comfortable support from the citizens. Within five months two of these storekeepers staged false bankruptcies and had closing-out sales. The honest merchant could not meet the competition in cut prices, and rather than face failure and collapse of business, he closed his store and moved to another community. In making the move he suffered serious loss, which will take him several years to offset, and the town that he left will feel the harmful effect of the bankrupt sales for some time to come.

Another hardship that the honest merchant may be called to face comes to him in times of his own business reverse. There was a silk dealer who had learned how to obtain excellent teamwork. An unscheduled freight car was coupled with a number of others at Jersey City and carried westward. When some switching was being done at Toledo this car was left conveniently adrift. It was a matter of moments for the release of several catches and bolts, and the freight car became three large truck bodies. They slipped easily on three waiting truck chassis and were whisked away. When the merchant of silks was quizzed he protested innocence of any knowledge of the whereabouts of the lost shipment and the creditors' pickings were very poor. Now it so happened that the four largest of the creditors were called upon to hear a hard-luck story from another trader. He was in the midst of a temporary financial embarrassment and a little assistance and advice might have saved his business. But the creditors were wary and lent a very skeptical ear to his story. And when the settlement was made at fifty cents the man and the creditors alike had suffered heavy loss.

I was talking to this man about fraud. He is planning to reëstablish himself presently and build up a small conservative business. He is very bitter.

"I have not one good word to say about those crooks. Jail is too good for them," he said. "If I had my way I would shoot every one of them—shoot them on sight."

Folks who pay by check do get ahead faster—*in 8 ways!*

Here are facts to which highest financial authorities agree. Proved by every financial success. Every man or woman who is now working toward that end needs to know them
—they are part of the recipe for independence.

WHAT is the mystery by which one family seems to forge ahead financially—soundly, steadily progressing toward independence—while another family, of comparable income, does not?

Part of the answer lies here. *An important part.* Thousands have proved it.

And you will find as you read that it is not a mystery at all. As you read you will find, too, that the same simple principles may be applied in the case of *any* family—whether the income is large or small.

It's something worth thinking about, in the new light of facts which follow. More valuable material for thought and planning is yours for the asking (see coupon).

Money-handling tools

Your fondest dreams—for a beautiful home, a car, leisure, travel, books, *some*, at least, of life's luxuries—can come true only through accumulation of money. And accumulating money means simply handling it properly, efficiently, intelligently.

That calls for modern, scientific methods. Doing anything, today, if you use old-fashioned, out-of-date methods you are going to be left behind by the man or woman who uses the methods and tools modern civilization has developed. *So with money.*

To handle money there is just one *modern tool*, or *method*. That is—*a checking account.* It helps you make money go farther. Therefore it shortens your road to financial independence—makes *sure* the realization of your fondest dreams and hopes.

Eight reasons for this

The value of a checking account isn't just the fact that people who are financially successful use one. No. There are cold, logical reasons. *Eight of them.*

A checking account does these things for you. All of them push you along so much the faster toward independence. Here they are:

(1) It eliminates chances to lose money from pockets or pocketbook. You may be the most careful of persons—but it does happen. And money lost is just . . . *gone. But not when you pay by check.*

(2) It eliminates the chance of loss through making incorrect change. Hurrying some place—arms full of bundles, perhaps. You put down a larger amount than needed. It is overlooked by the person waiting on you. More money . . . *gone. Not when you pay by check.*

(3) Reduces the possibility of having to pay bills twice. You are certain you paid the bill—but in comes another statement, asking payment. Your receipt mislaid or lost. More money . . . *gone. Not when you have paid by check—because a check is its own receipt and is positive record.*

(4) Puts a brake on thoughtless, unnecessary expenditures. How often you spend a dollar here, fifty cents there—for something that is not really needed. It is so easy to do—when your "bank" is a pocket or pocketbook. *Not so when you pay by check.*

(5) Time is money in another form. Everyone's time is worth money. With a checking account much time is saved in your personal or family financing. *Paying by check saves time for you.*

Control of expenses

(6) A budget is the only way to control expenditures in relation to income. And you cannot operate a budget successfully unless you always know just where you stand financially. This a checking account

Money can provide so many things—
for happiness and comfort.
Handle it intelligently!

Free: Send coupon below for valuable, new book that tells how to get more from income: *How to Make Money Go Farther.*

A great service to you

THERE are a score of ways in which banks can help—if people only take advantage of modern banking service. But one of the greatest is *a checking account.* It is so valuable a help that you are amply justified in paying a small monthly fee for the privilege where that is required.

Some banks make such a charge—when checking balances fall below certain set minimums. Time of officials, receiving deposits, bookkeeping time, cost of materials—checks, ledger sheets, statements, stationery, postage: these things often total a *loss* to the bank on such checking accounts.

But the small charge *is far outweighed* by the great advantages of paying by check! Discuss it with your own bankers.

Protection banks now offer

Throughout America, more and more progressive banks are offering their depositors a new protection. Super-Safety Checks are supplied. They are handsome in appearance easy to write upon.

And these fine checks afford protection against fraudulent alteration. You pay nothing for this protection.

They are made of the *safest check paper provided by any bank.* It instantly exposes any attempt at alteration by knife, acid or rubber erasure. No unprinted sheet of it, large enough to make a check, is permitted to leave the factory. It is accounted for and guarded as carefully as government bank-note paper.

Ask your bankers about this service, too. *Do it soon*—the very next time you're in.

Free—valuable, new book

To give you further information on this vital subject of making money go farther, we have just had an important new book printed. ***It gives you much new information of the greatest value.***

There's a copy for you—free. Just mail the coupon. *Today.*

BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY, Division
THE TODD COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO DALLAS
ROCHESTER DENVER

tells you. *It offers the only intelligent way to operate a budget.* Most women now have their own accounts.

(7) Your checking account brings you into close contact with a good bank. This means that you are in position to profit by the counsel and guidance of men who know the business and financial situation as few other people can. In even the small details of your family and personal living this can be tremendously valuable. Bankers are not unapproachable. They are glad to advise you even in matters that may seem small to you. *This is one of the greatest advantages paying by check offers you.*

(8) Pay by check and you earn the respect of those with whom you have business dealings. Your grocer and the other tradesmen who serve you, the utilities companies—business people of every line—look with greater favor and respect on people who are business-like in their personal financing. *This prestige is a definite asset to any man or woman.*

This mark in upper corner identifies Super-Safety Checks—safest provided by any bank. *Look for it!*

SUPER-SAFETY
BANK CHECK

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THE TODD COMPANY 1005
5950 South State Street, Chicago

Please send me free copy of new book, "How to Make Money Go Farther."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Name of my bank .....

The Longest Step in Selling

Where most customers are lost is between the first sale and the second sale

THE most important question after a first sale to a new customer is, "Will it repeat?"

In other words, does the customer know what he has bought?

The first sale is a sort of trial. But how are your goods to be tried? How are their merits to be judged? What are the conditions of the trial?

This is as important to your customer as it is to you. A customer pays money to know more about your goods, to learn of any advantages they might have. Most men and women are willing to be as fair as they know how.

Do you know that some manufacturers put a postcard in their package for the customer to sign and return, and that the returns from some of these are very high?

Sometimes this customer who returns a card receives helpful bulletins or booklets by mail.

Sometimes instead of a postcard there is a booklet or circular in the package. Sometimes the merchant incloses a printed insert when the goods are wrapped.

The custom varies, as it should. The dentifrice manufacturer uses one method. The automobile manufacturer uses another.

Too many manufacturers do nothing at all to bridge that long gap between the first sale and the second—between the trial buyer and the regular customer.

But that is not because they don't see the need. They don't know what to do. A good printer can help on this.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

For several years S. D. Warren Company has made careful study of the subject of helping people to sell with printing. Some constructive information on the use of printing by both consumer and manufacturer may be secured from a series of books on commercial printing we will issue during the year 1925. Copies of these books, as issued, may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

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SPOILS OF WAR

(Continued from Page 27)

from its moorings, banging the heads of herded lieutenants, asleep on the floor of the dining saloon. The Gang, corded three deep in the hold. That night is done.

From Somewhere in France the first letters were brief: "Well, we are going to get on a train now and we will be attached to some British outfit at the front. I am sure glad of it, as everybody is r'aring to go. Send me some cigarettes, and mark them New Testaments, as the tobacco mail is being stolen up by the uplifters."

At this time the bullet question had been discussed and settled. A lump of metal either hit you or missed you. If it missed you, you should worry. If it hit you, you lived or died. The Gang had this much of it determined when they discovered the complete philosophical monograph known as The Soldier's Comfort. The bayonet problem persisted, however; and beyond that, gas. Speculation with regard to the bayonet was ended with an opinion expressed by a surgeon who enjoyed the Gang's full confidence. "He says there's a little gland in you that squirts you full of—of some kind of juice when you get stuck—and you don't feel nothing. But swab it with iodine, he said. Main thing is to keep the germs out."

"What about the poison gas?"

"I never asked him about gas. I was thinking what if the bayonet stuck into the little gland in you so it couldn't squirt, what would happen?"

Vain speculation. Nearing Paris, the Gang's regiment got orders directing it to a port on the West Coast of France, away from the theater wherein the big show was being played. "No metal can touch you—out where the worst begins."

Docks and railroads and warehouses had to be built to receive the American Army, and presently the Gang realized, to their disgust, that they had been elected to the management of the reception committee.

III

IN THE temporary construction camp which was established on the site of the proposed storage depot, twenty miles east of Bordeaux, Shorty was forced to lean heavily upon Riff Swenson's culinary skill, by reason of the fact that the canned-goods menu had been cut in half. Any innocent bystander, soldier or civilian, can open a can of salmon, but it is still canned salmon. It takes superior talent to transform canned salmon into a four-course dinner. Canned salmon lost its appeal as a supper item after it had been eaten for breakfast and lunch.

After the first few weeks of canned salmon, there was some talk of killing the cook. The Gang were unusually patient and considerate, realizing that Shorty was less to blame than the piscatorial patriots who had lavished their fortune of fish upon them. Presently, by reason of Riff Swenson's knowledge of edible botany, their lot improved. Shorty and Riff had contributed most of their first delayed pay to the purchase of additions to the army menu. Needing a few francs for his personal use Riff cut the seasoning budget and fell back on a knowledge of herbs acquired in various logging camps and remembered from the humble kitchen of his childhood home.

"Coming mit me!" he would say to some tired K. P. at three in the afternoon when a couple of hours of sleep to replace time lost in line of duty before dawn seemed feasible. "Ve iss going oudt for a vild time." In the heart of the K. P. would bloom a hope that the wild time was to be similar to those wild times enjoyed by the naval aviators in Bordeaux. In the K. P.'s mind, the question would be cleared up a few minutes later, when he discovered that the wild thyme grew with other weeds, back of the kitchen door, along with a trophy of sage, parsley, and two or three other salmon-killing herbs planted by some thrifty French housewife. Beyond acquiring the title of Grass Cutters, Hay Balers, Botany Bums, and so on, neither honor nor profit rewarded the K. P. detail subjected to this extra labor, but it developed a fine Greek chorus of sympathetic profanity to accompany the incessant criticism which the Gang contributed to the biography of canned salmon.

I've et so much goldfish
I've growed me a tail;
If I eat any more,
I'll have fine like a whale.

Rumor spread through the camp concerning beef. A courier, coming up from Bordeaux with a personal bun and some delayed mail, reported that a quartermaster's sergeant had cheered him with the information that a cargo of beef had missed the subs.

When the ration truck returned with the weekly issue next day, an anxious reception committee discovered that the beef was canned salmon. "They was some beef, but it went to the German prisoners' camp."

That night, after a preliminary practice with some rugged Scandinavian oaths, Riff Swenson discussed their predicament with Shorty, and then, taking thought, he resolved to embark upon a wide sea of crime. "You staying here, Shorty. Make der boys cut der end oudt of a gasoline drum, and getting a fire under it, mit boiling water. About midnight I bane coming back, or never."

At midnight, carrying a bulging burlap sack, Riff returned, and thereafter for an hour a hog butchering was enjoyed by half a dozen of the elect. The Gang had pork chops for breakfast. The Gang had roast pork for supper.

There followed two days of goldfish, and the pork ration was repeated. A total of five midnight foraging expeditions met with success, and then on a later night Riff came into camp, running light.

Fragments of the evidence had been buried, and, in consequence of this and other precautions, the native wails which presently reached to heaven, got the pork-owning peasant nothing much except official sympathy.

"Probably some enemy aeroplane swooped down and devastated your pigs," the loot offered, sympathizing with the war-torn French peasant. Having enjoyed three coveys of pork chops during the preceding two weeks, the loot was unable to offer further consolation.

The immediate results of the Gang's augmented meat ration were revealed at base headquarters in the reports of the medical corps, whose surgeons had suddenly banged up against a flu epidemic which bade fair to destroy the A. E. F. faster than men could be brought to France. Enlisting the lost pork as shock troops, the Gang held out against the first assaults of the flu bugs.

With a hundred thousand men in the base section, the first fringing waves of the flu epidemic thinned the ranks of the assembled troops to a degree which gave this new menace equal rank with the enemy armies on the fighting front. Working day and night with improvised weapons against this sinister plague, the medical corps fought their fight. Prophylaxis and isolation checked the epidemic over wide areas of the growing encampments, and held fast the defenses until the bacterial reserves launched their second attack.

The Gang's captain, weakened by the furious stresses of his tremendous overload of duties, fought stubbornly to the very portals of death until the regimental surgeons fairly battered him into the sanctuary of their department.

It was here, at the peak of the problem, that common sense was given right of way over technic which had failed. "Increase the ration. Feed the men. Build up a physical reserve."

The first record of this idea may be found in a letter addressed to the base surgeon, and signed by the Gang's medical officer.

Enjoying the professional respect and confidence of his military superiors, the doctor forthwith embellished his official communication with a verbal argument which reached Supreme Command and jarred a ration revision out of G. H. Q. shortly after the first flu crisis had passed. In the meantime, while the light of reason was filtering through the vapors of exploded theories, with advice to his own Gang the doctor was more specific. To Shorty and Riff he gave a brief lecture on diet, setting forth the fact that the only cure for flu was not to get it. "The good bugs kill the bad bugs; the white corpuscles kill the bad bugs; heat kills the bad bugs. If a man keeps warm and eats enough sugar, the chances are, bugs can't get him. Feed the Gang heavy! Make 'em eat their bread. The flour ration is big enough; make 'em eat it. Feed 'em lots of sugar! Sugar is the big bet."

"Lieutenant, yes, sir." Shorty withheld a mental reservation, wherein he asked himself how you could feed the Gang sugar when you didn't have any.

That night at supper an announcement of a prize contest was handed down the mess line: "The guy that gains the most pounds in the next week gets himself a chocolate cake."

The second prize was offered by Riff Swenson: "Git weighed mit der supply sergeant's scales, und whoever gaining der most, next Sunday night gitting a bottle of coogan-jack!"

"Bread wins the prize!"

"How're you going to eat dry bread, when your tonsils are gummed up with goldfish scales?"

In spite of objections, the Gang ate more heavily during the week, with the result that they went on short rations for the three meals preceding ration day.

Chicken for the first day,
Feathers for a week,
The last day finds you
Gnawing on the beak.

Sunday morning, sick call found eight new cases of flu in the Gang.

Remembering doctor's counsel relative to an increase in the sugar ration, Shorty was badly worried. On Monday night Riff came down with the flu, after having suffered through its first stages without relaxing in his duties. Flat in bed, he smiled up weakly at Shorty. "Der old bull rambling when der butcher cut him down. I guess dem liddle bugs iss got me, Shorty. I feel burning up, und for der last t'ree days I been crazy mit der heat."

"You've been crazy all your life, Riff. You stick in bed and I'll bring you whatever you want to eat from Bordeaux."

"Tomorrow I bane gitting my shoes on. Der doctor says der vorst iss over. I try all der time standing up, but der liddle bugs knocked me down."

The big fellow's time estimate came within a day of being true. On Wednesday, walking slow, he dragged back into Shorty's kitchen. "Vell, der bugs iss licked, but I feeling like a fool."

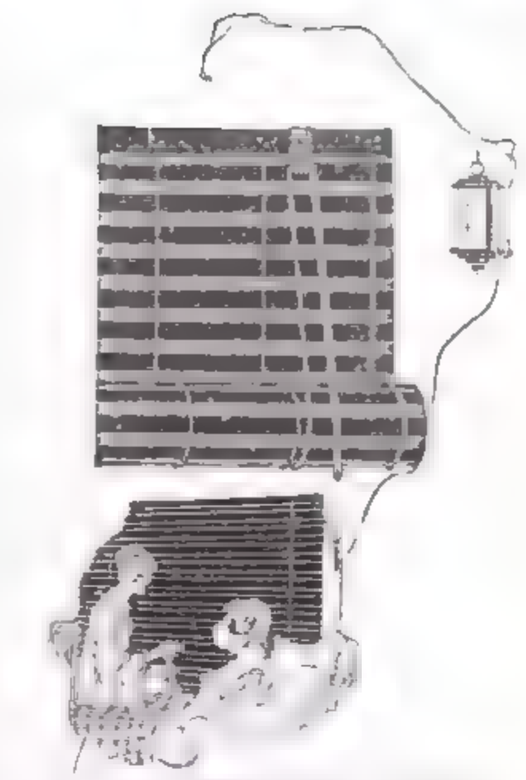
"You act like a fool. Did the doctor turn you loose?"

"Dey needed der bed for Slim."

"Yeah; well, you go hit the hay in that bunk back of the stove there, before I throw a meat cleaver through your guts. Get covered up and I'll make you some soup."

Riff obeyed orders, because he was almost too weak to stand, but he objected to the soup. "I ain't wanting soup. Maybe I'm still crazy, Shorty, but what I want most iss candy like when I was a kid. Der way I feel, I could drink a gallon of sirup und a gallon of molasses und a gallon of good old rum, und like twice as much."

Within fifteen minutes the convalescent saw part of his wish fulfilled. A quart of mellow old Jamaica rum and a pint of sugar sirup, together with a cup and a



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kettle of boiling water, appeared from their various sources, and then the miracle of recovery began. With the fourth hearty slug of hot rum, heavily sweetened, Riff fell silent. After three more copious libations, he began droning an ancient saga, handed down by his Northern people. Before the bottle of rum was quite empty, he had sung himself into a heavy sleep, from which he did not awaken until late the following morning, when, in spite of Shorty's protests, he got up and dressed.

"I feel a t'ousand," he insisted. "I feel for fighting der whole German Army." He made a few passes at an imaginary adversary. "I feel like you did, Shorty, ven you vas sticking folks mit der bayonet on Market Street, der day ve enlisted.

"Buy me ticket, buy me bottle,
Feeling yust so oudt of sight,
Yumping on der Yim Hill Railroad,
Feel so good I feel for fight."

Riff sang a verse or two of the old-time railroad camp song, and then, in furtherance of his holiday mood, he insisted on accompanying Shorty and the mess sergeant to the supply depot near Bordeaux, on their weekly ration round-up. They made the trip on a five-ton truck, stopping at a roadside inn midway of the journey for a couple of rounds of hot rum.

At the supply depot they were delayed for an hour, waiting in the rain while a detachment of German prisoners drew the rations for their two thousand fellow inmates of the prison camp. These German prisoners had been taken by the British at one of the engagements of the preceding year. Because of the nominally heavy labor to which they were subjected, they enjoyed an increased ration, which was supplied by their latest enemy. The ration was calculated to fortify them against the physical demands incident to their labor, and to make home happy.

Shorty and Riff watched the long file of prisoners coming out of the supply depot, laden with tobacco, butter, beef and sugar.

When their own turn came there was no more butter. The beef supply was finished. Tobacco, at that time, was a personal problem involving cash. They loaded their little allowance of canned salmon, their short ration of sugar, and an overdose of flour on their truck, and started on their twenty-mile journey back to the Gang's camp. The drizzle of rain which was falling from the lowering clouds of the Gironde country gave place to a heavy downpour when they were midway of their route, and Riff climbed out of his sheltered seat beside the truck driver to make fast the flapping tarpaulin which half sheltered the cargo of food.

Abreast of Mme. Fenelon's café, a mile from their destination at the warehouse project, Riff yelled through the storm, "Pinching up der brakes! Leave us bane gitting der hot rum."

The five-ton truck stopped in front of the café, and the quartet made haste to explain their desires to the smiling mistress of the establishment. "Rum show, madame! Encore! Encore again! Bokoo! Bokoo rum show!"

Prepared for customers and anticipating their demands, Mme. Fenelon had a bright copper kettle of boiling water hanging in the fireplace. The first gratifying jolt of hot rum splashed the shivers out of four eager customers. The second jorum was enjoyed with equal gusto, and the third was consumed with a deliberation which afforded full opportunity for appreciation. Then, as usual, the party was interrupted.

Midway of the third drink the inn was invaded by half a dozen spur-bearing officers.

One of these gentlemen, bearing up under the responsibilities enjoyed by a deputy provost marshal, stepped forward to do his bit for democracy. Face to face with "arrest, thirty and two-thirds," the ration retrievers set down their glasses and prepared for the worst.

Out of a cloudy sky Lady Luck hit 'em with lightning.

A quick explanation from another member of the commissioned group sawed the bars for Shorty and his aides.

The Gang's medical officer was one of the invading group. Anticipating the deputy provost marshal's play, he addressed Shorty and the three ration reapers: "That's right; drink plenty of hot rum. Keep drinking it as long as this rotten weather holds out. Keep drinking it until we beat the flu game."

The doctor directed his remarks at Riff: "Keep yourself warm, and drink all the hot rum you can get for the next few days. The flu hit you pretty hard."

The Gang's guardian turned and looked straight at the spur-bearing officer who was acting for the provost marshal. "If we could get rum enough into the A. E. F., we might win the flu bet," he said.

In the next second every man present realized that a duel had been fought, and that the Gang's champion had been the victor.

Shorty and Riff indulged in an elaborate gesture and downed the remainder of their drink.

That night Shorty made it his business to thank the surgeon for his timely rescue. "Lieutenant, I figured we was headed for thirty in and two-thirds off our pay, when you stepped in. These new M. P. officers is leading us old-timers a dog's life."

"Keep under cover with your crime. There's no way of beating the game." The doctor's smile gave way to seriousness. "I meant what I said about the rum. When the Gang come in at night, wet and cold, the next best thing to a hot bath and dry clothes is a slug of hot rum with an ounce of sugar in it for every man—fully as attainable as the millennium."

"Yes, sir." Shorty gave no thought to the millennium. Leaving the doctor, he walked direct to Mme. Fenelon's café. The hour was late, and the front door of the place was barred against enlisted men. Under dripping eaves and in the drenching rain, Shorty groped his way down a narrow passageway alongside of the stone building, until his exploring hands discovered the back door of the place. His summons were answered by Mme. Fenelon, with whom he had established an amicable relationship of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Within five minutes thereafter, a contract had been accomplished, wherein one sack of flour per week, the surplus grease from the Gang's culinary department, and the constant love and affection of a willing K. P., together with a modest donation of money, became the property of Mme. Fenelon. In return for these valuable considerations Shorty was to receive a daily contribution of four quarts of Jamaica rum, f. o. b. the dog-drawn garbage cart plying between the Fenelon establishment and the Gang's kitchen.

On the following night the Gang detected a new and invigorating flavor in the coffee which was served at suppertime. A faint alcoholic aroma mingled with the steam which rose from the coffee kettle and awakened memories of happier days.

"No seconds." One steaming cup per man, and no more. "Two cups of that coffee would knock you cockeyed."

This bit of propaganda, carefully promulgated, lent strength to the faint authority which the nightly coffee derived from its low rum content. Suggestion undoubtedly played a major part in promoting the beneficent reaction resulting from the rum-flavored coffee; at any rate, within a week a striking improvement was noted on the report charts covering the Gang's physical condition. Here, in this minor fraction of the First Army, the ravaging battalions of flu bugs met their first reverses.

The condition was too good to be true, too good to last. A visiting D. C. I. officer, enjoying the hospitality of the Gang's mess, nosed into the rum-laden coffee, and later into the resulting problem of busted regulations, with the result that charge sheets subjecting Shorty to court-martial proceedings sailed through military channels to a port on the loot's desk. Fighting the paper work with the aid of Wally Gill, the ingenious company clerk, the loot came upon the daily sick report a moment before Shorty's crime record received his attention. He noted that out of the Gang less than four per cent were incapacitated for duty. He remembered that the average percentage of disability of the troops in the base was four times this figure, and then the D. C. I. report engaged him.

"Department of Criminal Investigation got the goods on Shorty, lieutenant," the clerk reported. "They found four quarts of rum hid in his bunk, and gave him absent treatment. Base Headquarters knocks off two-thirds pay for three months."

The loot inspected the file, and then: "Wally, do you think they've got a record of all this at headquarters?"

The ingenious Wally got the idea. "I don't believe they have. The adjutant demands return of all papers in that last letter on top. The only record they'd have would be in some field clerk's memorandum book."

"Fair enough." The loot folded the thick file of documents, and turned to the little sheet-iron stove which stood in one corner of the office. He bundled the documents into the stove, and saw them ignite. He turned to the company clerk. "I never knew anything about Shorty's sentence. Did you?"

"Never even heard of it, lieutenant. Probably one of those rum-hound field clerks lost the documents on one of his joy rides to Paris."

"Fair enough. She lays forty ways. What's next?"

"The next is an order from G. H. Q. that says two ounces of soup equal one ounce of meat in the revised ration."

"What else does it say?"

"Nothing, except that the sugar ration has got to be cut in two, and that for stomach purposes, goldfish is the social equal of T-bone steak."

"So that all a bullfighter needs is a hook and line!" the loot snorted. "File 'em. Save the testimony relative to all this creative chemistry. Keep 'em where you can get at 'em. I want the doctor to see that chemical miracle where G. H. Q. turns soup into meat. Get me some more copies of it. I want to show a couple of Chicago friends of mine how they can scrap their stockyards and sell Lake Michigan instead of beef. When you help the mess sergeant make out his requisitions, forget the order. Get all the grub you can."

When the paper work for that day was in the clear, the loot sought Shorty and had a confidential talk with him, the theme of which was necessity for using greater discretion in retrieving the daily rum ration for the Gang's coffee. "If you see any strangers, keep the hooch under cover. We haven't got a friend outside of our own Gang."

"That makes the odds about even, lieutenant—us against the field."

The loot smiled and nodded a quick indorsement of Shorty's estimate. Seeing his friend in this mood, Shorty took advantage of the moment to make an unofficial request for the loan of a piece of the loot's official equipment.

"Lieutenant, you know the Sam Browne belt you brought over on the boat with you—the one that you scrapped when you bought the French one?"

The lieutenant knew the discarded Sam Browne belt. "What about it?"

"Well, if you don't need it for a day or two I'd like to borrow it."

"Heading for Paris, Shorty? If you are, remember it's got my name written on it. Rub it out before the Parisite M. P.'s round you up."

"No, sir; I wasn't figuring on no A. W. O. leave of absence. I just wanted to borrow the belt for two or three days."

Scenting no more serious project than a harmless masquerade in some outlying rural district, whose object might be the conquest of feminine friendships in new fields, the loot gave his consent to the loan. Here he figured the conversation would end, but instead of that, Shorty, having gained one point, made another request.

"There's one more thing, lieutenant; on the next ration day, maybe you could give Riff orders to drive the big truck, and we wouldn't have to take a driver with us, and maybe you could keep the mess sergeant in camp. I could handle the requisitions, all right."

"What are you figuring on—a field day with the entire population of some village?"

"No, sir. I can't tell you what I'm figuring on. It hasn't nothing to do with wine, women or song." An acute earnestness marked Shorty's speech. "All I want, lieutenant, is for you to let Riff drive the ration truck, and hold the mess sergeant here in camp. He talks too much."

Trusting Shorty, the loot played a blind bet. "O. K. Go to it. I don't know what you're figuring on, but whatever it is, keep on the safe side of murder."

"Lieutenant, yes, sir."

IV

ON THURSDAY morning, a week after Riff's miraculous recovery, Shorty rounded him up, and together the pair headed for Bordeaux. Acting in his new capacity as driver of the ration truck, Riff was enabled to exercise considerable authority over the route and progress of the two-man expedition, but let it be said to his credit that only one filling-station stop was indulged in on the trip.

Leaving camp, Shorty's last order to his assistant, acting chief of the K. P. detachment, was calculated to keep him busy: "As quick as I get out of camp, get a hammer and a wrench and whatever else you need, and rob a couple of them gravel cars of their sheet-iron aprons. You been a machinist, and you'll know how to do it. Lug 'em into the kitchen, and detail a couple of the help to get 'em polished up like grid-irons."

"What's the big idea—hot cakes?"

The guess was close. "Don't ask me no questions." No more questions were asked. The command was "Forward."

Going through the crowded traffic of Bordeaux, the ration truck made one stop, in front of a tailor shop on Rue Ste.-Catherine, into which Shorty dived, intent on the purchase of a pair of silver-plated bars for his shoulders and a smaller one for his cap. To the inquisitive salesman he explained that he was not a loortenong, and that he was buying the officer's insignia to load into a double-barreled fusil, with which he intended to assassinate a quarlik. Questioned as to the droll nature of a quarlik, he avoided replying by a quick retreat to the ration truck, where Riff was waiting.

The journey was resumed. Nearing the supply depot Shorty hauled out the Sam Browne belt which the loot had loaned him, and wriggled into it. He pinned the little silver bar on his cap, and by ambidextrous contortions managed to affix his shoulder bars without removing his blouse. When the additions to his uniform were complete, he turned to Riff.

"There you are. Lieutenants made while you wait. How do I look?"

"You looking too pleasant. Scowl mit der face und look ossified like a yineral. What about der shiny leggin's an' der collar ornaments?"

"Forget them trimmings; lots of the old-timers thrive along fairly well without 'em."

Nearing the quartermaster's ration depot Shorty laid a course for Riff to follow, through a concentration of motortruck traffic.

Approaching the long building out of which the troops' rations were issued, Riff questioned Shorty, "Where to? Der same door as last time?"

"Head 'er about four doors down, and park yourself out in front of the mob."

When the truck had been parked Shorty began a waiting game. After the first half hour of suspense, when it appeared as if the project might suffer failure, the look of anxiety in Shorty's eyes lightened at the

(Continued on Page 175)

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EVERY merchant knows that once in a while there are improvements in store equipment that he really needs. Success often depends upon his readiness to take these new devices and turn them to his own profit.

Merchants appreciate the value of Remington's many entirely new features in cash registers as soon as they see them. The story of this modern development is spreading rapidly. Salesmen from Remington Offices in eighty-five of the principal cities in the United States and Canada are kept busy demonstrating and installing these up-to-date Remingtons.

It will pay you to investigate now. Don't wait for a salesman to call. Get in touch with the nearest Remington Office today and ask for a demonstration. Learn the advantages of a Remington Cash Register and how a Remington will make money for you in addition to protecting your cash. This will put you under no obligation.

Remington Cash Register Company, Inc.

Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, N. Y.
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition, and Cutlery
In Canada: Remington Cash Register Company of Canada, Ltd.
557 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Remington Line

Fits the Needs of Every Merchant

REMINGTON Cash Registers are made in various models, styles, sizes, and keyboards, to suit the needs of different lines of business.

In less than three years the Remington Model A has been adopted by many thousands of merchants all over the continent. It has features and improvements long desired by merchants everywhere—a wide, centrally-placed, convenient, autographic detail strip, printed totals, one-lock control with private key, large amount figures, and a keyboard that can be operated with one finger if desired.

Model A created a demand for a cash register at a lower price with some of its important Remington protective features. The Remington Model B, just added to the Remington line, answers this requirement and has in addition new improvements found on no other cash register ever built.

Like the Model A, the Model B has its own particular field. Where complete auditing control is desired over a number of registers—in one or many stores—the Model B will give it. Let our nearest office show you which model will best fit your needs.

Remington
Cash Registers

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Firearms ~ Ammunition ~ Cutlery

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

NOTE the *flat contour* of the tread on this U. S. Royal Balloon Cord.

It is designed specifically to operate at the low inflations necessary to give *real* Balloon Tire cushioning and comfort without sacrificing mileage.

It successfully eliminates early, uneven and disfiguring tread wear.

It also gives better traction, better non-skid protection, easier steering and greater stability.

It is still another evidence that U. S. Royal Balloon Cords are truly—"The Balloon Tire principle at its Best."

If you want your tires to wear evenly and slowly ~ take special notice of the shape of the tread on the above tire. This is the new "Low-Pressure Tread." It is the invention of the U.S. Tire engineers ~ exclusive with

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

U.S. Royal Balloon Cords

(Continued from Page 170)

sight of three ponderous trucks carrying an unguarded detachment of German prisoners.

"There they come, Riff. Now for the big play!"

"Take it easy, und no false moving."

In command of three German noncoms, the prisoners clambered down from their mud-spattered vehicles, and marching in close order they disappeared into the supply depot, sniffing afar the spoils of a war wherein the loser won. When the last man had disappeared Shorty climbed down to the ground and, adopting as best he could a strut borrowed from the later importations of officers, he walked toward the prisoners' motortrucks. The three drivers had assembled beside the center truck, and were busily engaged in discovering how much smoke could be obtained out of soggy cigarettes, when Shorty confronted them. His military bearing carried the first line of defense. "Tenshun, men!" Three cigarettes hit the ground, and three truck drivers handed out the military honors due to the silver bars at the admonition of one of their number.

"Rest!" Shorty had picked up the rudiments of common sense. "The rations for your German-prisoner detail will be issued out of Door 16, on the other side of the second warehouse. You better get your trucks over there right away."

"Yes, sir." One of the truck drivers made haste to comply with the suggestion emanating from the pleasant little lieutenant, and within the subsequent two minutes the three trucks had disappeared around the corner of the long warehouse.

Shorty returned to the seclusion of his own truck, and there, for what seemed half a day, he waited for his victims to appear. In reality, the wait was less than ten minutes, and at the end of that time, from the door through which they had entered, the file of German prisoners emerged. They were led by one of their noncoms, and Shorty noted that the first twenty men were laden with immense tubs of butter. He saw that these leaders were followed by a long file of their fellows, staggering along over the muddy ground under hundred-pound sacks of sugar.

Here was the moment for action! At a double-quick, Shorty trotted toward the head of the line. He addressed the prisoners' guide, who was beginning a puzzled search for the trio of trucks. "This way! Bring that stuff over here." Authority rang in the command.

"Hock-tong!" The German noncom barked two syllables of an order to his followers, and became a graven statue.

"The general sent for your trucks to haul some Y. M. C. A. entertainers in," Shorty explained. "Bring that prison-camp butter and sugar to this truck."

Muttered translations came from half a dozen sources to the German sergeant, and the heavily laden file of prisoners started toward the truck where Riff was waiting.

Twenty tubs of butter, three tons of sugar, and then, as Fortune's bonus for the bold buccaneer, came twenty cases of tobacco and cigarettes.

When the five-ton truck was loaded down with a spring-breaking cargo, Shorty issued one more order to the enemy prisoners. "Wait where you are. The motor-transport officer is sending trucks for you; it would be a dirty shame to let you boys get your feet wet on these muddy roads."

The merciful pirate hopped up on the seat beside Riff. "Let's go; step on her!" Riff had the engine going, and he wasted less than three seconds shifting to high.

The heavily laden truck rolled into the distance, leaving behind it a group of ambitious appetites. As far as the records indicate, the ration crew may be waiting there yet. Unofficially it was reported that the silent night in the German prison camp was filled with violent guttural oaths, and that ponderous captives muttered in their sleep until the dawn.

Hitting the high spots along the muddy road to camp, Riff made no stop until he reached the secluded area behind the Gang's kitchen hut. He backed the heavy truck close to the entrance, and within ten minutes, laboring under Shorty's frenzied demands for haste, the cookhouse crew had unloaded the contraband cargo.

In the kitchen, covering the wide tops of three so-called cookstoves, Shorty discovered two polished sheet-steel plates, dismantled aprons from the decks of two gravel cars.

The next day it rained. There was nothing unusual about this fact, but an added attraction made the morning a red-letter event in the Gang's affairs. Where breakfast had been a difficult test of self-control it had suddenly become an event. Now there was an abundance of sugar for the morning coffee, and, with this, a miracle consisting of all the red-hot batter cakes that the Gang could eat.

Aided by a delicious and unlimited lubrication of heavy sirup and great quantities of butter, the Gang broke another record. The high man stored away thirty-one hot cakes.

In the middle of the orgy Shorty issued one request: "No testimonials from loving friends, is all I ask. Keep this hot-cake deal under your hats. No advertisements, because we ain't running no information bureau."

Thereafter, during the critical weeks of the flu epidemic, when the mortality curve went over the top, armored against the unseen enemy, sustained by a daily fuel supply of more than five thousand calories per man, the Gang came through unharmed.

■

THE warm days of summer brought the retreat of the flu bugs, but the victory was tempered by a plague of insect life. Leading this latest group of buzzing enemies was another spur-bearing representative of the Department of Criminal Investigation. Floating around as an unwelcome guest of the troops engaged on the warehouse project, the D. C. I. man, inspired by visions of promotion, looked for trouble. From some unknown source there came a rumor that his main objective was a diminutive lieutenant who had sidetracked a cargo of rations intended for the German prison camp.

The loot held his breath until the D. C. I. man had investigated the Gang's culinary record, and then he prowled over to Shorty's cookhouse. He made a quick inspection of the bunks in the adjoining hut, wherein slept Shorty's K. P. crew.

Under half a dozen of the bunks occupied by the K. P. detail, the loot found a residue of Shorty's raid, consisting of a third of the plunder, carefully wrapped in waterproof roofing paper against inclement weather.

Camouflaged with packs and draped with surplus military raiment, the remains of the prize seemed safely hidden, and so the loot returned to his office and pursued his characteristic course of keeping his mouth shut.

Awaiting him in the company office, laden with a bale of correspondence, he found the talented company clerk.

Wally Gill handed the loot the first annoying files of routine records, and got them back an instant later with the standard "Fix it up."

"Here's a hot one, lieutenant, from G. H. Q. The high man wins the reward of virtue."

The loot looked at the foundation letter, and riffled through the file. He read a communication from G. H. Q., forwarded through military channels, containing a request for a recommendation, specifying that one man from each company should be designated to receive the Distinguished Service Medal.

"Looks like the warm weather thawed out the milk of human kindness." The loot offered no further criticism, but he laid the letter upon a delayed file on one corner of his desk. "I've got to think that one over a little bit, Wally. It would be easier to specify one of the Gang not entitled to the capital prize."

In the press of affairs, further consideration of the letter from G. H. Q. was delayed until midnight, when, in the half hour of solitude which normally finished his daily routine, the loot found opportunity to dispose of the loose ends of the unraveled days.

When he came upon the letter from G. H. Q. he gave it serious consideration for a minute, and then, inspired by a realization of the impossibility of approximating a commensurate reward for the Gang's achievements, he lapsed into a reverie wherein he reviewed some of the sacrifices which they had made. He remembered the terrific energies which they had brought into the theater of conflict, and, not without bitterness, he recalled the wasted forces, the potential advantages neglected by mistaken chieftains of control—material wasted on prosaic tasks, when all the Gang had thirsted for effective service on the fighting front. He read the letter from G. H. Q., once more, and then, surrendering to the impulse of resentment which it inspired, he cast it from him. It sailed to a far corner of his long desk, and the manner of its disposal served as a safety valve for the explosive moment. The hard look on the loot's face gave way to an understanding smile. "I guess G. H. Q. did the best they could," he reflected. "The whole mess has been balled up since the show started." He reached for a pencil, and began scribbling on a pad before him. "Recommendation and citation for the D. S. M.," he quoted. Then smiling broadly, he indulged himself for ten minutes in the whimsical creation of the required document, writing in doggerel verse his theme and its specific argument.

When the writing was completed he tore the scribbled page from the pad before him, intending to destroy it, but his action was interrupted by a quick summons from one of the railroad crew on duty with the night yard gang.

"Lieutenant, Sarah Jane and Napoleon had a meet on the south ladder with a drag of empties that's got the main line blocked."

"Anybody hurt?"

"They ain't nobody hurt, but Red and Jim and both crews was fightin' each other when I left. Napoleon's in the ditch."

Napoleon and Sarah Jane were a couple of antique Belgian locomotives which were in service handling a minor part of the concentrated traffic of the congested yards. Napoleon was in the ditch, the main line of the P. & O. blocked, and a red-hot scrap to fix the responsibility was being enjoyed by one and all. In the casual emergency all thoughts of the D. S. M. letter from G. H. Q. were sidetracked. The loot headed into the night, and rallied a wrecking crew. He did not return to his office until noon on the following day.

In the interval, gathering up the daily grist of routine paper work, Wally Gill, the talented company clerk, came upon the letter from G. H. Q. which lay on the loot's desk. Beside it lay the scribbled citation which had been destined for destruction. Wally read the citation, and then, actuated by motives derived from a chronic inclination to play with whatever toys the A. E. F. afforded, he made a clean typewritten copy of the interesting document, attached it to the file from G. H. Q., and forwarded it by courier with the balance of his voluminous correspondence. As far as he was concerned, he seen his duty and he done it.

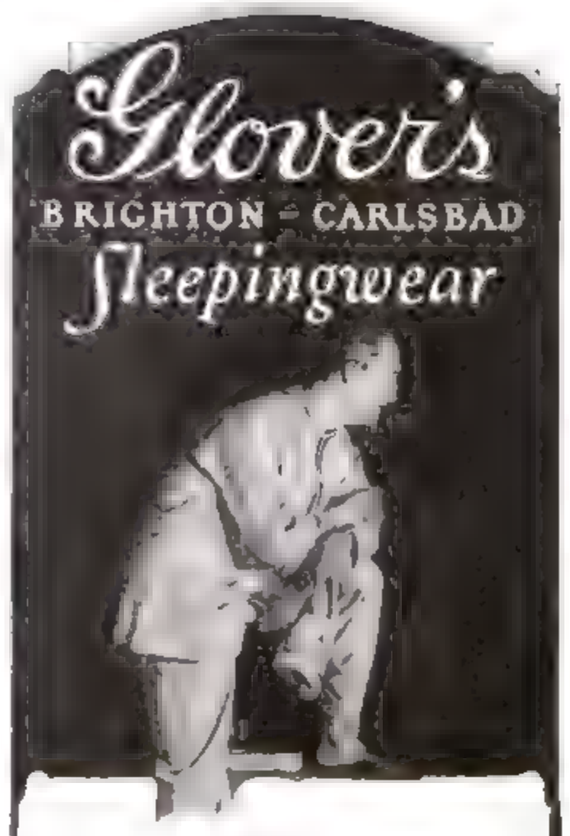
With this accomplished, the little fiend made it his business to forget the incident.

VI

WORKING at a furious pace, keeping abreast of the problem of handling supplies for a million men, the dock crews along the harbor, the main-line railroad gangs, and ten thousand men in the great supply depot hit the ball.

At first, swamped by incessant fleets of cargo ships, held down by a lack of construction material, it had seemed to the Gang that their end of the fight was a losing game, but after a while, with teamwork

(Continued on Page 177)



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HERE "where the West begins" we make sleepingwear for big-framed, broad-chested men. Roomy, generously sized—more cloth per garment! Made to give *real comfort* and to wear, wear, *wear!* It wasn't long before we found the East coming West to get it. "Never saw anything like it for comfort," they say, "and what's more, you have *style* that would do credit to the finest custom tailor!" Ask your favorite store for Glover's Brighton Carlsbad.

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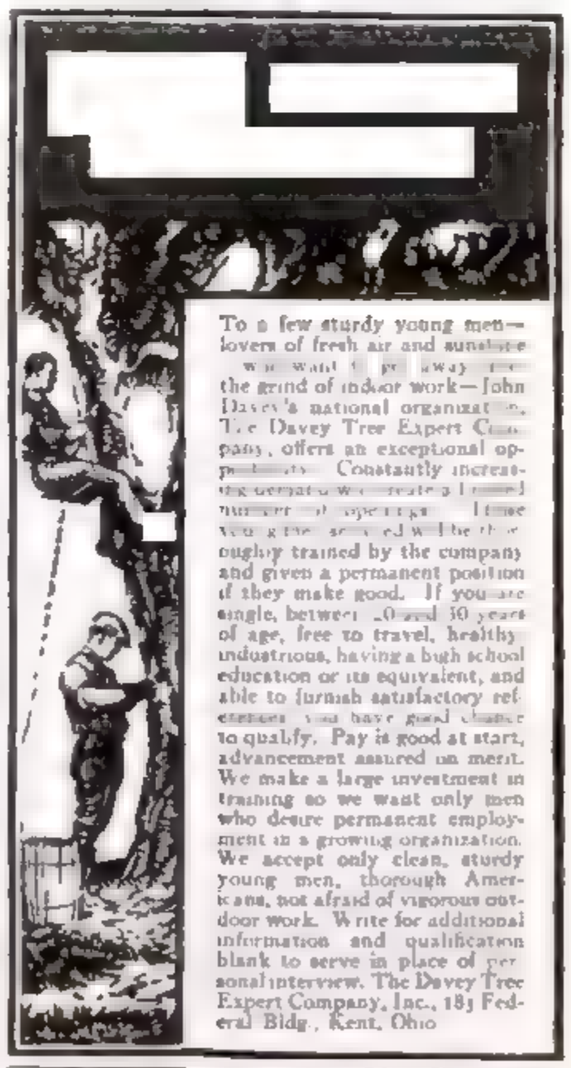

To a few sturdy young men—lovers of fresh air and sunshine who want [illegible] the grind of indoor work—John Davey's national organization, The Davey Tree Expert Company, offers an exceptional opportunity. Constantly increasing demand [illegible] number of openings. [illegible] young men selected will be thoroughly trained by the company and given a permanent position if they make good. If you are single, between 20 and 30 years of age, free to travel, healthy, industrious, having a high school education or its equivalent, and able to furnish satisfactory references you have good chance to qualify. Pay is good at start, advancement assured on merit. We make a large investment in training so we want only men who desire permanent employment in a growing organization. We accept only clean, sturdy young men, thorough Americans, not afraid of vigorous outdoor work. Write for additional information and qualification blank to serve in place of personal interview. The Davey Tree Expert Company, Inc., 183 Federal Bldg., Kent, Ohio

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REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
[illegible] Sizes Bottles at all Drug Stores

Keystone Standard Watch
A thin model beautifully made and cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss 14K gold-filled case. Can be had in either white or green. Dial is metal with raised numerals. Movement adjusted to five positions. Moderate price.

Again and again people say "How can such a watch be made to sell for 25 dollars - - - - - ?"

IT is the natural question to ask—for to all appearances the watch might just as well cost four times as much.

The $25 price is possible because of the determination of The Keystone Watch Case Company to put out a watch at this price and their unusual facilities for doing so. This Company, established in 1853, is well known to jewelers all over this country—in fact, their products are known all over the world. Their reputation has always been of the highest—their Jas. Boss case is famous in the jewelry trade.

Several years ago, they decided that there would be a large demand for a really good, well designed, accurate $25 watch. Their technical men got to work. The result was The Keystone Standard Watch.

It is a thin model, beautifully made and cased in the celebrated **Jas. Boss 14K** gold-filled case referred to above. It can be had in either white or green. The dial is metal with raised numerals.

Whether you are buying a watch for yourself, or as a gift, be sure to ask your jeweler to show you the Keystone Standard, for that is the watch you will select.

Meanwhile write for descriptive booklet.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere
If your jeweler does not have it, write us direct and give us his name. Made in America

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., *Established 1853* New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

(Continued from Page 175

and system, they had solved their problem. Now, by sustained and unrelenting effort the traffic was moving. Jealous of every hour, filling each crowded day with mounting records of work performed, the Gang and the laboring forces about them fought their fight against the march of time.

Into this clockwork a monkey wrench, hurled from G. H. Q., landed and stopped the works. Through base headquarters, straight from G. H. Q., there came a four-star order to assemble the troops on the warehouse job. "All A. E. F. troops in the camp will be paraded at 12 noon on the 17th inst."

That was that, and there was no getting away from it. On the specified date, the complicated battle of transportation must be interrupted by a slug of half-forgotten military stuff.

Reading his copy of the order assembling the troops, the loot, prompted by a guilty conscience, immediately sought Shorty. You never could tell about the D. C. I. gang. The loot's question was brief and direct: "Shorty, how much of that sugar have you got left?"

The grocery pilot answered without smiling. "As far as the sugar goes, we're nearly back to normalcy."

That was that, and all was well; nevertheless, the loot was worried, and then, remembering the ragged blue denim disguise which adorned the sugar engineer, he figured that recognition would be next to impossible, even if all the D. C. I. and all the downtrod German prisoners engaged in the search.

On the seventeenth the written order covering the assembly was confirmed by a series of telephone messages and telegrams. High above the normal noises which lifted from the bustling area of the warehouse project, there sounded a series of bugle calls. Then followed an epidemic of messengers and orderlies on popping motorcycles, chasing up and down the traffic lanes that intersected the railroad yards. At eleven o'clock, over the full length of the five-mile job, work was suspended. Trains were halted.

Companies and platoons and detachments of construction men began their march to the concentration area, where, temporarily, their discarded military bearings were to be resumed.

At twelve o'clock, across a wide expanse of open ground fronting the main highway through the camp, battalions and regiments were lined up, awaiting whatever was to come.

Then a mile down the road appeared a fleet of racing limousines, led by a car whose windshield was beveled into the plow that heralded the commanding general.

"Four stars; that's the big guy!"

Confirmation of the rumor was instantaneous.

The snowplow limousine halted with its following, and a rattle of commands sounded along the lines of assembled troops.

A jury of buglers, plugging a new act. Static and saliva.

A colonel who seemed to know the territory spoke one brief sentence to the four-star chief, and then the commanding general of the A. E. F. headed for the narrow space where the Gang stood at rigid attention.

The loot, rallying nobly, listened a moment to the colonel, who had run ahead of an approaching group of generals, and then he turned to the Gang: "Sergeant Goodwin—front and center!" and in a lower tone, explaining the military order with a home-grown command, "Shorty, come out here!"

From the line of file closers where he had been concealed, Shorty rambled into prominence, discarding en route all his military training, by ducking through the ranks. Orders was orders, and in spite of the army regulations, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

Nobody seemed to notice this trifling bit of fractured military etiquette, because, facing Shorty, stood the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The general was speaking. At first nobody heard what he said, but when he began to read from a document which he held in his hand his words rang clear. His face was grave, but some of the Gang, near enough to read his twinkling eyes, were able to confirm the general impression that here before them stood a kindly gentleman who could smile without showing it much.

"Sergeant Goodwin—citation! Forwarded by your commanding officer; approved by Commanding General, A. E. F.

"As K. O. acting for our Cap,
That got laid out by flu,
I recommend one hero
As required by G. H. Q.

"To get the D. S. Medal
I herewith nominate
The cook that almost camouflaged
The goldfish that we ate.

"Sergeant Goodwin, known as Shorty,
Is the designated man;
He kept our Gang from boarding
On the European Plan.

"He bolstered up the java
When it was on the blink,
And gave it the authority
That made it fit to drink.

"He worked two red-hot griddles
And changed our daily bread
From soggy punk to hot cakes,
With sirup thickly spread.

"From what the doctors tell us,
When we got soaked with flu
These decorated rations
Were reserves that pulled us through.

"Whatever we accomplished
In the grub-damned S. O. S.
Was due to Shorty Goodwin—
He's a million, nothing less.

"Hell to Breakfast! was his motto,
And he rode it all the way;
The Distinguished Sirup Medal
From the grateful U. S. A!"

The general finished the text of the citation. He lifted his eyes, and in them now the Gang could read a compact of comradeship and a pledge of faith.

He made one step toward Shorty and stooped over until he could reach down to the medal winner's bulging chest. Then, with a quick gesture he fixed the Distinguished Service Medal upon the faded fabric of Shorty's ragged denim blouse.

A kindly phrase to Shorty, the quick formalities of departure, and before the Gang could relax the general and his aides in the fleet of racing motor cars were half a mile out of camp.

Discarding all traces of his military training, Shorty walked over to the loot, who met him with outstretched hand.

"Loot, what do you think of that?"

When the tumult of congratulations had quieted, Shorty attempted to describe his impressions: "I been in one circus or another all my life, but I'll tell the cock-eyed world this is the three-ringed-est war I ever fought into. I thought he was fixin' to hang me; now I don't give a hang if he does!"

2 weeks is ample for a vacation in Colorado

—and the cost is surprisingly low

Some day, you tell yourself, you are going to "knock off" and have a real vacation—one month, three months, six months.

But somehow tomorrow's vacations never seem to come. And today's opportunities will never come again.

Even though you have only two weeks this summer, don't cheat yourself with an ordinary near-to-home vacation.

You can easily make those two weeks a *real* vacation. A vacation to talk about, a vacation to remember. A vacation of rich, worth-while experiences.

Come to Colorado—the home of Rocky Mountain National (Estes) Park, the Colorado Springs-Pike's Peak region, Denver's Mountain Parks, and a hundred other wonderspots to which travelers come from all over the world to visit. No American can know his own America until he has seen the phenomena of Colorado's glorious Rockies.

Two weeks is ample. Colorado, centrally located, is easily and quickly reached from any point.

And a Colorado vacation will cost you little or no more than an ordinary near-to-home vacation. The special Burlington excursion fares reduce the regular rate to a surprisingly low figure. And you can get very low priced accommodations in Colorado—board and lodgings from $17.50 a week up to whatever your requirements may be.

On your Burlington ticket you can go on to Yellowstone Park or Glacier Park at slight additional cost.

Come to Colorado *on the Burlington*. For the pleasures of your vacation begin the moment you step aboard your Burlington train. Superb equipment, perfect roadbed, courteous and thoughtful attention to every detail, will make your trip enjoyable.

This year the Burlington offers you a choice of two ways of making this delightful trip: 1. On a regular summer excursion ticket, planning your own trip. 2. With a Burlington Personally Escorted Tour party, paying all expenses in a lump sum and having all travel details taken care of by an experienced travel expert who accompanies you all the way. On the coupon, check the type of trip that interests you.

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Please send me booklet describing Seattle and the Vacation Wonderland.

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AN AMERICAN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN

Continued from Page 21

who, between her duties in the house, cooked the boy's meals, made his kimonos and cared for her children. The furniture generally consisted of four *tatami*, the thick straw mats which served for seats by day and beds at night; a six-inch-high table on which they ate their rice; a couple of *tansu*, which were brass-bound chests of drawers made in sections of two drawers each with brass rings to carry them by, slung on a pole, when the family moved; and a small household shrine affixed on a high shelf.

The servants' day began about five, when they rose to heat our bath, clean the house and prepare and serve our breakfast; but at nine they disappeared into their own quarters, and it took a diligent ringing of the bell to bring one of them out again during the next two hours. Over *shichirin*—tiny little earthenware charcoal braziers—the women boiled rice for the *asahan*—breakfast—while the children scurried about getting ready for school, and the men stretched out on the *tatami* to ruin their eyes over the fine print of Japanese newspapers. There were no Thursdays off for the servants. They worked week in, week out; but each evening they took turns at going down to the public baths, leaving one on guard to answer the bell from the house; and when they were back, refreshed, I could hear the pretty table amah, who was reputed to have trained for a geisha but had left to keep house for an Englishman, plucking her samisen and singing plaintive minor melodies in her high-pitched voice. The Japanese admire exaggerated falsetto, but Matsu San, in an impassioned love song, sounded to me exactly like a pig caught under a gate.

Ah Ching in a Temper

White servants lead a miserable existence in Japan, for they have no one to associate with. Occasionally a foreign nurse or governess will travel out with a family, but they rarely stick to it long. One English family made a record by keeping their Nannie for six years. They did it by catering to Nannie like a millionaire maiden aunt; in fact, the man of the house used to escort Nannie, sedate in her bonnet with long streamers, to the rare performances of traveling road companies at the Gaiety while his wife stayed home with the babies. Nannie was always the pink of decorum on these little outings, but she refused to accept a ticket to go alone, as it was "too lonesomelike."

As I mentioned earlier, a friend of my husband engaged my first servants for him before I arrived in Japan. The nucleus of the staff was Ah Ching, the Chinese baby amah; she was assisted by Ah Lin, the second baby amah, and a hybrid cook, half Japanese and half Chinese, who served as international link between the Chinese women and a Japanese boy and his wife, who was the coolie amah, or Cinderella, of the establishment. There were also two Japanese *kurumayas*, but as they lived outside in the village, they were never really one of the little clique that ruled us.

The house servants, although they came most highly recommended, were a rare lot, and all passed on their several ways before the year was out.

I liked Ah Ching at first on account of her benign appearance. Her deeply wrinkled face shone with honesty and benevolence, her scanty black hair was fastened back in its braided loop with respectable gold clasps and she wore immaculate blue blouses over her black silk trousers. Moreover, she kotowed to me as though I were the Queen of Sheba, flattering me abominably and cooing over the baby like a doting grandmother whenever I was in the room.

Unfortunately, after a few weeks I discovered that she and the cook were consuming Dana San's beer at a great rate, while evenings, in her little room, Ah Ching was apt to be in a stuporous state which I was not sure whether to attribute to beer or opium; so I began to look around for another amah. In a day or two something happened which caused me to dismiss Ah Ching without ceremony. Returning early from a tea on account of a sudden headache, I came home, unknown to the servants, and glanced out of my window into the garden, where Ah Ching was just seating herself on a bench with the baby and a nursing bottle. She thrust the bottle into the baby's mouth without first testing the temperature; evidently it was scalding hot, for the poor child screamed and thrust it away. Whereupon Ah Ching, with an ugly expression worthy of a devil straight from hell, began beating the baby.

Ten minutes later she loaded her bundles into a hastily summoned ricksha and we saw Ah Ching no more.

Kitchen Squeeze

Ah Lin, the second baby amah, was young, fat, phlegmatic and good-natured, so that the babies liked her, and she stayed with us until cold weather came. With the first cold winds Ah Lin's presence became first subtly, then openly, finally overwhelmingly, pervasive. A little intimate investigation disclosed that Ah Lin, putting on everything she owned, had sewed herself up for the winter in fur-lined trousers and blouse. She said she would catch cold if she took a bath; I retorted that I should suffocate if she did not. We parted company.

The half-breed cook was a wizened little man, perfectly bald, with his skin stretched tightly like yellow parchment over his skull, and a sly toothless smile. His cooking was excellent, but his *kanjos*—household accounts—which he brought me neatly written in phonetic English with a pidgin-English flavor, such as "rabster" for "lobster," added up to totals that were enormous.

As I learned the current prices from other women residents, I began to protest, with the result that Cook San became very contemptuous of my niggardly spirit and informed me he was leaving because he could not make enough to support his family. I was paying the old rascal forty yen a month, the price he had stipulated himself, but he said to me coolly, "I have six children, Okusan, and as I only make one hundred and fifty yen a month here I cannot set up my eldest son in business; so I wish to go elsewhere to make more money."

He suggested that he might remain if I would make an effort to entertain more lavishly, allowing him to make a larger

squeeze; but I did not feel inclined to support him in the style he was accustomed to, so he, too, went his way.

My original house staff had now dwindled, like the Ten Little Indians, to the boy and his wife.

Suzuki had a villainous face and a lazy disposition, but was always cheerful and polite, and managed his wife so well that she did most of his work in addition to her own; so the house was not conspicuously neglected. Also he amused me considerably, and we are always inclined to be tolerant toward persons who add to the gayety of life; so Suzuki stayed with me nearly a year.

He began working for me in the summer, wearing dignified black silk kimono and white *tabi* when on duty. Gradually the weather grew colder, till one November morning, when I went downtown shopping, there was a real nip in the air. Returning about noon, I rang at the door, and received a decided shock when the door was opened by Suzuki, bowing obsequiously, but clad in a brand-new fleece-lined union suit.

Suspecting that the man was drunk on sake, I shut myself up in the library until my husband came home for tiffin a few minutes later, when I told him the incident, asking him to rebuke Suzuki properly. He rang the bell, and in an instant Suzuki presented himself at the library door, still in his boudoir costume.

"Look here, Suzuki," began Dana San firmly, "don't you ever dare to answer a bell in this house without being properly dressed!"

Suzuki's Authority

Freed from the wonted hobbles of his kimono, Suzuki fairly launched himself across the room. I was sure he was about to assault Dana San with some jiujitsu hold. Instead, he pulled up by the table, snatched a copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, flipped over the pages rapidly and extended toward us a double-page advertisement of airy gentlemen promenading, attired in a well-known brand of underwear.

"See, Dana San!" cried Suzuki dramatically. "Bell ring, me all dressed. New clothes all the same Merican, Dana San. Very *hi kara!*"

"*Hi kara*" is Japanese slang, corrupted from "high collar," and refers to the days when Japanese dudes, first affecting European clothes, found linen collars high but uncomfortable after centuries of wearing open-throated kimonas.

Hence "*hi kara*" is anything chic and imported; to Suzuki his new union suits, being the latest thing in winter clothes, as testified by fashion plates, were extremely "*hi kara*."

Of course, Suzuki took a great interest in my social career, for it gave him vicarious prestige at the nightly gossip in the bathhouse to be able to retail that his Okusan visited with the best families. Yokohama society was formerly made up of resident representatives of the firms whose offices were in the Settlement at the foot of the Bluff, a man's social standing being largely determined by the reputation of his firm. The aristocracy of the American contingent was invariably headed by the wife of the manager of an American corporation who lived, not on the Bluff but in the beautiful apartment over the offices in the large white building at Number 8 Bund.

When I gave my first large tea Suzuki appeared much gratified to learn that this lady had accepted. Dressed in his best kimono, his hair pungently pomaded, an ingratiating smile on his face, he made a point of serving first the table at which sat this lady. In his eagerness, his long sleeve caught on a chair, he slipped and the cakes went rolling over the floor. It was a dismaying moment for a hostess, but I still had the ability to

(Continued on Page 181)

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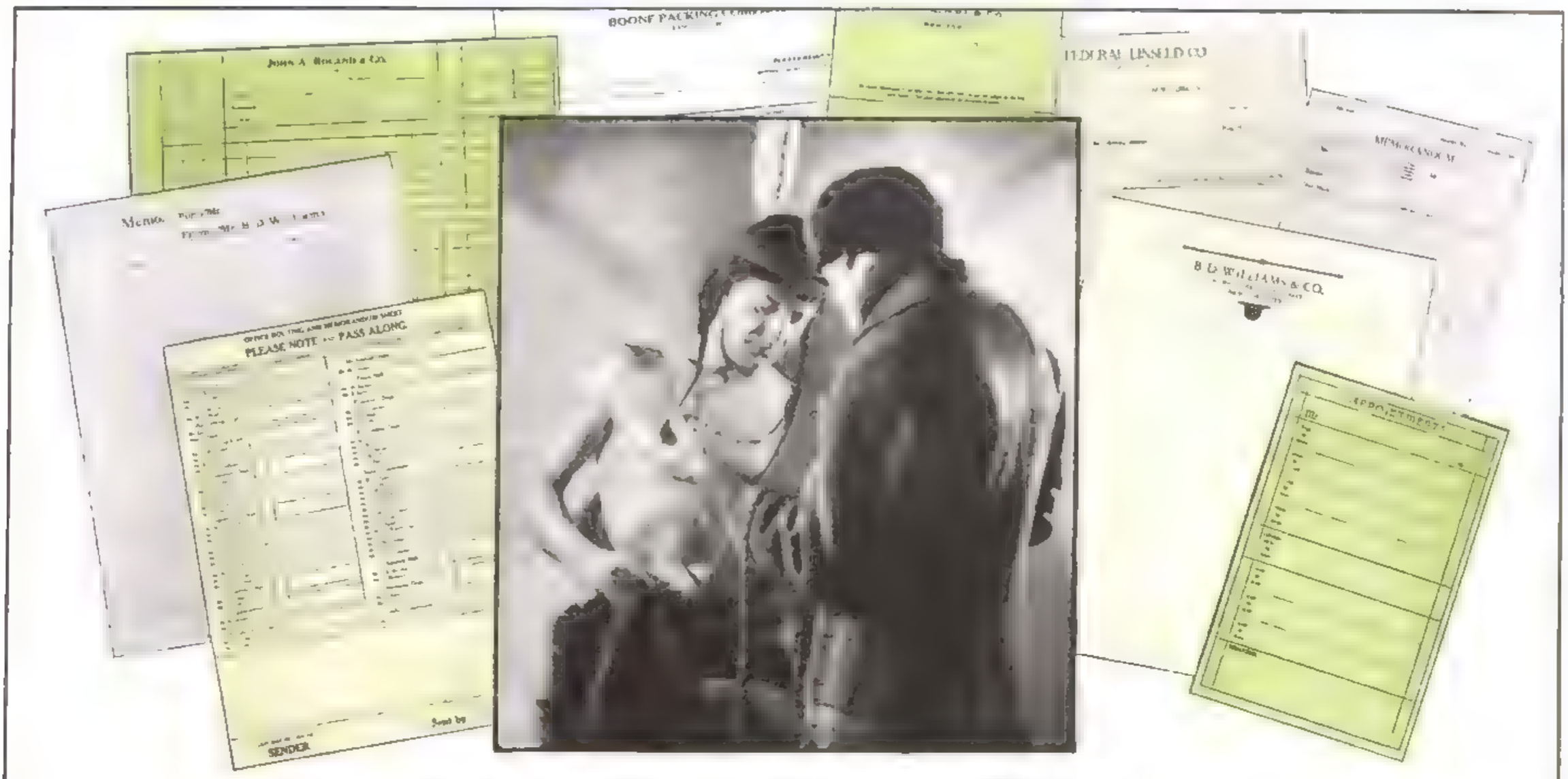

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(Continued from Page 178)

sympathize inwardly with Suzuki; inwardly and needlessly, for he was quite equal to the situation.

Hastily ducking around among the table legs, Suzuki snatched up the cakes, dusted each one fastidiously on his sleeve, rearranged them on the plate, and with a deep bow presented them to the lady.

Need I say that, being very much a lady, she smiled graciously and took one? I even think she would have martyred herself by eating it if I had not begged her to throw it in the open fire.

Tome, the boy's wife, was a pitiful little woman, although she never seemed to think her life hard. Being coolie amah, she was up at five every morning to make the fire for our bath, scrub down the stairs and halls, and do the upstairs work, once the family was up. She also kept house for herself and Suzuki and Tadao, their four-year-old boy, in their quarters in the compound, cooking their meals, making and laundering all their clothes and looking after the child. As if this were not enough to occupy one small woman, Suzuki had her trained to do all his work except the actual answering of the bell and waiting on table. It was Tome who polished all the silver, rubbed up the brasses, arranged the flowers, ironed the table linen and cut sandwiches at night, after the cook had gone to sleep, for evening card parties.

Up at five, she never went to bed before midnight, yet all day long she smiled and trotted on never-wearied feet, with time to stop for a minute's play with my babies, whom she adored. She was so tiny that my year-and-a-half-old baby reached above her waist, but when in the late afternoon she slipped down the hill to the bath she would *ombu* her great four-year-old Tadao on her back, because if she made him walk he yelled and beat her with his fists. Japanese menfolk learn early to exact service from their women.

One day I noticed that Tadao was not playing in the garden. Tome, when questioned, said he had hurt himself in a fall, so I sent for a doctor, paying the bill myself. Tome told me the doctor said the child should lie quiet for several days, and as she demurred when I offered to visit him, and it was not customary to intrude in the servants' quarters, the affair dragged on another couple of days.

Vigilance of the Police

Finally I went out to see the little chap in spite of Tome's protestations, and found him lying on the *tatami*, burning with fever, gasping for breath, raving hoarsely in delirium. Even before the hastily summoned health authorities arrived, I recognized that the child had diphtheria; and Tome admitted to the efficient health physician, who took both of them off to the isolation hospital, that she had known it herself. In her ignorance, she had had no conception of the terrible risk she subjected my babies to by going straight from her sick child to fondle them.

When I supervised the fumigation of her room I found an astonishing quantity of nice things from my house tucked away; so I told Suzuki that he had better leave at the end of the month. Because, as a result of what he considered to be an unwarranted investigation of his room, Tome had been quarantined, forcing him to do his own work, Suzuki was quite peevish and flatly refused to be fired. I had to call a police officer to eject him and silence his threats of revenge—and learned from the white-gloved Junsa San that he was a thoroughly disreputable fellow with a long police record.

The Japanese police have a difficult problem in protecting foreigners from this unscrupulous class of English-speaking servants, many of whom have police records, and most of whom are dishonest. They could not obtain a position with a Japanese family, and are only found in port cities like Kobe and Yokohama, where they organize in guilds and conspire together to get high wages and sinecure positions.

A friend of mine hired a large house with its staff of servants; then went to the mountains for the summer with her children, leaving the servants to keep house for her husband. After her return a few months later a police officer called to bring her a number of things—amber beads, valuable vases and old brocades.

"Why, where did you get these?" she asked. "I had not even missed them."

"We noticed them in the possession of a man formerly your servant, but dismissed by your husband, so we took them away from him," answered the Junsa San, demonstrating the strict supervision exercised by the Japanese police on suspicious characters.

Until one learned to speak Japanese, one was at the mercy of this clique of servants. Letters of recommendation meant absolutely nothing, for they were pooled, to be borrowed from the head of the guild whenever an applicant set out to procure a position. Foreign Okusans frequently were handed by a new servant a "character" which they themselves had written years before for quite a different individual.

Country-Bred Servants

Foreigners who tried to keep the rascals within bounds were apt to find themselves servantless, while if they discharged an employe without a good letter of recommendation they would be boycotted.

One American woman was chased out of her kitchen by the cook with a carving knife because she had complained about his work. Her husband ordered the man off the place summarily, and for six weeks, till they could obtain some servants from China, they were boycotted. Not a servant would go near them, and the lady had plenty of time to learn the ins and outs of her own kitchen.

Petty blackmail was another profitable avocation of some of these servants, as through their underground intelligence system they kept accurate tabs on all the doings of the Bluff, even the most harmless.

One morning at seven I saw the Empress of Asia lying off the breakwater, having come in during the night, although she was not due till noon. Some friends of ours were on board, so we decided to have breakfast on the ship with them. We dressed, left the house without being seen, and walked down to the pier two miles away; yet when we came off the ship after breakfast our two ricksha men were waiting for us.

"How on earth did you know where I was?" I asked of Usui.

"Very easy, Okusan. I asked other ricksha man who had seen you pass till I learned from the last that you were on the ship."

My last English-speaking servant—for as soon as I could speak Japanese I would have nothing but country-bred natives—was Kiku San, who had had hospital training in a mission and was reputed to be the best baby amah in Japan. Every night she sang the babies to sleep with Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild, while I, listening, would congratulate myself on having found such a nice Christian successor to Ah Ching, who smoked opium and beat the baby.

Because of her command of English, Kiku had traveled quite a bit with various families; and as she was very pretty and commanded extra high wages, she had been besieged with suitors. Apparently she acquired a new husband in every place where she sojourned, but she committed a fatal error in giving up traveling to stay with me in Yokohama, for her assorted husbands were hot on her trail and three of them caught up with her.

They arrived in my kitchen one evening simultaneously and celebrated the reunion by a rough-and-tumble fight with knives over the potential apportionment of Kiku's wages. During the fracas Kiku—with the wages—disappeared.

It is a great pity that this dubious fraternity has grown up in the port cities, because it lends a lurid tinge to the foreigner's impression of Japan. And it is particularly deplorable because the foreigners themselves are so largely responsible for it.

Townsend Harris and all the foreigners of all nationalities who have followed his lead in paying small wages to their servants undoubtedly introduced the dishonest custom of making a squeeze out of the household bills.

Arrogant Europeans, fresh from residence in India or China, where a kick was a command and it was considered necessary to keep the natives in hand by harsh treatment, disgusted the gentle Japanese, who consider it obligatory themselves to treat a servant kindly; so that only the riffraff cared to take service under the foreigners.

All these causes have contributed to bring into being a class of servants shunned and despised by the Japanese, watched with apprehension by the police and anathematized by the foreigners whom they serve.

It is only after one has learned to speak and understand the native language, employing genuine Japanese servants with no foreign training, that they can know how truly efficient, comfortable and loyal Japanese servants can be.

Japanese is a difficult language to master, but it was well worth the hours I spent upon it, for the many advantages it gave me. Through knowing Japanese I learned to appreciate many of the good points of Japanese character that otherwise might have escaped me; by speaking the language I saved much money; and through its knowledge I was freed from the tyranny of the English-speaking servants I have described.

But it was no easy task. I spent at least an hour a day for four years under the supervision of teachers, and practiced diligently upon tradesmen, servants and acquaintances I scraped in the villages. At various times I have studied French, German, Italian and Finnish, not to mention Latin; but Japanese was by far the most difficult of any, for after four years I had made just about as much progress as a Japanese schoolboy in the sixth grade, whereas an equal study of any other tongue would have made me as fluent at speaking and writing as a native.

Learning the Language

The written language, of course, is far harder to master than the oral, for while a Japanese taking up English has only twenty-six letters of the alphabet to learn, the American who studies Japanese must become acquainted first with two elementary alphabets of forty-six syllables each before he is ready to commence the study of writing the nine thousand-odd characters in the Japanese dictionary.

The worst of it is that each of those nine thousand words is a separate picture made up of from two to sixteen brush strokes, and if you misplace a line by a hairbreadth you have misspelled the word. The Japanese laid in a large consignment of trouble for themselves when they borrowed the Chinese idea of picture writing!

When I first plunged into the vagaries of Japanese writing I thanked my stars for one time in my life that I was born a woman, for there is a special simplified syllabary called "hiragana" which is used by women and "other uneducated persons" in place of the complicated Chinese characters. Japanese newspapers and popular books are printed in parallel columns of Chinese characters, with translation into hiragana.

I used to love the paraphernalia of my writing lessons—the thin rice paper in long rolls, the ink stone with its hollowed well for water in which one moistened the stick of perfumed ink before rubbing up a supply on the stone, and the fine-hair brushes held daintily between thumb and forefinger, which were shaped to a point between the lips. Whenever I see Japanese writing now I can still taste reminiscently the sweet gritty flavor of the ink on my brush.

My first teacher was a refined Japanese widow whom I had to discharge regretfully

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Name

because her breeding was so perfect that she could not bring herself to correct my glaring mistakes. She was followed by a reporter from a leading Japanese newspaper, who spent most of his time picking up English from me and writing articles about me in the newspapers. From their length and frequency I judged that Hirose San was a correspondent on space rates. Through his impassioned press-agenting, my life was made miserable dodging enterprising news photographers. Fortunately he was promoted to a post in another city, so I had to get another teacher.

Sakimoto proved to be an excellent master, and I made much progress under him. He claimed to be of ancient samurai family and was a retired army sergeant. Top sergeants the world over are distinguished by the same stern manner, loud voice and passion for perfection in details. Under his biting castigations I used to feel about ten years old and hopelessly stupid, but I learned. Sakimoto, swaggering in with his fierce mustache, black-and-white summer kimono, fan stuck in his obi, saw to it that I learned Japanese.

The Japanese, in all honesty, should admit frankly that their language is in reality four separate languages; but of course they never will, because it gives them too good an opportunity to crow over the brash foreigner who undertakes to learn their tongue. It is not a difference of etymology, but of courtesy, that distinguishes the various forms. You must learn four ways of saying the same simple remark—the manner for addressing a servant, an equal, a superior and court language. I balked at the last, for as the emperor and I did not move in the same circles, I felt I would not have much opportunity to use it; but I did learn the others, and what a difference it made in my reception as I went around the country. People were so much more inclined to grant a request made in polite language!

I remember once making an unexpected trip to the mountains, with no time to engage a seat on the train. I reached the platform just as the train pulled out, leaping onto the step as my porter threw my large valise after me. It was a second-class carriage filled to suffocation with a holiday crowd, augmented by a batch of conscripts going up for their term of service. Every seat was taken, aisle filled, and the overflow so packed the platform that the guard was unable to close the door.

Japanese Courtesy

Wedged beside me was a man holding a large child in his arms, so I suggested politely, in my best language, that I should put my valise at his feet, which would serve as a seat for his child. All through the crowd I caught admiring compliments on my language; not that it was anything extra, but that it was unusual for a foreigner to speak thus courteously; and presently word was passed down the car from mouth to mouth that if the foreigner lady would edge inside a man would give her his seat. My neighbor offered to guard my baggage, so I accepted, realizing that the favor was extended purely because I had made a commonplace remark couched in courteous words.

The secret of courtesy in Japanese is redundancy; the more you can spin out a phrase the politer you are. For instance, to ask simply "Have you?" to a coolie, you might say "*Aru ka?*" To a shopkeeper or one of the family it would be "*Arimasu ka?*" While to a guest or superior one must dress the phrase up to "*de gosaimasen ka?*" Complicate that by adding a honorific prefix to every noun, inflecting every adjective or adverb, and tacking declensions and polite suffixes on each verb, and you will see that chatting in Japanese is a very lively sort of mental gymnastics, especially as every reference to yourself or your belongings must be deprecatory while the other fellow's possessions are superlatively lauded.

It would never do to take a Japanese literally in what he says about himself. A Japanese of my acquaintance, showing some photographs to an American friend of mine, remarked as a picture of himself came up, "You see, I am very ugly and awkward," much to the foreigner's surprise, as he was really a very handsome chap; but the foreigner was not used to the Japanese custom of self-depreciation.

It was hard at first to catch the correct Nipponese accent, which, to make an Irish bull, consists of no accent at all, for we Americans accent certain syllables of each word so decidedly. One Japanese puzzled us for a long time by asking the location of Chat-*tan*-oo-ga, Ten-*ness*-ee. Chat-tan-*oo*-ga, Tenn-ess-*ee*, sounds quite differently, as you will see if you pronounce them as indicated.

And the most trying of all were the numerous Japanese words that sound alike. "*Seppuku suru*" means to commit hara-kiri, and "*seppun suru*" means to kiss. Imagine therefore the consternation of the little geisha girl to whom a young American announced that he intended to rip himself open before her eyes, when he merely meant that her beauty moved him to kiss her!

Fundoshi are the bright red loin cloths which in summer constitute the chief costume of the Japanese male at home or in the fields; *budoshi* is wine. There were many smiles around the table at an elaborate dinner party of the Bluff when the charming hostess ordered the boy to bring two more *fundoshi!*

Toothpicks at Four

But that was nothing to Dana San's annoyance, after I had carried out my idea of having no servants who understood the English. Starting out for a game of tennis one day, he requested the cook to have tea ready at four o'clock—*yo ji*. When he returned hot and tired, looking forward to refreshment, there was no tea and no cook. The cook had gone downtown to buy the toothpicks—*yoji*—which Dana San had so unexpectedly ordered

When I had progressed to the point where I could look up a number in the Japanese telephone book, and get the number successfully from Central, I was justly jubilant, as all my friends gave it up as a bad job, content to have a clerk or servant do the telephoning for them.

My babies, of course, picked the language up like magic from their amahs; in fact, my youngest, born in Japan, never would learn English and came back to America utterly unintelligible to his grandparents and aunts. It was an innocent language for their baby lips, because there are no swear words in Japanese. "*Baka*"—fool—is as insulting a word as can be used, and the worst curse a coolie from the dockyards can shout after his enemy is, roughly translated: "I'll cut your liver out and send it to sea in a boat!"

However, the rougher class of ricksha men used to delight in a play on words to express their disgust when a foreigner preferred to walk instead of riding in a ricksha. "*Rikusha, rikisha!*" they would shout wheedlingly as the foreigner approached; but when he had passed, making it plain that he was not a prospective customer, they would change the tune to "*Chikusho, chikusho!*" which means "hairy devil" and is quite a deadly insult. However, as it usually went over the head of the non-Japanese-speaking foreigner, their triumph was small.

Speaking of ricksha men, there was a dentist, an American dentist, who picked up a little of the lingo, and heard that sarcasm was more potent than curses with the Japanese. One rainy night, about five miles from home, when his ricksha man was trotting rather slowly, he tried it out.

"I presume you are sick, since you go so slowly," he remarked with sarcastic emphasis.

The ricksha man promptly dropped the shafts and sat down by the roadside.

"Since I am sick," he replied with equal sarcasm, "I had better not risk my strength in hauling such a fat man."

(Continued on Page 185)

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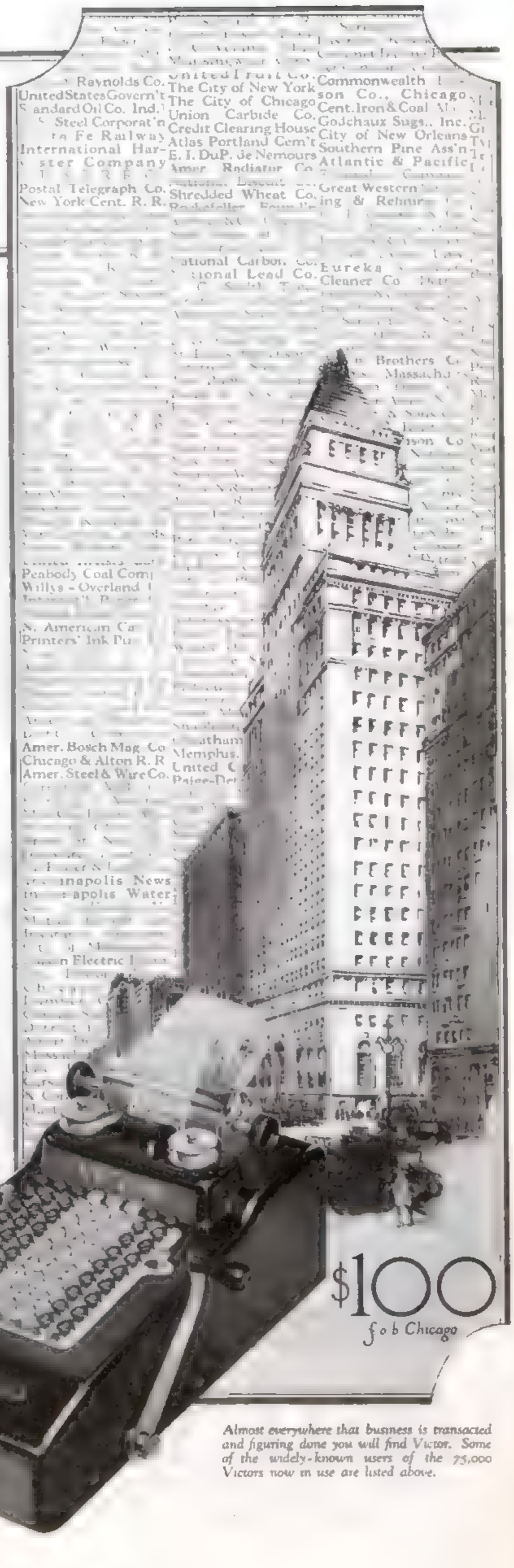

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(Continued from Page 182)

And the dentist walked home five miles in the mud.

For thirty-five yen a month Usui, my *kurumaya*, pulled me cheerfully over stony roads, in wet weather or fair, from eight in the morning till late at night. We supplied his uniform of white cotton for the summer, blue for winter. It consisted of tight blue trousers, a waist-length kimono with wide sleeves, a strange garment shaped like a fencer's plastron with a marsupial pouch in which Usui kept his lunch, tobacco and pipe, newspapers and money; and a large straw hat with my monogram embroidered on its cloth cover. Cotton *tabi*, with a pocket for the great toe and corrugated rubber soles, completed the outfit.

In winter, Usui ran ankle-deep through freezing slush and mud; in summer, he climbed steep hills at noon with the thermometer over a hundred and the humidity so great that mere walking was too much of an exertion for me. He was as hard as nails, as seasoned as a Napoleonic grenadier. Hailing from sturdy peasant stock of the mountains, he was unusually ugly even by Japanese standards, for his nose was broad and flat between his high cheek bones; but his eyes and smile glorified his face.

He would never admit that he was tired. One day he pulled me at his mile-eating dogtrot seven miles out into the country, climbed two miles up a hill and back to carry my lunch box; and trotted home again—total, eighteen miles between eight and three o'clock. I dressed, on returning home, to go to a tea at a house nearly two miles distant, sending an amah surreptitiously to the nearest corner to call me a public ricksha man, for I felt Usui had done enough for the day.

As I came out of the front door I heard sounds of strife—Usui was fighting with the public conveyancer because no one else had any business pulling Usui's Okusan! He took me triumphantly to the tea and back again; protested he was not in the least tired when I tried to scold him, and begged me to let him pull me to Tokio and back, eighteen miles each way, to prove his prowess!

One rainy day on the steep hill of Yatozaka he undoubtedly saved my life. A fine mist had covered the road with viscous mud; halfway down Usui slipped. At the foot of the hill was a sharp turn in the road because a canal ran at right angles to the hill. It seemed that I, buttoned in behind curtains, with no chance to jump, must be hurled into the water to drown.

Usui's Courageous Act

Usui was running headlong, his feet touching the ground in immense bounds, fighting to pull down the shafts, for the runaway ricksha, its equilibrium on the single axle lost in his stumble, threatened to overturn backwards at each revolution of the spinning wheels. With herculean wrenches of his muscular shoulders, Usui turned the ricksha bit by bit till he had it pointing toward the window of a little florist's shop that projected from the roadside. There was no way that he could overcome the tremendous momentum and stop the ricksha without dropping the shafts, which would have abandoned me to a fearful fall, so he deliberately steered himself head-on, at full speed, into the plate-glass window, not even lifting his hands from the shafts to protect his face.

There was a terrific crash. Glass splintered in all directions; Usui and the ricksha wallowed knee-deep in pottery and cut flowers. Our wild flight was ended. His face streaming blood, hands and arms badly cut, Usui turned to unbutton the curtains that imprisoned me.

"Is Okusan hurt?" was his first question. And then—"Okusan, I am humbly ashamed of my clumsiness. I have broken this man's window, but you must take the money from my wages to replace it."

Poor Usui, untutored barbarian! He had never heard of Carnegie medals; it never dawned upon his simple soul that he might claim praise or reward for saving my life; instead he overwhelmed me with gratitude because I paid for the new window myself. His cup of joy was full when I told him that if he would exchange his old ricksha for a new one I would pay half and advance him the rest, to be repaid at his convenience; for the highest ambition of a *kurumaya* is to own his machine. They cost several hundred yen, so most *kurumayas* either rent one or purchase it on such exorbitant terms that by the time it is paid for the ricksha is worn out.

With a shiny new ricksha equipped with velvet cushions, oilcloth curtains and pneumatic tires Usui felt like a king.

He was the mainspring of the household machinery, performing errands or running chits innumerable, pulling me to teas, shopping, dinners and balls. If I played golf he caddied for me; at tennis he picked up balls with a will and deplored my poor strokes more than I did. He took the babies for outings, washed windows, tinkered at odd jobs of mending, and pervaded the whole establishment with his spirit of willing service.

Together, Usui and I scoured the countryside within a radius of twenty miles, and even made long trips into the interior; he knew intuitively the kind of things I loved to see—beautiful views, old temples, quaint wayside shrines.

A Shinto Christening

On walking trips he laid aside his livery and appeared proudly in an old uniform cap acquired goodness knows where. It sat grotesquely on his cropped head, but gave him such an air of authority that I had not the heart to make him discard it. Carrying my luggage like a featherweight, he could always give me a hand over steep places on the trail. When we arrived at a native inn Usui unpacked my luggage like a French lady's maid; ordered my supper, supervising its preparation himself; bullied the servants to give me first bath in the public pool; and stood guard at the door in deference to my peculiar predilection for bathing alone. The last thing at night, my *shoji* would be gently pushed back and in would come Usui in his bare feet, fresh and clean from his own bath, to tuck the *futon* closely around me, sprinkle flea powder in a magic circle, arrange the *kaya*, or green mosquito net, and retire murmuring like a motherly old nurse, "*O Yasumi nasai, Okusan*"—"Sleep well, mistress."

Life with Usui in attendance was a thing of bliss; I was wrapped in solicitous comfort like an incubator baby in cotton wool; and often, lying dreamily on the soft *tatami* after the twenty-mile walk, I would wonder sleepily if once upon a time I had not been a lady of old Japan and Usui my staunch retainer.

March brought the cherry blossoms, when all the world went a-picnicking under the pale pink canopies, and I never could tell which of the many famous cherry-viewing spots was the loveliest, though I tried them all.

We saw a Shinto christening one day in cherry-blossom time. Up the long flight of stairs, guarded on either side by quaint stone lions, toiled a little procession headed by the father and two older sons, all dressed in black silk kimonos, with white crests on back and sleeves. In the next place of honor, behind the menfolks, came a proud old grandmother, her wrinkled face beaming, her thin hair smoothed back above bright black eyes; she bore the infant in her arms.

My own babies were all christened in a family robe five generations old, but their elegance was nothing compared to this Japanese baby's.

He wore a tiny kimono of brightly flowered silk crêpe, pink and green and yellow maple leaves on a purple ground. I know it sounds gaudy, especially with an obi of bright green added; but the Japanese handle colors as skillfully as Nature on her own palette, and the effect was as pleasing as a

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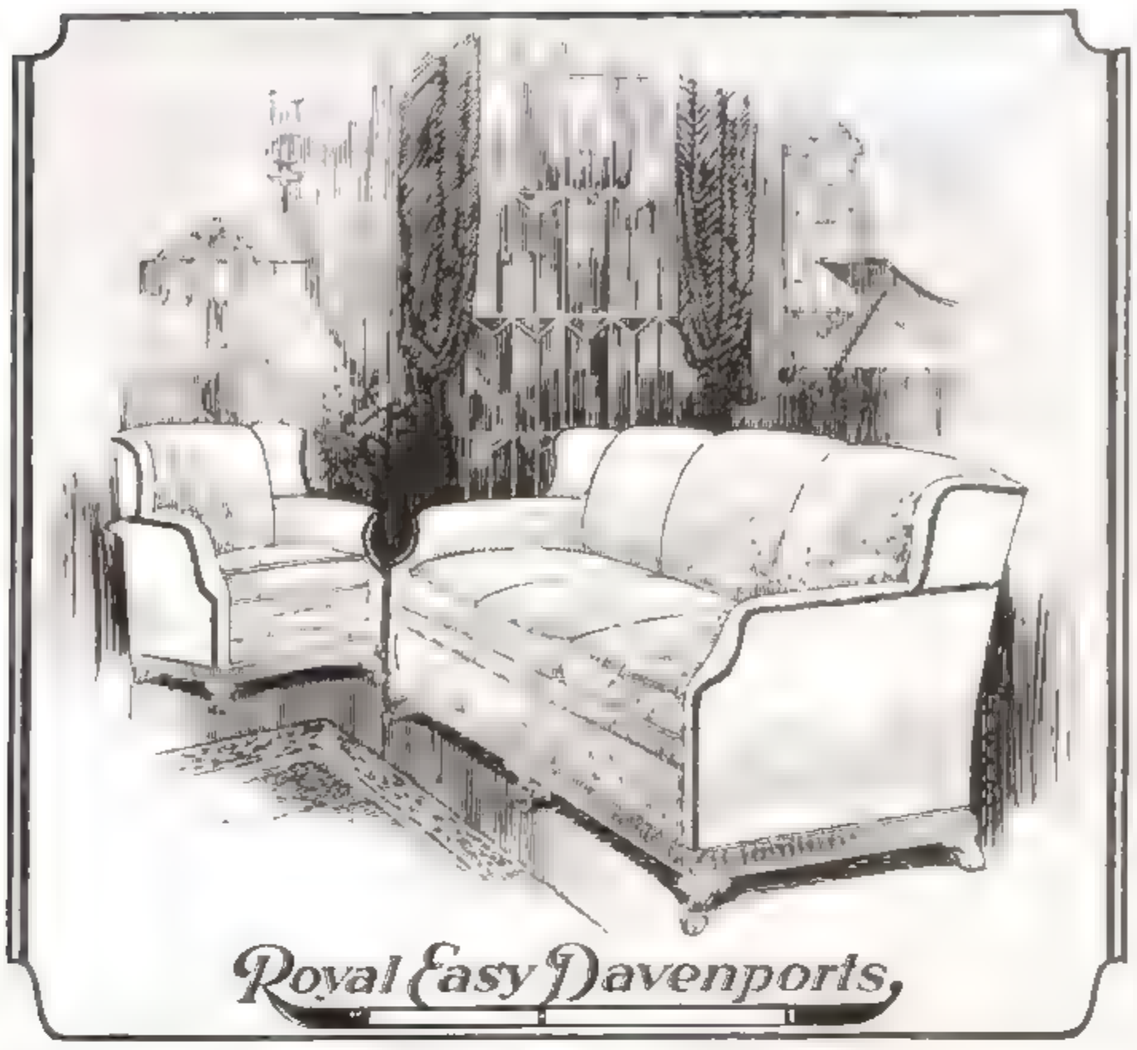

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bed of gay flowers under summer sun. The crowning glory of the costume was a ceremonial *haori*, several sizes too large for the mite: a short kimono of black silk with a band eight inches broad of designs typifying good omens for his little life. Gray cranes with scarlet bills stood on a shore under a straggling pine bough, with a hoary tortoise at their feet, and a rising sun shone behind the pine branches, signifying long life, riches and honor. As a frieze in a scarlet-lacquered temple, it would have been something to marvel at; as a garment for a baby who was less than eighteen inches long, it was fairly staggering!

Meekly walking in the rear, with feeble steps and wan face, came the little mother, leading an equally insignificant girl child by the hand. Daughter was a lily of the field in red-lacquer clogs and a purple kimono patterned with cherry blossoms, but the mother was somberly dressed in dull brown, as of course she was the least important personage at her son's christening.

Watching the ceremony while the shaven priest wrote the new name on a scroll of white paper and offered it to the gods, I wondered if when little Santaro is grown up he and the men of his generation in Japan will have more respect for their women than was accorded to his mother. I think so.

Another favorite spot of mine for viewing the cherry blossoms was San no Tani, near our country home in Honmoku, reached by a ride past the rice paddies where the farmers worked knee-deep in the mud of the paddies, preparing the soil for planting.

This park, the home of a Japanese gentleman, but thrown open to the public, occupied several acres on the seashore, bounded at either side by a high hill, with steep white cliffs on the shore. In the valley was a pond where hundreds of great pink and white lotuses lifted their cups in the summer, but which in spring was a clear sheet of water dotted with brown ducks and filled with carp and goldfish. Every visitor bought at the little booth at the gate long strings of white *fu*—cakes of goldfish food—to strew the fragments on the water from the quaint rustic bridge connecting the island home of the ducks with the shore. The first flake on the water was the signal for a submarine disturbance. With great sweeps of tail and fin, scores of gleaming goldfish and carp of battleship gray rose; and so well did the visitors feed them that they had become veritable marine monsters. Imagine a goldfish three feet long and as thick as an anaconda!

Native Courtesy

At the crest of the hill on the right stood a five-story Buddhist pagoda, copper bells on the eaves of each story chiming musically in the breeze, while beside it was a moss-covered statue of Buddha.

I blushed for my countrymen one day when I passed to the rear of the shrine in order not to disturb a couple of soldiers at their orisons, and found carved with a penknife in the gray wood: "Hello, Frisco. J. H. S. 1915." It was such a wanton bit of vandalism; I wonder what would happen to a Japanese in America who defaced one of our churches.

The Japanese have a native courtesy and respect for private property that we Americans might well emulate. As I have said, San no Tani was opened to the public through the benevolence of the millionaire Hara San, who lived in a large house hidden among the trees. A modest signboard at his gate requested visitors not to enter, but one might wander at will over the rest of the beautiful garden. In the center of the valley, shielded from raw winds, a straw-thatched pavilion had been erected, with a hearth in the earth floor, where a fire burned daily and a wrought-iron kettle as large as a bass drum swung steaming on the crane. There were benches around the fire and a basket filled with china cups. It was the custom for visitors to stop here to eat their picnic lunch and help themselves to *mugi no cha* from the kettle. *Mugi no cha* is an agreeable drink made from barley, refreshing and nourishing. Hara San's gardeners had instructions to keep the kettle filled.

Let me draw you a picture I watched one day that you may compare it with your own experience of the large public parks of America. Think for a moment of Central Park or Boston Common on a Monday morning; conjure up the picture of fluttering newspapers, peanut shells, lunch boxes and paper napkins; the signs admonishing the public to keep off the grass; the uniformed policemen patrolling in a vain attempt to preserve a semblance of order and decency; remember the days when pumps on our Main Streets of necessity had their dippers fastened by a stout iron chain; think of the tin cans, paper napkins and broken bottles that mark the site of a picnic party in our woods—and then read of San no Tani in Japan.

The pavilion stood at the head of the little valley, walled in by steep slopes wooded with evergreen trees. A tiny stream, bridged by a single slab of rough granite, meandered past to the pond below, where the lotus leaves like green elephants' ears quivered upon thick stalks as the corpulent goldfish skirmished for the bits of white *fu* tossed them by a flock of Japanese babies whose jet-black heads above the brilliant-hued kimonos lent the emphasis of a print by Utamaro to the scene.

Well-Behaved Visitors

Cherry trees, their white glory of petals *fulle shimayematta*—flutteringly departed—in the poetic Japanese phrase, but misted in the tender green of new leaves, stood about the margin of the pool, and the gorgeous lilac and crimson banners of the azaleas flaunted from the sentinel slopes. The sedgy borders of the stream were tinged with the purple of iris, while the mauve pendants of a trellised wistaria repeated the wistful note of lavender.

It was May in Japan when a party of Japanese clicked over the stone bridge across the stream into the tea pavilion. It being the fifteenth of the month, the workingman's holiday, the father had accompanied his mother, wife and four children on a little walk to the park.

The children stared round-eyed at me, while O Baa San—grandmother—beamed at me with the privilege of age, murmuring "*Konnichiwa! Gomen kudasai*"—"Good day; please excuse our intrusion."

They helped themselves to tea, ladling it out into the handleless china cups with a dipper made from the joint of a bamboo; O Baa San hushed the baby strapped on his mother's back, who had begun to whimper, by giving him a salty *sembei* to nuzzle over; and the whole family removed their *geta* to squat on the bench, drinking their tea while they looked out over the lovely vista.

Then father had three whiffs of his little pipe; the small boys washed the cups at a tap and returned them to the hamper; they all shuffled their feet into the thongs of their *geta* and went their way.

What of all this, you ask? Consider then. Here was a park, which this Japanese family had visited as did a couple of hundred other Japanese every day of the week, yet you could find no scraps of paper thrown about on the paths, nor see one person break off one blossom or branch to bear home; here was a pavilion where free tea might be had, with a couple of hundred china cups stored in a basket for use; but you would not see one cup dirty or chipped or broken or carried away in someone's capacious sleeve.

Occasionally you might see a gardener sweeping a path, but there was no attendant in the tea pavilion, none patrolling the garden's thickets. The Japanese public was as scrupulous in behavior as though in its own private garden. You will travel far in this round world of ours to find such honor among people.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles giving the experience of an American woman living in Japan. The third will appear in an early issue.

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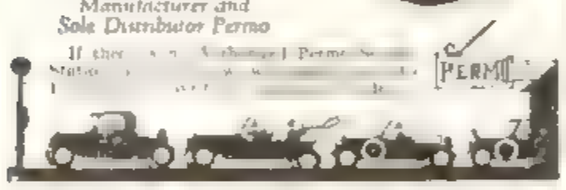

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THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONSUL

Continued from Page 49

out of blank forms, a thing that happened with vexatious frequency in wartime. The contract was written on a great sheet of wrapping paper such as might contain fifty pounds of sugar from the grocer. The young consul, attempting to adapt the American regulation wording to unusual conditions, devised an ingenious jumble of legal and seafaring terms which meant nothing and so might mean anything. The triumphant crew, arrived at Cardiff, excited unrest and envy in every American ship by boastful recital of increased wages for six months.

But this hash of an agreement could legitimately be so construed as to mean prompt discharge. This sullen and disappointed lot of baffled profiteers before the mast thus found themselves beaten. They appealed to the consul general and he asked an explanation. He forgot the fixed principle of law that seamen can personally sue a consul in the courts of the United States, and that no appeal lies elsewhere. He was not reminded that this was a case over which he had no jurisdiction; he was sent a full explanation and it so happened that he sustained my action. But I took a risk. Had he disagreed, the case might have come before the courts with the added strength of his opinion and I might today be struggling to pay off the installments of an adverse judgment of thousands of dollars.

These pleasant little personal responsibilities of consuls always hover in the back of the consul's mind. I once sent a sick man to hospital with a request that his maintenance be charged to my account. He became insane and could no longer be supported by the United States Government. A serious effort was begun to make me indefinitely responsible for his keep. He lived eleven years and eight months and might have cost me $4000. Since then I have made it clear as crystal in all letters and orders that I accept no personal responsibility.

I have before mentioned a derelict ship on which I spent a lot of money. I had at that time a heavy overdraft at my bank and certain other accounts in which were credited many thousand dollars in respect of official matters. The consul general wrote expressing a doubt that the Government would pay the charges on this vessel. This was a communication which I was in honor bound to disclose to the bank as soon as possible, and it was on the cards that my credit accounts might be impounded and my outstanding checks dishonored. The banker's comment after reading was: "I have more confidence in your Government than your consul general. I shall go ahead as though I had not seen this letter."

Loyal Financial Support

Perhaps I should not have regarded this incident as "of sufficient importance to be herein recorded," as ship's protests phrase it, were it not for the chance it gives for publicly recording the fine financial support given through the war to the consulate by Mr. Henry Cosens, manager of the Queen Street branch of Lloyds Bank in Cardiff. I never told the consul general how near he came to throwing the Cardiff consulate into bankruptcy.

I have recited mistakes of embassies and consuls general, but my pen refuses to record those of the Department of State. Even my temerity will not go to that audacious limit. I think that any department in any large country that deals with foreign relations is the most complicated business of that country. There are some limits to the duties of every other branch of government, but the State Department may and does deal with any and every interest of mankind, on land, on sea, in the air, in the depths of the earth. I am familiar with the filing system of the department, but it is always a miracle to me when I see baskets of documents coming from hundreds of sources on a given topic, produced in answer to the touch of a bell. Of matters of high policy I do not speak; the department will be right or wrong according to the views of the individual; but in detail, an error must sometimes slip by. The only branch of Government that never makes a mistake is the accounting office of the Treasury. In nearly half a century that office never let me get by with one cent due to the Government. It will sometimes spend ten dollars to collect that cent, but the law is imperative that it get it, and is silent about cost of collection.

Assuming Responsibility

The fourth rule is: Assume responsibility. That does not mean that this maxim of Lord Nelson's is to be carried so far that you turn a blind eye to signals. You are probably not a Nelson and there is no Trafalgar in your future. If your judgment is naturally sound—and you will soon learn by hard experience if it is not—and the facts and the law are at your finger ends, go ahead. Say to yourself, "If I do this thing and the department calls me down, what is my justification?" Your sound argument will have every consideration. No printed direction will ever tell you to assume responsibility; it will say instead, "In doubt, refer always to the department." The department cannot put itself in a position to be quoted in extenuation by a bungler; but just so far as you exercise wise discretion without bothering an overworked department, just so much the faster are you paving the way to promotion. Do not talk too much about this rule in Washington; your comments may be coldly received in a department which in theory wants all employes to be rubber stamps and in practice likes a man.

The fifth and last rule in this primer of conduct is to cultivate a hobby outside of sport. As much golf or tennis as you have time for, but something else as well, seriously pursued, that you can take with you from one strange place to another and with which you can fill spare hours without vacuity. One consul I knew was such a passionate builder of boats that he constructed one in his cellar two miles from the sea. The rudder projected through an open window and I climbed the bowsprit to get in at the door.

"It's a beautiful model," I said; "how will you get it out?"

"Tear down the wall," he explained, "and launch her from a framework on wheels."

He was transferred before the boat was completed and I think it was broken up in place. Odd as was his choice of a hobby, it happily filled many hours in a community of limited interests. Another consul, and a very good one, too, writes poetry. His verse is not so good as his official reports, but these are superexcellent and set a high standard. I went once in wartime to get my own passport visaed and after three hours in a line outside the British office in London I was taken in to an enthusiast whose hobby was church and sacramental plate. He knew on what altar in England stood every chalice of historical interest and the shape of every patten in each sacred edifice of New England. He told me about them, too, in copious detail. After an hour, I went out dazed and saw that the line had lengthened by hundreds. This incident is mentioned as a warning against letting your hobby ride you.

My first hobby was old glassware, but this was absurd on account of breakage in transport. I ultimately decided on the easiest thing in the world to carry about—the pen.

In my leisure hours I wrote, wrote industriously, articles, essays, dramatic criticism, the usual libretto for an opera. The scene of this opera was Persia and a most charming and once successful composer did the music. We could not get it produced and I transformed it into a luridly melodramatic novel, which I sold after cruel haggling to the part owner and editor of a London weekly paper with an enormous circulation. I had been warned that this editor was the hardest bargainer for literary contributions that London knew. His secretary sat opposite to him with an open check book.

"Write it," he said, waving his hand, and naming a sum just a half of that I had asked.

"No!" I cried firmly.

"But I pay cash," he said. "Most editors pay on publication and we may not print your story for months." He turned to his secretary. "Write," he repeated; again I refused. He tore that story metaphorically to pieces. It was sensational, it was badly constructed, the heroine was uninteresting; but still he thought he could use it if my absurd ideas about price were modified. He ended by saying, "If you will concede 25 per cent discount for cash, I'll take it."

He got his way. That initial success determined my course. London newspapers specialize in the *feuilleton* and print daily chapters always in the same space, on which the advertising manager is never allowed to encroach.

These stories may become great steadiers of circulation. At a railway news stand where copies of the Daily Mail had run out, I once saw nine successive people refuse a substitute. These commuters all explained that they wanted to read the serial in the train. As the story was one of mine, I was naturally pleased.

An Almost Endless Serial

The Daily Mail once began to print a story when I was only five weeks ahead of them. Sir Alfred Harmsworth, afterward Lord Northcliffe, wrote and telegraphed several times that Mr. Smith of England had achieved unusual success and that on no account must I think of bringing it to an end. The paper gained on me. I was soon only two weeks to the good. I went to see the great newspaper proprietor.

"Let it stop," I begged.

"Don't be absurd. Don't miss this chance," he said. "Don't disappoint your public."

I went back to Bristol, and each afternoon for six days in the week dictated 3000 words. This went on for four months. Then one day I got a letter:

"There is no reason from the public view that your story should ever stop, but we are starting our Manchester edition and with a new public we are bound to start a new yarn."

That story ran to the length of 500,000 words, say seven average novels, and I think is the longest *feuilleton* ever printed in English in a daily newspaper. Dumas achieved more than 1,000,000 words, I think, with some of his stories, and Eugène Sue ran a close second; but these were giants. Even then, some appreciative people demanded more of me.

Among many letters I received I quote from one:

"The young ladies of a finishing school present their compliments to the author and earnestly beg to know what became of Mr. Batterman and Mrs. Barney Byrne."

Had they given an address, I should have had an extra chapter set up and sent to appease appetites so insatiable. Punch was continuously gibing pleasantly about this unending tale, and a literary paper published an interview between my publishers and myself as follows:

"Oh, yes, we'll consider it with pleasure for publication in book form. Where is the manuscript?"

"It is following," I am supposed to have answered, "on two trucks."

Continued on Page 191

One word that solves a host of daily puzzles

"A nine-letter word meaning a famous brand of evaporated milk . . . Why, of course, it's 'CARNATION'!—'from Contented Cows'"

HORIZONTAL

1 When unexpected guests arrive —CARNATION.
2 Just pure milk, evaporated to double richness—CARNATION.
3 To cut cream bills in two—CARNATION.
4 Puts food value into milk dishes —CARNATION.
5 Milk in a modern package—CARNATION.
6 Sterilized and safely sealed in airtight cans—CARNATION.
7 Contains no artificial sweetening—CARNATION.
8 Safe, nourishing, and digestible for baby—CARNATION.
9 Always the same, summer or winter—CARNATION.
10 Fine in all cooking—CARNATION.

VERTICAL

1 Only water removed; nothing added—CARNATION.
2 Pure, safe milk for picnics, camping, touring—CARNATION.
3 Delicious in coffee and on fruits and cereals—CARNATION.
4 For an ample milk supply, always ready—CARNATION.
5 Safe milk to safeguard health—CARNATION.
6 Improves flavor and texture of foods—CARNATION.
7 The secret of creamy-rich home-made candy—CARNATION.
8 "Insured" milk to insure good cooking—CARNATION.
9 "From Contented Cows"—CARNATION.
10 At all grocers'—CARNATION.

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

There are more than 100 splendid recipes in the Carnation Cook Book. Write for a copy. It's free—address

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632 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. · New York · Aylmer, Ont.

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" . . . and we absolutely guarantee that no garter run can go below this red Runstop . . . Our store has just bought 60,000 pairs because we think they are an unusual value."

Rollins Runstop

-the silk stocking modish women are demanding at the shops

The men and women who sell fine silk stockings soon become expert in judging values. It is gratifying, therefore, to have hundreds of progressive, experienced merchants tell us that Rollins Runstop is the greatest improvement in full-fashioned silk stockings in ten years.

The patented Rollins Runstop positively stops all garter runs. The merchant stands squarely behind it with his guarantee because he has behind him the experience and resources of the Rollins Hosiery Mills—makers of better hosiery for men, women and children since 1892.

Orders are being received daily from stores that never before handled Rollins because women and girls who have once worn the Rollins Runstop insist upon having it. They know they do not get the same measure of style, beauty and economy in any other stocking.

The Rollins Runstop is a red stripe knit into the stocking at the knee—the point of greatest strain. *No garter runs can go below this red stripe.* No matter what color the stocking, the Runstop is always red. And it is always at the knee.

This patented feature has put such long wear into hosiery that you can now wear fine silk stockings every day without being extravagant. You may get Rollins Runstop in sheerest chiffon or in a heavy, reinforced service stocking—your favorite weight, style or color. Wear them and wash them again and again. They retain their original fit, fabric strength, luster and color. And you are free of the expense and embarrassment of garter runs.

Sold only by reliable dealers—never by house-to-house canvassers.

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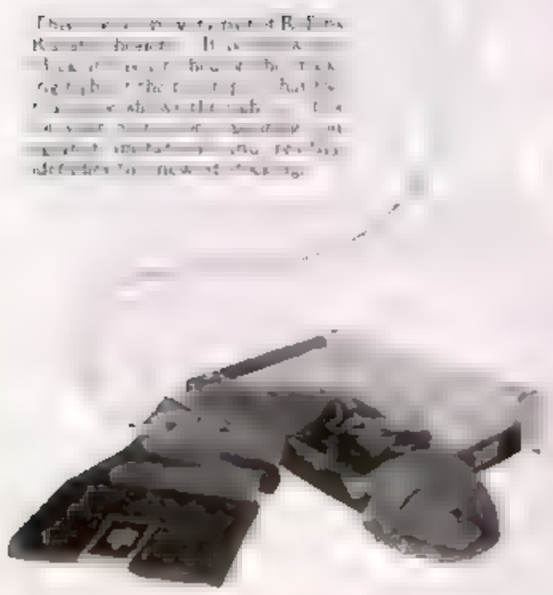
Chicago Office, 904 Mentor Building, 337 South Wells Street
Detroit Office, 1261 Lawrence Street
Export Department, 149 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago
Cable Address, Wholesaler, Chicago



ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Get "Baby Rollo" for the little folks

Mail us 35 cents in stamps with this coupon or with the label from the top of a pair of Rollins stockings and we will mail you one of these cunning, cuddly stocking dolls. They are 7 inches high and dressed in dainty-colored cap and sweater.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
Des Moines, Iowa.
Enclosed find 35 cents in stamps for which please send "Baby Rollo" to:

Name . . . .
Street City . .
Name of store
where I buy hosiery . . . . . .

(Continued from Page 188)

It will be perceived that this hobby, as hobbies often do, had developed into a serious occupation.

I was once summoned to the long-distance telephone and told that the manuscript of the story which was to follow mine had gone astray; could I run on for a few days?

"But you are printing the last chapter tomorrow," I answered. "They are happily married and there is nothing to say even if they quarrel."

"Don't let us down. A shorthand man is waiting here."

So I stood and dictated over the wire an altered chapter with a fresh complication and the happy ending was delayed for three weeks.

The Daily Mail once circulated 2,000,000 large folders with colored illustrations, containing the opening chapters of my forthcoming story. The artist's fancy roved unchecked in these illustrations, and there was one of a horrified lady in a cemetery gazing at a grave. "Her own tomb" was printed underneath, and the name boldly exposed on the headstone was not that of any character in the story. I had to make that illustration good and so wove a little aside of 50,000 or 60,000 words into the main narrative. I was once sent a paragraph clipped from a Shanghai paper and on the reverse side recognized a sentence from one of my stories. This paper had stolen without payment and without acknowledgment a trifle of about 200,000 words of mine.

When I wrote, expostulating, an answer came to the effect that the owner and editor had changed and that the present management regretted having appropriated a paragraph of mine. This must be the longest paragraph known to history.

The Source of the Pen Name

War came and with it a shortage of paper. Serials were cut out. My hobby, profession or second occupation—what you will—was crowded out of existence, so I turned my attention to the United States and sent a story to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. This began what was almost a [illegible] career under a new pen name. I was known to English readers as Andrew Loring; to the American public which gave me so kind a reception I was Kenyon Gambier. The reason for a pseudonym is obvious. It kept the official and the writer far apart and there was never a moment in which the two occupations clashed. The explanation of the new name lies in the peculiar technic of the newspaper serial. Each chapter must be interesting in itself and the first chapters must be the most interesting of all. Hence the story begins in the middle and works back to explain the thrilling opening. Many of my stories had been reprinted in American dailies and the name of Loring was naturally associated with a special kind of fiction. But I was now cultivating a different field and it seemed better to begin fresh all round. I was born in 1858, in Milner Hall, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, where my father and grandfather were professors, and I was taken thence in 1866 to California; hence the new pen name. I mention this that young ladies may no longer trouble themselves to write kindly letters asking my year and to express the hope that we may meet at some dance.

Commended by Mr. Hughes

In bringing these casual recollections to a close, I am glad to have the chance to express, in behalf of all brother consuls and of myself, our appreciation of the distinguished services rendered through a lifetime to the consular service by Mr. Wilbur J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Carr, with patient tact and unresting but never restless energy, directed the course of an evolution, making friends for himself and his ideals by his winning earnestness, and pressing on always toward a coördinated service of merit, removed from politics.

It is rare that the doings of a comparatively unimportant consul are lifted to the high domain of public policy, but once in my experience it became necessary for the State Department to repudiate responsibility and fix it on me. I was thrown to the wolves, and Mr. Carr's personal letter of explanation was so sympathetic and convincing that it was a pleasure to feel the fangs. Such a letter was characteristic. In developing a service he was the friend of its members.

I have dwelt on the avoidance by the State Department of the pronoun "I" but Mr. Secretary Hughes, to my intense pleasure and gratification, injected a more personal note into the farewell communication received by me. He wrote in part as follows:

"I desire to tender to you the thanks of the Department of State for the services rendered by you as a consular officer since your appointment in the service in 1882.

"During your term of office you have set an example of fidelity, industry and devotion to duty which the younger officers in the service may well emulate; you have loyally guarded the important interests confided to your care; and you have performed your varied and difficult duties with distinguished success, thus contributing in a marked degree to the upbuilding of the consular service of the United States.

"I beg to extend to you every good wish for your welfare and happiness and I should like to say that in doing so I am giving expression to the thoughts of the officers of the department and of those with whom you have been brought in contact during your many years of faithful service."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Lathrop.

A Lake in the San Isabel National Forest, Near Pueblo, Colorado

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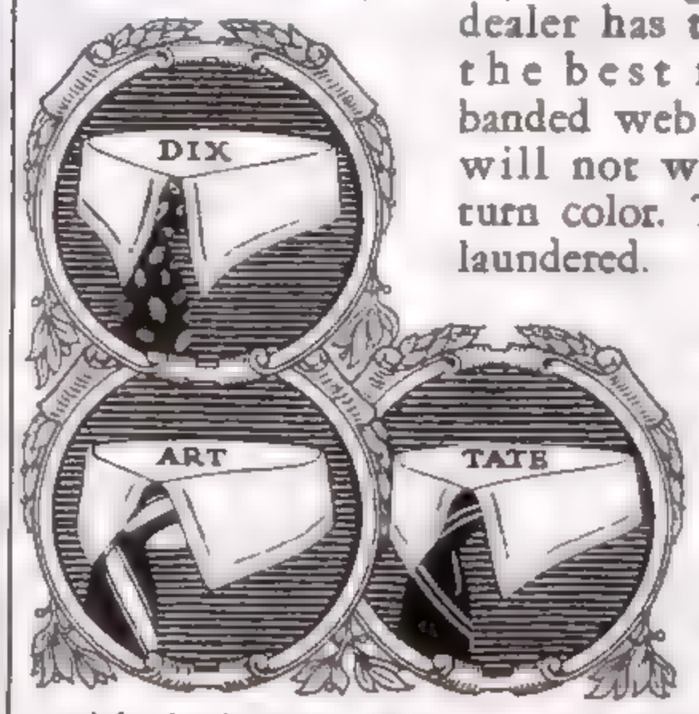

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WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

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THE DESTRUCTION OF RURAL AMERICA

(Continued from Page 39)

engineers and fell their trees downhill; in the woods thousands of song birds flit among the branches; and on the rugged hillsides dogwood, redbud and mountain laurel in their season flaunt glorious masses of gay color against the darker green.

Up on the crests of high ridges, overlooking the wide valleys covered with a living tapestry of forests, stand the fire towers. Here a vigilant outlook is kept for the first light curling wisps of smoke which betray the menace of fire, for it is estimated that 90 per cent of such forest fires are due to negligence—failing to extinguish completely a camp fire or tossing away an unquenched cigarette. In this park the conflagrations are for the most part not overhead, but ground fires, and cause inestimable damage to plant life by scorching the upper soil, which contains the seeds. And with hundreds of thousands of cigarette-puffing visitors who swarm through the woods each week-end, it can be seen that the motorcycle police and the rangers earn their meager pay.

Aside from this purely transient tide from the near-by cities, the park is a popular rendezvous for camping outfits. Here are located the permanent camps of the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls, as well as various commercial and charitable organizations too numerous to mention, which at the height of the season total thousands of vacationers. In addition to these permanent locations, the park maintains free camps for all tourists who wish to relax for a few days of carefree vigorous roughing it with a pup tent, fishing tackle and open camp fire. To all these guests is offered the hospitality of free firewood, lakes for bathing and free fishing in season from its well-stocked streams.

In Europe, in the great forest reserves of a government, no fires can be lit. If a visitor wishes to warm himself or to boil a pot of coffee, he must retire to a distance of half a kilometer outside the sacred precincts of the government preserve. And even did he desire to violate this law and build a fire, he could not, for there is no underbrush; not a single faggot or dead branch or twig. The underbrush is cleared out clean as the palm of the hand.

But in America the Government is more bounteous to its citizens. Everything possible is freely given away. Only notices and signs, almost pleadingly polite, implore the guests as a particular favor to be so good as to extinguish camp fires and to refrain from fouling the springs, shooting the wild game and burning the whole park down over their free-born heads.

Spoiled Children Grown Up

And do the visitors heed these mild admonitions? The decent majority do—up to a certain degree. Not altogether, not 100 per cent, for to observe strictly the law would infringe upon their natural rights as independent citizens; it would cramp their style, their vanity, their paranoiac vision of themselves as lordly beings superior to law.

And even estimable Americans these days are slightly paranoiac in this matter of obedience to law; they suffer from delusions of grandeur, deeming it a sign of dullness, of a stupid and prosaic nature to observe too strait-lacedly any statute.

This arrogant attitude of the individual as above and beyond the law is the fashionable pose for the moment. At bottom, it is a phase of the inferiority complex. People flout the law in order to prove something to themselves they are secretly not sure of—namely, their own heaven-born superiority. This is the great majority—law-abiding in the main, but touchy and arrogant as spoiled children in what they are pleased to consider any invasion of their personal rights.

But a large and constantly increasing minority do not make even this low grade. These belong to the ancient order of human hogs. And what do hogs care for law, order, decency or the rights of others? What do they care for save to keep their snouts deep in the trough? And citizens of this porcine breed motor into the park; they find a natural paradise, a dryads' garden of delight; they leave—a pigsty. They trample down beauty, defile and destroy; befoul drinking springs, fail to extinguish fires, leave behind them a trail of filth, tin cans and menacing flies; they pull up wild flowers by the roots only to cast them away later on, or hack off great branches of flowering dogwood and redbud in such fashion that either the whole tree is broken down or each limb is torn off with a considerable-sized strip of bark, leaving a wound too large to heal. Injurious fungi soon enter these open wounds and many of the trees die as a result of these brutal assaults.

Liberty on the Brain

But the great human hog does not stop at pulling off branches and dismembering a beautiful shrub as a cruel lad dismembers a fly. Often he digs up an entire tree and hides it in his tonneau. When he goes fishing he does not throw back the undersized grade as the law requires, but leaves them to gasp out their lives on the bank. He sneaks off with his gun into isolated regions, shoots song birds and makes them into a stew. Police records of the park reveal two interesting facts in connection with the human hog: First, that his natural habitat is the city or large town; and second, that he has been propagating rapidly since the war. The song-bird killers are chiefly aliens, but many of the others are native-born Americans with a bad case of liberty on the brain.

On this particular Sunday at Bear Mountain, the chief of police had not overestimated his crowd. The records showed that more than 100,000 visitors entered the park that day, a few scattering thousands by boat and train, but the overwhelming majority by automobiles, which were packed away in the parking spaces like sardines in a can. And still on and on they came, like an invading swarm of locusts settling down over the green land. The roads were jammed with traffic like Fifth Avenue of a late afternoon; the rapidly rising flood swamped the restaurant at the big rustic inn, overflowed the jazz pavilion, surged over into the football and baseball fields, and spread out in a vast thin wave through the picnic grounds and by the lakes.

The entire organization of this great public playground—its police, its rangers, its inn, its camps, its fire patrol—was operating at full pressure, at considerable expense to the state, with one sole aim in view—the enjoyment of the people. Of the benefits of democracy in its best sense, it was a superb demonstration, its success only marred by the presence of these same human hogs. To give me an idea of the extent of their depredations, Captain Gee led me to police headquarters, where during the week-ends of the summer season a judge is kept busy holding court and collecting fines.

"Just what do they do?" I demanded.

"What don't they do?" he growled grimly. "More deviltry than you could think up in a month. Speeding and cutting traffic; stealing and destroying trees; stealing and destroying flowers; misdemeanors of every description and violations of the conservation law. Those fines mount up to thousands of dollars each year. And before we had a judge right on the spot to hold court, nine motorists out of ten stole big branches of dogwood, redbud and mountain laurel, and their children carried bouquets of rare wild flowers they'd

Some day the Cadbys will end all this by getting Electric Garden Hose

REMEMBER this—*Electric Garden Hose cannot kink!*

This means double service. For kinks quickly crack a hose into leaky uselessness. So Electric Hose is built up like the best cord tires, which makes kinking impossible.

Layers of live gum rubber. Reinforced with jackets of tough, braided seine cord. Covered with a heavy ribbed-rubber tread. Made into sound, seamless Electric Hose by being vulcanized inseparably together.

The methods which give Electric Hose its rugged strength are exclusive. They are not used by any other manufacturer. That is why the long-lived, long-wearing quality of Electric Hose cannot be duplicated.

Be sure you get *genuine* Electric. See that the trade mark and the handy foot-by-foot measuring marks are moulded into every length. Your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store sells Electric Hose or can get it for you.

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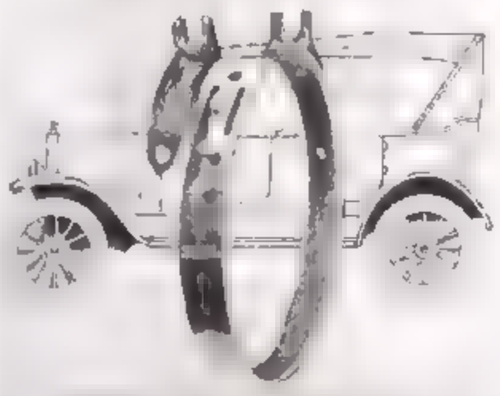

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Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

dragged up by the roots. Usually they'd throw them down before they got outside of the park.

"Our police are slow to make arrests when it's a case of mere thoughtlessness or ignorance. They stop the violator, talk to him like a Dutch uncle and give him a free lecture on conduct, public property and law. But a considerable proportion of these violations are deliberate, planned. There's a type of triple-plated, copper-riveted hell-raiser that doesn't give a single u. b. d. for law. Words are wasted on them. You might as well speak to the hurricane and advise it to blow soft. Brute force, hitting them where they live, in their pocketbooks—that's all they can understand. Why, if we didn't have an active police force, those fellows would clean out the park in a month—just pick it up bodily and pack it off in their cars! They dig up entire trees ——"

"What?"

"Sure. Roots and all. They go out on some back road, set a sentinel to watch for the cop, take spades from their outfit, showing they've come all prepared, and then all hands start merrily to dig up as many trees as they can. Sometimes they try to beat it out with a whole truckload—sell it to some nursery. Or they'll sneak in during the night, load up their trucks with forty or fifty trees and try to make a swift getaway. Oh, they're smooth guys! But our police are pretty crafty at catching them; they scrutinize all the running boards of the outgoing cars, and if they see a big clot of fresh earth, they halt the machine, for ten to one that clot was dropped from the roots of a stolen tree hidden in the tonneau."

"And what do they say when you catch them?"

"Nearly all of them give the same excuse. They say they didn't know the trees belonged to anybody. Pretty thin, eh?

"'Then why did you hide them like a thief in your car?' we ask. 'If you thought they were free offerings, why didn't you carry them off openly? Suppose every one of the 100,000 visitors here today uprooted a tree and carried it home with him. How long do you suppose the park would last?' But they don't care. You can't rouse that kind by appealing to a sense of fair play. They just stare at you. They're hogs and it's only by hitting their pocketbooks that you can pierce through their tough hides and touch them on the quick."

Didn't Believe in Signs

"They're not all men either. Some of the most shameless vandals are women—mountain laurel, flowers, foliage and small shrubs." He shook his head. "They say sometimes they want to plant them in their back yards. But very few wild flowers survive transplanting, unless the conditions of the soil are exactly the same. They need rain water and leaf mold. And even if they could be transplanted, pulling them up and turning this great park into an unsightly wilderness of weeds isn't doing a good turn to the other millions of visitors who come out here just for the pleasure of seeing the beauty and charm of wild things growing under natural conditions. Well, they can't see it. Or else they don't want to see it. I don't know which—fifty-fifty, I suppose.

"There was one woman—she was so hard-boiled she made me laugh. We arrested her for gathering mountain laurel. Her car was crammed with great masses of the fragrant pinky-white blooms. She'd cleaned out a whole hillside. Signs up everywhere. Apparently she couldn't read. Never went to school, I presume. It was as flagrant a violation as ever I saw. Well, one of our men pinched her, confiscated the flowers and handed her over to the judge, who fined her twenty-five dollars.

"And after she'd paid up, she smiled cool as you please and said, 'Now may I have my mountain laurel?'

"I don't know yet whether it was pure unadulterated cheek or whether she actually thought we were charging her for it."

"She knew! But she thought she could get away with it."

"It certainly looked that way," he chuckled. "Thought it was just a musical-comedy court. But she didn't put much over on that judge. When he got through with his tongue-lashing and she marched out of court, her cheeks were pretty pink. Oh, yes, we get all kinds of hell-raisers, jazz sports and moral morons trying to cut a wide swath."

Another angle on the wanton violation of the protective laws came from the fish-and-game inspector of the State Conservation Commission.

Contempt for the Law

"Violations?" he repeated. "Plenty of them. We estimate that only about 3 per cent of the violators of the fish-and-game laws are caught. It's not our fault. We can't create public opinion, and it takes the weight of public opinion properly to enforce the law. Our game protectors are very active in patrolling their respective territories. The average territory of a game protector is 380 square miles, and the average number of miles traveled by each protector in his area is 900 miles every month. But even so, a man can't be in every part of his area every minute of the time. He'll clean out a set of violators in one region, turn them over to justice, and while he's doing that other violators break out in other spots and he hits the trail after them. The fact that these great game preserves are within easy reach of the city by motor increases very largely the number of violations. Take, for example, the case of our song and insectivorous birds. It has been estimated that fully 90 per cent of the nongame birds taken in this state were killed by unnaturalized foreign-born persons."

"Why should they kill song birds?"

"To eat, and also to sell to the city markets. They bootleg them in—sneak off with their flivvers to some remote, isolated spot, pitch a pup tent and begin fishing or shooting without a license. Our men come on the camp, investigate, find song birds boiling in a pot or cached away by the dozen. To end that, we put through a law charging a fee of $10.50 for an alien license, and since then reports of wanton slaughter of these birds no longer find their way to the commission."

"But the native Americans are violators too?"

"Oh, yes; but it was chiefly aliens who slaughtered the birds. Americans are no plaster saints, but they break the game laws in a different way. It's more accidental, more open and aboveboard with them; not so persistent, deliberate and furtive. What I mean is that the aliens came in for that express purpose; they planned it carefully and tried to conceal their tracks. They made a business of it, see? But when the native American violates the game law it's usually accidental, because of a sudden temptation which he can't resist. Let's say he's after deer; he's had no luck; then suddenly a doe runs slap-bang in front of his gun and he simply can't resist the temptation to bring home some venison to his friends and brag of the big-antlered buck he brought down."

This tale of the vandalism and wanton slaughter in a great state park and wild-game refuge set aside by a beneficent Government for the rest and recreation of the people near to Nature's heart is a tale which, unhappily, can be corroborated by the official reports of any great public domain situated near a big city—or situated remote from a big city. The matter of mere miles makes little odds these days. And this vandalism, this brutal disregard for law, property and the rights of others is steadily on the increase. What does it mean? How can it be arrested? By force? Education? Enactment of more laws?

"But we've got more laws right now than you can shake a stick at," protested one official. "The trouble is not the law, but that the offenders don't give a rap for the law. They don't give a rap for anything. That's the crux of the whole problem—and as a problem, I confess it's too big for me."

But it is not only the state and national parks which suffer from the depredations of these hogs; it is the entire countryside—more particularly the long-suffering farmer, contemptuously dubbed "hayseed" and "native" by these lawless gasoline gypsies and tent dwellers on the loose. And the farmer is beginning to weary of having his orchards robbed, his cows milked, his chickens and eggs stolen, the meadow bars let down for the cattle to escape, fires left by campers to burn up his cords of winter wood; and in sheer self-defense he has begun to oil up his sawed-off shotgun and lay for these summer hordes with blood in his eye.

What signify all these innumerable surly legends with which the country roads bristle: "No trespassing." "No campers allowed"? Why does the farmer curtly advise the motor picnickers, who airily demand the use of his pleasant wood lot for a camp site, to be on their way and put up at the next municipal camp? Why does he advertise the fact that he has invested in a murderous, man-eating wolfhound guaranteed to bite the tires off any automobile and devour its occupants alive? Surely the classical milk of human kindness is slightly curdled there. But the underlying cause which induced the curdling is the real Hamlet in that scenario.

City Pests in the Country

And it was in order to get at the root of these causes that I stopped the car one morning before a prosperous-looking farmhouse in a heavily wooded back country whose fences at regular intervals bore the churlish sign: "Private Property. No Campers Allowed. Beware the Dog." As I laid my hand on the entrance gate an enormous gray brute of a dog something smaller than an elephant, which had been drowsing near a tree in the side yard, reared itself formidably and began an interesting demonstration of trying to break its neck by leaping to the extreme limit of what appeared to be a ridiculously fragile chain, the while a furrow of bristles lifted themselves along its spine and it emitted a series of low, murderous growls. I made a detour, and fetching a wide compass, sought the farmer in a field, the dog still baying bloodthirstily from afar. Why, I asked him, did he keep such a savage brute on such a slender chain? And what did all those signs signify? Was he pestered much with campers? It was evident I had touched upon a sore spot, for he let out a bay of rage not unlike that of his dog, nor did he calm down wholly during the entire interview.

His education in motor campers, he said, extended over a number of years. He had taken, one might say, a complete university course with them, with a Ph.D. thrown in. At first, when he was still a freshman and ignorant of their many little ways, he had welcomed them politely, though they were always nuisances, princes at demanding favors and beggars at giving value received. Thus, gradually, his education in campers began, each summer furnishing him fresh instruction, until finally he had arrived at the point where for their especial benefit he maintained a dog and a gun.

Their depredations began, he said, in the springtime as soon as the apple trees blossomed out, when whole gangs of city folks in cars trampled down his fields and broke off great armloads of apple branches. Worse than army worms, they were. Campers and tourists would go riding right by free camp sites down the road and turn into his meadow without saying so much as by your leave; they would pitch their tent, collect his firewood, cook supper and then start hell-raising as if the whole place had been made over to them by deed. One crowd set fire to the woods; another lot milked his cows and he wondered what the Sam Hill had got into them to go dry all of

Continued on Page 197

This easy working Stanley Four-Square Bit Brace, with its tight gripping jaws, will give you many years of faithful service on all kinds of hole-boring jobs.

All of the Four-Square Line of household tools are purposely designed and priced to meet the daily need for serviceable tools in every home.

Select Your Home Tools From These 32

Every Four-Square tool is uniform in quality and in finish. Look for the bright red Four-Square mark on the tools and their attractive individual packages.

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Prices slightly higher in Canada

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6,000,000 A DAY

In fact, Coca-Cola has an average sale of more than six million drinks for every day in the year ~ It has the charm of purity.

RE~FRESH YOURSELF / FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

Continued from Page 194

a sudden like that, and was all for pelting off to town for the vet.

"When I found out," he finished grimly, "you could have sold me for a cent. Mad? I just couldn't get over seeing red all that day."

Once motorists had climbed over a fence and cleaned out a field of sweet corn. Another bunch had cut down his asparagus for their picnic supper in the woods. Men and women were participants in that jolly little enterprise. And when he rebuked them, for the theft of that asparagus meant straight money out of his pocket, they withdrew a piece down the road, then halted and hurled after him insulting epithets. Others picked his berries, stole his eggs, swarmed into his peach orchard, broke down the limbs, ate all they could hold, and when they couldn't eat any more they pelted one another with the green fruit which remained. By this time the worm was standing up on its hind legs and reaching for a gun. If they didn't know the law of property rights, he was there to teach them in his own modest little way. He had taken his own course of instruction, paid high for his degree, and now he had turned around in his tracks and begun to educate his teachers.

Of course, he admitted, many of them did not stand in need of his instruction at the point of a gun. Some of them no doubt were all right, but he was a farmer and had no time to wet nurse the whole bunch and sift out the good from the bad. So the morning after the asparagus episode he grimly made a resolve, got out his old puddle jumper, ran it into town and invested in a dog with the most incorrigible disposition that the dog market could produce. He expressly held out for an awful mean one, he told me with a laugh. More than that, he advertised its awful meanness on his signs. And the dog had made a hit. Since its advent as coinstructor with him, the plague of motor campers had signally abated. That dog, he confided enthusiastically, was certainly a winner; its growls even made chills run up and down his own spine.

His methods of education might, he confessed, sound a bit rough to delicate city ears; but, he put it to me bluntly, could I honestly blame him? I could not. On the contrary, I commended him warmly as a practical altruist, shook him by the hand, wished him godspeed with his educational campaign, and retraced my steps, giving a wide berth to his ferocious four-legged aid whose menacing woof-woofs still attended me to the car.

Pointed Hints to Trespassers

"No doubt," wrote in another complaining farmer, seeking redress, "not all motor campers are undesirable. But it is difficult to believe that people of even moderate intelligence can be so unsanitary as are many motor campers. Many of them pay absolutely no attention to the game laws, and they steal right and left whatever they can lay hands on. It is for lifting melons, corn, potatoes and other vegetables and fruit from the fields that the whole tribe of motor campers is getting a black eye with the farmers."

Still another harried landholder nailed up the following sign to a roadside tree to whom it might concern:

NOTIS

TRESSPASSERS WILL BE PERSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF 2 MUNGREL DOGS WHICH NEVER WAS OVER SOCHIBLE TO STRANGERS AND 1 DUBBLE-BLD SHOTGUN WHICH AINT LODED WITH SOFA PILLORS. DAM IF I AINT GITTEN TIRED OF ALL THIS HELL RAISIN ON MY PLACE.

By the law of the road, private ownership extends to the center of the highway; and though the public is accorded the privilege of riding over it, that privilege does not extend to berry picking, nut gathering, hunting, fishing or engaging in any other forms of sport by the roadside or on the contiguous property. Greater care on the part of travelers to observe the common courtesies of the road would insure a more cordial treatment on the part of the landowners.

With the development of the automobile, good roads, our magnificent state and national park systems, not to mention the private and municipally owned motor camps which form a vast chain across the continent, we are fast becoming as migratory as the birds which flock southward with the season. Motor camping, satisfying as it does the gypsy instinct, the desire for open-air recreation and adventure, has become the great national pastime. Thousands play golf and tennis, but hundreds of thousands, with the swelling of the springtime buds, strike the long brown trail.

Pilgrims on the Road

The American Automobile Association, an organization of owners of private automobiles, which has exerted a powerful influence in the development of good roads throughout the country, estimates that in 1924 there were about 16,000,000 motor car in use in the United States. The average distance per year traveled by each car is about 5000 miles. At least 10 per cent of this mileage is used in tourist, vacation and week-end activities. It appears therefore that the motorists of the United States will travel this year in their excursions for out-of-door recreation about 8,000,000,000 miles. Fabulous figures! Eight thousand million miles! And the bulk of that distance will be traveled, not by the rich and exclusive with idle time on their hands, but by Mr. Average Man and his family.

These gypsy pilgrimages divide themselves into several distinct categories. First, there is the great hegira out of the icy Northern farmlands to the South in the effort to abolish winter. Almost any day after the autumn sting is in the air and skies are dour and bleak, the great trek in the direction of the Dixie Highway sets in. Not riffraff nor motor hobos, these pilgrims, but the prosperous black-dirt farmer who has made his stake, the Down East trucker, the retired artisan, the plasterer, the plumber, usually middle-aged, with a comfortable balance at the bank—a grizzle-headed Ulysses with a wandering foot. And Mrs. Ulysses tags along; indeed, she is pretty apt to engineer the whole Odyssey. They bivouac, these gray-haired escapers from winter's chill, in great congested armies at the various motor camps along the route, the herd instinct strong in them. They listen to entertainments by camp talent, swap experiences with neighboring tent dwellers, lounge on the benches, saturating themselves with sunshine, work a bit if they run short of cash, and some fine morning, when the whim seizes them, shove on. These are the southward flying birds who return North with the first hint of spring.

Then there is the East and West traffic, the transcontinental tourist with equipment as diverse as their pocketbooks—luxurious land yachts with their own electrical and refrigerating plant, shower baths and chefs; bungalows on wheels, with chintz curtains, Pullman dining tables, air mattresses, and a canary in the window; motortruck houses; caravan house cars with observation platforms; palatial automobiles fitted up like a rail magnate's private car, elaborately furnished and carrying even a canoe on top; and from these grand moguls of the road, gradually ranging all the way down to modest sedans and battered old flivvers bulging with bedding and rattling along *sans* springs.

Somewhat off the beaten track, one encounters another group. These are the real lovers of the pioneer wilderness. For them no radio sets, jazz records or messy, gregarious motor camps with their utter lack of privacy, but the lure of untrod trails, the quest of rainbow trout in lonely mountain lakes and at night the starry canopy of heaven and the pungent whiff of camp-fire smoke. This particular type of motorist observes the rules of the road with a kind of passionate piety, and, luckily for the country, that group is on the increase.

Finally, there is the class above referred to, the week-end hell-raisers, motor hobos and jazz hounds who joyously cast gin bottles into the highroad to puncture tires, leave behind them a trail of tin cans, dirty paper, unburned rubbish exposed to the menace of flies, smoldering camp fires and, in general, count that day lost whose low descending sun has not witnessed some depredation or outrage upon the defenseless countryside. These are the hogs, running true to form, rooting and snouting and doing their best to reduce all out-of-doors to the squalid filth of a pigsty.

In connection with this group, Ernest M. Smith, general manager of the American Automobile Association, said:

"Our experience teaches us that through travelers in motor cars are not the ones who cause the most damage. It is usually the picnickers who run wild, or the nomad small-car travelers who have no sense of beauty or responsibility or civic pride. Only force or authority can reach them. Upon this type an educational campaign will have no effect."

City-Bred Locusts

It is with the approach of spring and the arrival of the wild flowers that the great wave of vandalism begins, mounting steadily with the summer to a peak, like that on a fever chart. And here again reliable records show that it is the city and town dwellers who prove the worst bane. Country people realize the slow processes of life—the brooding panorama of Nature, of birth, growth, death, seedtime and harvest, is constantly before their eyes. It becomes all unconsciously part of the texture of their souls. They know, for example, that a single act of vandalism can destroy a beautiful tree which has taken generations to grow.

But in this noble attribute of respect for life, for Nature, the week-end city hordes are almost completely deficient. They spread out in a vast fan from the urban centers, ravaging as they go, and at night it is as if a great devastating army of locusts had passed over the green land. Trees, shrubs, foliage and wild flowers all vanish as if by magic down the city's voracious maw. The net result is that these former glories of the countryside are fast becoming, like the herds of buffalo and antelope, only a memory and a tradition. Nor can all the laws and police officials on earth prevent this wholesale extermination—if it be not the will of the people. So long as public opinion permits these outrages, just so long will they continue to increase.

Much is being done by various organizations, acting in concert, to preserve the fast-disappearing beauties of wild-plant life. Of this coöperation, Dr. Frederick V. Coville, of the American Automobile Association, gave a single instance.

"Last year," he said, "the city of Washington furnished an instructive example of what can be done in stopping the destruction of wild flowers. A special effort was directed toward a single plant, the wild dogwood, one of the glories of Washington suburban woodlands. In previous years, dogwood had been brought to the city in enormous quantities. The chief offenders were: First, motorists, who often covered the sides of their cars with large branches torn from the trees, which were often left broken and permanently injured; and, second, the florists of the city, for whose spring trade dogwood was formerly gathered by the truckload. Last year, through the activity of the Garden Club of America, with the cordial coöperation of the Wild Flower Preservation Society, the American Automobile Association and various civic organizations, the public was fully informed of the progressive destruction of

The wise traveller always has Beeman's,—deliciously flavored—its use is "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

SEN-SEN *to sweeten and perfume the breath*

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers

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MAY 10TH ~ 17TH.

Look to Safety of Aerials

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Vacuum Lightning Arresters

Indoor Type $2.00 Outdoor Type $2.50

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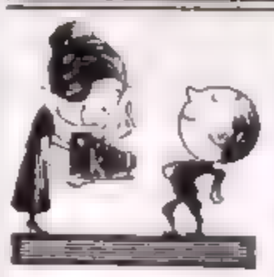

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Money and Prizes

selling *The Saturday Evening Post* during their spare time to folks in their neighborhood. You'll want to get in the game as soon as possible. Write today to The Curtis Publishing Company, *Sales Division*, 634 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

No wonder Frank Fetcher, of Colorado, throws out his chest with pride and lets his mother snap his picture! He earned the expensive camera all by himself and lots of money, besides.

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S.S. LANCASTRIA, 53 DAYS, $550 UP

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Here in Southern Utah are canyons preserving the flaming sunsets of a million years! Canyons studded with natural temples, castles, cathedrals, pyramids, girdled in brilliant Roman stripes! Mountains of vermilion! Mountains white as marble! Prismatic plains! Vast amphitheatres of filigreed stone, filled with statues and stained with uncounted colors!

Nowhere else in the world are there such marvelous scenic spectacles as in

ZION NATIONAL PARK
BRYCE CANYON · CEDAR BREAKS

Season May 15 to October 15

Make Southern Utah your vacation land this summer. See something new. It isn't far, and doesn't cost much. Theodore Roosevelt rode hundreds of miles on horseback to see it, but now the highly perfected train service of the Union Pacific makes it easy for you. Sleeping cars will take you there, big automobiles carry you through and the latest style of National Park lodges and dining rooms make you comfortable

This is a memorable vacation adventure in itself, or may be made in connection with trips to Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park, California and the Pacific Northwest.

Side trip may be arranged to North Rim of Grand Canyon through the Kaibab Forest.

Ask about low summer fares and personally escorted all-expense tours.

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It is the only way we can tell you of the unbelievable coloring of this unique land; also contains complete practical information

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Union Pacific

this beautiful tree. The florists agreed not to put dogwood on sale—and they kept their promise. Editors and cartoonists got busy. City busses carried huge posters: Protect the Dogwood! And Boy and Girl Scouts distributed leaflets to motorists beseeching them to refrain from destruction.

"The effect of all this coöperation was that the picking of the blossoms was almost completely stopped and there was universal comment on the unusual abundance and beauty of the wild dogwood display, and equally universal satisfaction that this fine result had been achieved."

It is not only the dogwood, the redbud and mountain laurel which stand in danger of extermination, but also the American holly.

Speaking in behalf of this lovely wild tree, Dr. Paul Barsch, of the Smithsonian Institution, said:

"The time has come when, if we do not put forth all possible restraint, there will be no more holly. The demand the country over for it has become so great that it is being sought even in the remote wilds of Texas. The sad feature of it all is that people seem to consider uncultivated property public domain free to be vandalized. The holly hunter therefore has gone into the unguarded forests, cut down the trees and hauled the product to the nearest market, so that today little is left of that ancient glory of our forests at Christmastime.

"Practically all the large holly trees have fallen to the ax. The only suggestion of what once has been is furnished by the few survivors one finds on old homesteads where they have been zealously guarded. Any small striving bush—there used to be trees three feet in diameter—which dares to put forth berries is marked for execution.

"We Americans have one great fault—our love of lavishness. Mass, quantity and numbers still appeal more than loveliness of grace, perfection and beauty. Could we but be satisfied with a single sprig, finely shaped and exquisitely berried, this plea for conservation would not be necessary. These great shipments of holly carry the destruction of it to the remotest parts of our Eastern coast, and even that huge state, Texas, which is so large that nothing should seem exhaustible in it, has sent out an appeal to save its holly in which the case is stated thus:

"'The situation with regard to our native holly is now such that there are only two choices open to the American public. We can either stop immediately its use in Christmas decorating, and thus save it for all time, or we can continue using it for two or three years longer, and then be forced to discontinue using it absolutely because of its complete extermination.'"

The Worst Offenders

And what are the constructive forces at work to curb the depredations of the motor hog? First of all, there are the various state protective laws—good laws, bad laws, indifferent laws and futile and absurd laws. And there is public sentiment on the matter, on the whole altruistic, but for the most part unorganized and slack and easy-going to a degree. Also there exist numerous societies and associations which have turned their attention to the subject with excellent results, notably the Garden Club of America, the Society for the Preservation of Wild Flowers, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts and the Campfire Girls.

But in the final analysis, the onus of responsibility must fall squarely upon the motorists themselves. From their ranks come the worst offenders, and for their crimes, outrages and lootings the taxpayers of the entire country are forced to pay through the nose. The clean-up, to be effective, must proceed from within, and this the motoring public is beginning to realize. The American Automobile Association, a powerful organization composed of owners of private cars, with 645 motor clubs scattered throughout the country, with an underlying individual membership of approximately 600,000 motorists, has taken the situation squarely in hand.

"Last year," said Mr. Smith, the general manager of the A. A. A., "we started an active campaign for cleaner roadsides and camp and picnic grounds. The individual response through letters and editorial support which we received was most encouraging. We used editorials in our own publications, sent bulletins to our clubs, procured eminent speakers to broadcast popular talks on the radio, included clean-up advice in our manual on camp sanitation, and sent out national publicity which was released not only in the newspapers but reproduced in many of our club magazines. In every way we urged our local clubs to start intensive campaigns and line up their membership for aid."

The A. A. A. Program

"As I have said, we received a very favorable response from the motoring public at large, and I was able to note specific results in and about Washington, where most of our radio talks were made. Motoring tourists brought back few blooms or branches, and it was noticeable that the roadside flowers and dogwood trees were in lovely profusion during the season. The local newspapers strongly supported our campaign, which was run in connection with the splendid appeal made by the Wild Flower Preservation Society.

"Our radio talk on holly preservation attracted wide attention, but was not so effective, because most people buy holly at stores and markets instead of picking it. This is largely because the holly has practically disappeared in many sections owing to ruthless gathering in previous years. We realize of course that thus far in our campaign we have scarcely done more than scratch the surface of the ground, but we intend to keep right on and intensify our campaign, and for the year 1925 we definitely promise the following activities:

"1. We will issue a series of newspaper and motor club releases on various phases of the subject and hammer away all spring and summer.

"2. Our clubs will be asked to broadcast by radio talks which we will supply to them.

"3. We will campaign to have the Government scatter flower seeds in certain localities and particularly request our motor clubs and chambers of commerce to scatter seeds on highways adjacent to their communities.

"4. We will issue posters to be hung in our clubs emphasizing the points of our campaign.

"5. We will carry on all our maps and tour books the following notice:

"Be Good to Your Country

"Don't pick too many wild flowers.

"Holly, dogwood, mountain laurel and many other plants and flowers are being rapidly exterminated in this country because of unlicensed and ruthless gathering.

"Be good to your country and let all enjoy it!

"Extinguish camp fires when leaving. Burn or bury all rubbish.

"Leave your camp in as good order as you would like to find it.

"Observe these few courtesies of the road and keep your country looking as lovely as God intended it to be'

"6. We will issue a Creed of the Road which will be given a broad distribution on cards, and mats will also be prepared for its newspaper distribution.

"There are numerous groups that can be enlisted in this work and we wish to see as many organizations enrolled as can be secured. We will keep after our own membership and render an accounting for them, but we have no desire to preëmpt the field, or even acquire a leadership to the exclusion of women's clubs, wild flower preservation societies or forest-protection groups. Service and hearty coöperation are our sole aims. And if all of us together can keep Nature from being defiled by the great human hog, full satisfaction will be gained from the clean landscape that all of us can enjoy."

The car hits a hole, hits it hard, square on, perhaps at 35 miles an hour. You brace, you clutch—and nothing happens. No sudden thrust of spring recoil, no force that throws you from your seat. The car is Stabilated.

Then another hole or bump and Stabilators repeat the revelation—constantly, unfailingly—until it becomes a commonplace. You acquire faith in your Stabilators, faith strong enough to let you forget past punishment and threats of punishment. You relax because you dare to relax.

So you come to enjoy a pleasure in riding you never knew was possible—the pleasure and refreshment of relaxed motoring.

John Warren Watson Company, 24th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia

WATSON

STABILATORS

The only force which can throw you off the seat is the force of spring rebound

The force of spring rebound is determined by the extent of spring compression. And the size and power of the Stabilator brake is likewise determined by the extent of spring compression. Thus the Stabilator brake is proportionate to, and always in complete control of, any rebound force. That is the simple reason why no force can get by the Stabilator to throw you. The construction of Stabilators is patented and exclusive.

Ride relaxed—detours included

HERITAGE

The Romance of a Celebrated Era of France Wrought in Silver by Master Craftsmen

The Wonderful New Heritage Pattern Is Now Available In Hollow Ware

OUT of the period of the Regency comes the Heritage — Reed & Barton's latest achievement in silverware design. It is a chapter of French art perpetuated in silverware—a design that is suggestive of the laughter, the gaiety, the extravagance of the period even while it portrays its culture, its grace and its gentleness.

In this newest Reed & Barton pattern you will find the same high standards of craftsmanship that Reed & Barton have maintained for over a century. What a wondrous heritage to come down to your children and your children's children!

Your jeweler will be glad either to show you this new pattern at once or to obtain it for you on short notice.

Ask him also, to show you the many other Reed & Barton designs—some in solid silver, others in silver plate.

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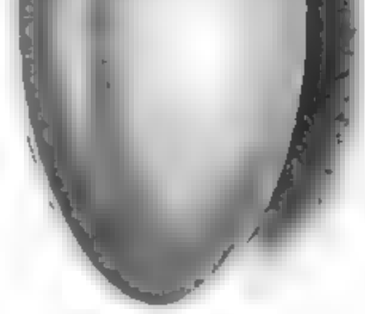

Heritage Tea Spoon
exact size

Above: Heritage Coffee Pot, Sugar and Cream in proportionately reduced size.

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

THE OLD HIGH ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 29)

A long pause. "The winner? Sadie F wins. Billy M was second and Procrastination third. Next race 2:30."

When the result was proclaimed Plenty Horses never lifted his head. He was still wrapped up in the game, but Sadie F was the first name written on the combination. In the second event, Billy F, which was also in his combination, won by a head. In the third race, Able ran second, but the winner was disqualified and the horse of his choice placed first. But as far as old Plenty Horses was concerned, no one about would have known that he called the first three winners. In the fourth race King Pharaoh was announced the winner, and in the fifth Fanfare. All these names were on Plenty Horses' list.

In the sixth Ambulance was the odds-on favorite; but Goliath, quoted at six to one in the books, beat him by a head. Goliath was on Plenty's list. That left one horse to win the seven-horse combination. That last horse was Zed. He was the odds-on choice, the shortest horse of the day; his price was one to four on the blackboard.

And then it began to be noised around that old Plenty Horses had this wonderful combination. It wouldn't ever do to let him get away with that kind of money; some compromise should be made. The proprietors of the pool room got busy to find him. Nobody knew where he was until the combination man pointed him out; he was still playing solitaire.

"Hey," exclaimed one of them, "you've got a combination, I understand, that winds up on Zed. Want to sell it?"

"I ain't told nobody that I wanted to sell it," growled Plenty Horses. "When it's fer sale I'll let you know."

"But Zed might lose," argued the room proprietor. "Then where would you be? We'll give you $5000 for the ticket now and tear it up."

"You're not talkin' to me," retorted the old man.

"But the race ain't run yet," persisted the other, "and here you're gettin' a sure thing—$5000 agin two."

"I know it," retorted the ancient one. "Think I was born yisterday? I know it. But I ain't no piker; I never was. Peddle your jewelry somewhere else."

A curious crowd had gathered around now. The story of the wonderful combination had got about; even Fire-Up Berry left his desk at the telegraph instrument and came over. Nobody knew the stranger.

"You know this hombre, Fire-Up?" queried one of the patrons.

"No," retorted Berry, "I don't know 'im and never seen 'im before. I've been round the track a lot, but I never seen this guy. I should think, though, by the way he's cavorting around here, his name is old King Plenty Horses."

A Red Ace Wanted

And then the last race was called. All interest in that side of the Potomac was centered in old Plenty Horses' bet. Habitués of the pool room forgot their own wagers and crowded around the old man, but he still kept on playing solitaire. He was the most disinterested citizen present.

When the horses were going to the post and the announcement was made by the telegraph operator, the pool-room proprietor made one last effort to buy old Plenty Horses' ticket, but he shook his head without speaking.

"If I could get a red ace now I'd make it all right," he exclaimed to the man who approached him; "but I have had all-fired luck this week or so. Ain't made it once. Ain't that tough?"

"Yes," shot back the other; "yes, tough it certainly is, you old boob. You won't know where you're going to sleep tonight, will you?"

"They're off," announced Berry at the instrument. "Zed beat the barrier and he's leadin' at the quarter by three lengths. At the half, Zed is two lengths in the lead; the boy is pullin' his head sideways. In the stretch, Zed is still leadin' by two lengths and he's just gallopin'.

"The winner—Zed, by four lengths. Old King Plenty Horses wins the biggest bet of the season and takes first prize in the realization stakes. We will now sing our closing hymn and gambol to our respective homes."

When the winner was announced, Plenty Horses never manifested any excitement or unusual interest. He made for the bar and took a tumblerful of whisky, gulped it down, wiped the back of his hand across his scrubby mustache and went over to the cashier's desk. The money was paid in all kinds of bills. This Plenty Horses dumped into a sack—shot sack—and it filled it nearly to the brim.

"Well," he remarked, "I guess I'll be goin'." Then he faded away in the direction of the train for Washington.

A Thousand to One

No one had ever seen him before; likewise no one has ever seen him since. But he hung up a record that will live and last among the old-timers who knew the race track and pool room in the days when Rome was young and peculiar game birds of that breed were hatched in the jungles. On one occasion at St. Louis there was a hard-luck stable. Now I've seen some stables that were short of money, but this one took the capital prize in all such events. They had one horse—just a cheap selling-plater, a four-year-old, and he appeared to have four owners, because four big healthy men slept in the stall with the horse. He also had a jockey and an exercising boy, a green-looking country kid who hadn't had a haircut in several years. This horse had tried several times, but could not get out of the maiden class and got to be a kind of joke around among the stable people.

He was in a race one day at the Fair Grounds, a five-furlong dash for maidens, and it looked as though he didn't have a possible chance. The boy who was going to ride him wandered into the betting ring clutching two dirty one-dollar bills; he was looking up at the slates on which were chalked the prices.

"What are you lookin' for, boy?" queried Johnny Coleman.

"Captain Gaston," stuttered the boy.

"Oh," laughed Coleman, "him? He ought to win this race." Then he added, "If he's lucky. Well, boy, I'll lay the longest price against your mount that was ever laid on a race."

"Yes?" said the boy simply. "Yes, you will, eh?"

"Yes," replied Johnny. "I'll lay 1000 to one," said Coleman, reaching for his slate and chalking up that price.

"Well, I'll take two dollars' worth of that."

"Here we go," said Johnny, "here we go! We're right in time! Two thousand to two dollars." And he passed the boy a ticket.

Ten minutes after, the race was run and Captain Gaston won by half a length.

I think Coleman has left the race track now and is operating a big real-estate firm in California. But I'll lay a little two to one that he remembers the day he bet the tow-headed boy $2000 to two and the boy collected.

And now we come to the other side of the chapter. There was a horse several years ago named Milton. He was by Onandaga out of Smilax, owned by Lyle Simons, of Lexington, Kentucky. Simons was a son of the Col. W. L. Simons who owned George Wilkes, the famous trotting horse.

As a boy, Lyle was a very good driver and won several stake races for his father. Subsequently he drifted over to the gallopers. He also owned a fast mare, Queen of Trumps, who won the Kentucky Oaks.

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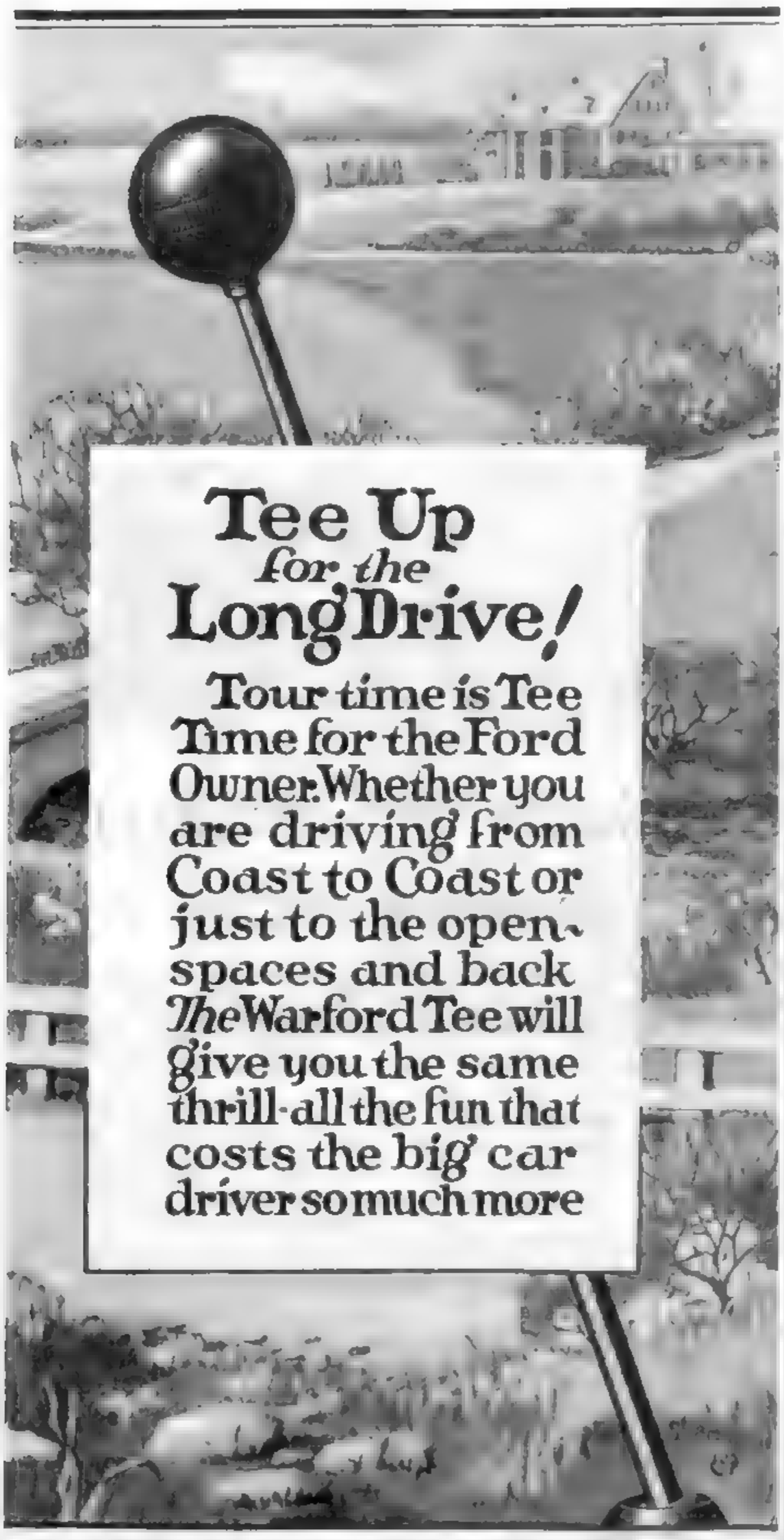
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I forget the names of the other ones. They were all more or less horses of consequence.

Well, Lyle got up to New York in the wintertime and went racing at Guttenberg in the old days. It was then he entered Milton in the Christmas Handicap.

Simons had a partner who was considerable of a plunger, but Milton was not considered by reason of the fact that he suffered from rheumatism and was not sound on his pins. Simons' partner sent the horse out to warm up, covered with heavy blankets. Then he rubbed his shoulders liberally with hot alcohol and witch-hazel and covered him with a double layer of blankets which had been heated with hot bricks. When he went to the post he was going as sound as a bell of brass and as limber as an eel.

In the ring they were laying all kinds of prices against Milton. I think seventeen or eighteen horses went to the post. Milton was a rank outsider. One could practically write one's ticket. The lowest price I saw quoted against his chances was twenty to one and the biggest sixty. Simons and his friend circulated their money busily and in small amounts. I think I am correct in stating that there were nearly eighty bookmakers in the ring on that day. It was a holiday and a big play was expected.

It is hard to estimate just how much the Milton people had bet on their horse. The number of tickets they held looked like a pinochle deck. And the rider, who was Johnny Webber, a famous old-time horseman, then a little boy, had in his boot tickets calling for five thousand.

Milton got off in the bunch and raced in it until the upper turn was reached, then he pulled out and into the home stretch leading by three or four lengths. He was well bred and a stayer. Simons and his partner watched him coming home with all that money. It was quite clear that he had the field beaten to a frazzle. And then, just after passing the drawgate, and about fifty yards from the finish, still leading by four or five lengths and almost galloping, he stepped on a rolling stone, slid away and broke down. Johnny Webber dismounted and stood holding the agonized horse. If he never had a thrill in his life, he must have had a supreme one just then. But Simons took his defeat like a stoic. I remember he had a black-and-white pointer dog that he used to go hunting with a good deal.

I thought perhaps Simons' first expression would be to refer to the hard luck of the race; but he said, in rather an argumentative way, "You know I always held that that was a darned good-looking dog, and a lot of these canine experts at the shows roast him. Say he's too short in the muzzle and heavy in the shoulders; they don't know what they are talking about, do they?"

When Women Get the Fever

When a woman gets the betting fever she's got some habit, and many of them have been famous plungers in their time. In the old days in Chicago, though George Hankins, owner of a celebrated Chicago stable, never bet himself, his wife did enough for the whole family. Whenever she thought she was right, she didn't care how high they stacked them. On one occasion the Chicago stable started a two-year-old that had worked in some pretty fast crowds. Mrs. Hankins made up her mind to bet on this horse, and when he went to the post she stood to lose $60,000 or win $120,000.

When two of the horses finished in that race, no one could tell which had won. A blanket could have covered them, because they were head and head all down the stretch. The horse Mrs. Hankins bet on was the second choice, and when the numbers were hoisted in front of the judges' stand, the number of the favorite was shown. The woman had lost. But she never batted an eye. I remember I looked over toward her and could not note any difference in her manner from that of the woman who sat next her and had probably bet two dollars. In a gambling way she was game from the sole of her shoe to the crown of her head. No one could ever have guessed that she had apparently lost a fortune in the short space of a few seconds.

But pretty soon the jockey climbed the steps of the pavilion and claimed a foul. Then after hearing the stewards and patrol judges, the favorite's number slid down and that of the second choice was elevated. The lady had won her bet after all. I cannot help but think that she must have had a sensation.

Speaking about it afterward, she said, "I had made up my mind that I would never bet another cent as long as I lived, but this has given me a fresh start."

And then there was one cold raw morning in December and the place was the old Bay District track, in San Francisco, when a shivering boy opened the feed room of the Travathan Stable and poked his head in. Charley Travathan will be remembered as the man who wrote the Bully song for May Irwin and was quite a figure in the theatrical as well as the turf world in his day.

"Good mornin', Doc," said Charley to the little stranger. "I was just havin' my mornin's mornin'. Will you join me?"

Travathan conferred the title of Doc on everyone with whom he did not possess acquaintance, but in this case it stuck, and the boy was ever afterward known as Doc Turberville.

"Sure I will," replied the youngster.

Doc's Only Use for Money

Travathan passed him over the bottle and tumbler. The small boy grasped the former, said, "Here's lookin' at you," and filled the tumbler to within about a sixteenth of an inch from the top. "Good luck," he exclaimed, and tossed the liquor down in one gulp.

At this exhibition of high-and-lofty drinking, Travathan stood aghast.

"I'll say for you, Doc," he said, "that you can take a pretty good kind of a drink yourself."

"Man's size," replied Doc. He never wasted words.

"That's what it is," conceded Travathan. "Can you ride?"

"Ride an' rub," confessed Doc.

Travathan laughed.

"You're hired," he said. "Job goes for good conduct."

The boy was about to leave when Travathan called him back.

"Doc," said he, "I don't want to know your business, but are you broke?"

"Flat as a flounder," confessed Doc. "They give me the steam roller in th' last town."

"Well," replied Charley, "I'll stake you. Here's ten dollars. Go down to the kitchen and have your breakfast, but don't gamble the money off."

"Don't what did you say?" queried Doc. "Don't what?"

"I said don't gamble."

The boy burst out into paroxysms of laughter.

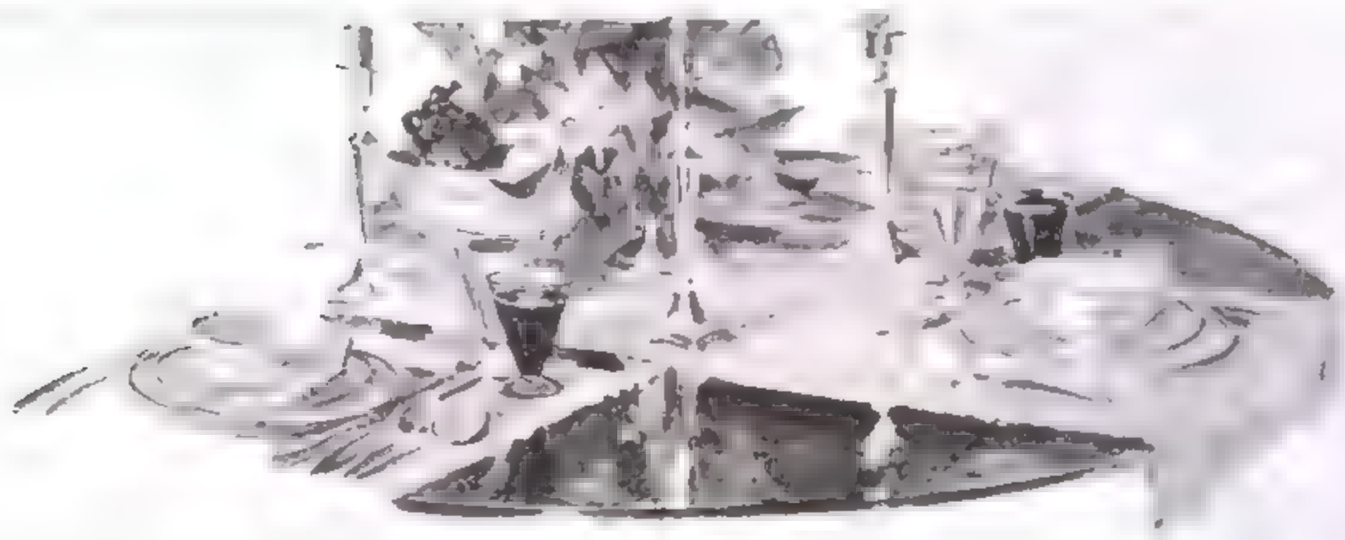
"Don't gamble, eh?" he retorted. "First you gimme money an' then you tell me not to gamble. You're a funny guy, you are! What's the use of money if you don't gamble it?"

"Well, when you come to mention that fact," said Travathan, "I believe you are in a measure right; but go down and get your breakfast."

Late that afternoon Doc was found in the middle of a high-rolling gambling crowd. The stable which he was patronizing had just won the Burns Handicap, the richest event on the coast; everybody had money stable boys and trainers included. Craps was the game then. The limit was the ceiling and Doc was in the middle of it. Already the ground in front of them was covered with money. Doc and another stable boy had been the lucky ones. In front of them lay something like $12,000 in real coin.

"This is gettin' too slow," protested little Doc. "Let's speed it up."

(Continued on Page 205



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For nature—say our greatest dietitians—has so arranged our bodies that we cannot readily digest our food until keen appetite gives the signal.

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ALL THE HEALTH-GIVING QUALITIES *of the fresh ripe fruit are in each glass of luscious juice. Mineral salts that regulate the body, that build up the bones and teeth—vitamines, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern diets need. But above all, food experts stress the flavor of Welch's, its color and fragrance, that waken appetite for the simplest, the hastiest meal.*

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Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 202)

"How do you want it?" returned the other. "If you've got speed, give some manifestation"

"You're talkin'," agreed Doc. "You're talkin' like a real sport. Let's shoot for the whole bunch. Our piles are about even."

"All right," replied Doc's opponent, "shoot, I'll fade you!"

Doc grasped the bones in his chapped little fist, whirled them around his head and dropped them in the dirt before him.

"Craps!" he announced nonchalantly. "I lose. Who's got a cigarette?"

Not long afterward this same Doc Turberville attached himself to the Daly Stable and rode that great horse Ogden when he won the Futurity, then the richest stake on the American turf. I don't think he was particularly prominent after that. But Doc was game to the core. He didn't know what fear was; he was one of the real high rollers.

Of course, they talk a good deal about Bet-a-Million Gates, and he did bet large sums; but you can't compare him to old Plenty Horses or so many of those who in a number of modest ways wooed the goddess of chance. Gates had millions at his back. It is problematical how he would have spread his money if he ever got down to the last dollar, but that untoward event never occurred. He bet millions in his lifetime, and although just before his death he curtailed his turf operations somewhat, he died a tremendously rich man. They tell of Gates that one time it was announced he would visit Memphis, Tennessee. Sporting members of a club had heard the news of his coming, so they got together and made a pool of $60,000 in order that they could entertain him on his arrival. They met him at the station and extended the invitation.

"Sorry, boys," exclaimed Gates, "awfully sorry, but I have to be in Chicago tomorrow morning early."

"But, you see, Mr. Gates," pleaded another member, "we've got up a pool of $60,000. We want to be hospitable and give you a good time. We thought we could have a nice little poker game this evening."

"Well, that's too bad," replied Gates. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but if you want action for that money we can get it right here."

"But we can't play poker on the sidewalk of the main street," they protested.

"That's true," retorted Gates, "that's true; but what is the matter with flipping a copper for it?"

Practical Sympathy

But when we talk about real race-track plungers, the palm has got to be awarded to the late and lamented Riley Grannan.

He accompanied Tod Sloan on a trip to England once, and amazed the Britishers by the size of his bets. In those days they had the memory of Plunger Walton, who visited them in the late '80's, and during his operations moved the British turf several inches due south.

For a while Grannan was exceptionally lucky because he was backing Sloan's mounts, and the Englishmen seemed to have the idea that he had an ace in the hole. The Americans came in for some plentiful and violent roasting, but in the final accounting Sloan's mounts lost occasionally and Grannan was overbetting himself. It was a disastrous trip as far as he was concerned. But when Domino and Henry of Navarre had their celebrated match race, Grannan made the biggest gamble of his career. He couldn't see anything in that race but Henry of Navarre and he took all the money in sight on Domino. No man can tell just how much he stood to lose had Domino won. But the rivals ran a dead heat and the money was divided, while Grannan got the better of the break.

But before I forget it, and as I told you something before of Doc Turberville's quaint philosophy, I remember once being in the jockeys' room at the old Bay District. An accident had just occurred and poor little Kinney, the midget jockey, had been killed at the head of the stretch.

Everybody, of course, was voicing sorrow and wondering what would become of his old mother and the kids. It cast quite a pall over the day. Doc was sitting cramped up in a corner, and suddenly without any preliminaries he reached down into his breeches pocket and extracted some money.

Tossing it on the table, he growled, "I'm sorry $200 worth. How much are you guys sorry?"

Even in his charities, Doc didn't waste any words in superfluous expression.

Then I used to know a fellow who had an itinerant tent show out West, possibly worth, all told and under the hammer, $15,000 or $20,000. He had worked this up from a couple of wagons and half a dozen horses, so you can say he was progressing some. But the spirit of the West was in him and he was a gambler, if nothing else.

A Thorough Job

One time he came over to Laramie and gave a show there. It was fairly successful, so he put his stock on the cars that night and started for Salt Lake. But on the way and at Rock Springs the stock train with his outfit was run into a siding and word from the dispatcher was brought to hold up the train as there had been a wreck farther down the track.

Next morning a man who looked to be a ranchman rode up and badgered the showman for a quarter race. He claimed he had a colt that could outrun anything that wore iron and challenged to run 300 yards for $400 a side.

He of the tent show opined he was harboring a little speed himself and accepted the defy. No sooner was the match made than he unloaded the stock car, right on the siding as it was, and the rivals picked out a level spot on the prairie; no time was wasted in formalities. The money was posted and the horses duly started. The showman's steed lost and, as is usual in such cases, he begged for his revenge. The rancher was nothing loath. He would give the showman a chance to get even and, if need be, double his money.

It was a ranchman against show people and the former appeared to have plenty of money. The showman and his crowd stood a-tap, with the final result that in the evening the farmer left for home having won the whole outfit, tents and all the paraphernalia. The showman was picked down to the pinfeathers.

You never can tell just how far a man will go or how game he is by the color of his hair or any facial characteristic. The old-time gamblers have a saying that a man will stand to lose when he won't stand to win.

This is explained by the fact that the average man who wins several times consecutively, gets afraid of his luck and won't stay with it. If he wins on the red five times in succession, he begins to think it's got to come black in the final course of events, and he doesn't understand when it fails to do so.

Ninety-nine men out of every hundred would have switched and accepted the compromise when old Plenty Horses had beaten six races in succession and had only to beat the last to win the combination. How many men do you know who, under like circumstances, would not have taken the $5000 sure money when it was offered to them? Not many, I reckon. Old Plenty Horses' manifestation of belief in his luck surpassed all understanding. But he was strong in the faith.

And then, too, little Doc Turberville, with a fortune lying in the dirt before him, tossed it away as nonchalantly as he threw the dice and they rolled craps. It isn't a manufactured gift or something that can be taught in colleges of learning. It is a gameness that is inherited from the fathers of a nation—a people strong in the faith that they are always going to get something somewhere by playing the game to the finish.

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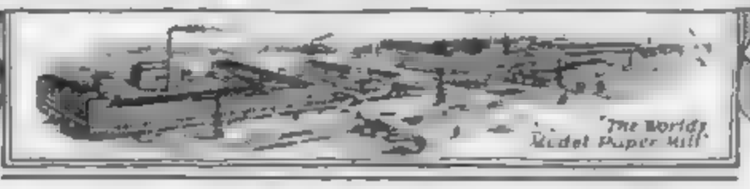


SOCIETY'S CENSORS

(Continued from Page 8)

instead of one of old fogies. How their arguments would have amazed that rare old snob, Ward McAllister. In discussing dinners, he said:

"A dinner wholly made up of young people is generally stupid. You require the experienced woman of the world, who has at her fingers' ends the history of past, present and future. Critical, scandalous, with keen and ready wit, appreciating the dinner and wine at their worth."

Anyway, in spite of an undercurrent of rebellion from the younger people, the old-fashioned receptions managed to reappear with a bit of aid from social pulmotors. These receptions had a powerful appeal for those who would read and enjoy "Twenty Years Ago Today" in their newspapers, for it was about that long ago that evening receptions with music were the most popular, except for cotillions, of the dignified forms of entertainment in New York. Generally these receptions were held Sunday evenings, and sometimes there was an opera star to sing or some other musical notable to interrupt their gossip—which was elevated by the term conversation, with a French pronunciation, although what they talked of probably was of no greater consequence than if they had used but four syllables.

One substantial link of that character between the present and the past has been the Thursday Evening Club, formed back in the nineties by the exclusive group that then dwelt in lower Fifth Avenue and the Gramercy Park section. They based their evenings on some form of musical or literary art, and met then, as they still do, about four times a season. They have remained conservative and exclusive.

The attempt to restore that form of entertainment generally was not a success. The young people did not like them. They were woolly affairs, they said. But the list did survive and it is being used now, with the result that the social lines have a greater degree of visibility. By next season hardly a party will be given without the use of lists.

Lists, however, mean under ordinary conditions a great deal of work, and the average New York hostess, no matter how ambitious her dreams, is unwilling, even if able, to do the work that is necessary to pursue a social course leading to some safe haven of exclusiveness. In the old days there was Miss Maria de Barril, who, when her family ceased to be rich, maintained her place in society by acting as its social secretary. Today several others are striving to function as Miss de Barril did.

The Magical Four Hundred

They maintain headquarters in an office building, and the persons who wish to retain them go there to consult about their particular entertainment problem.

There is a lot of paper work about society, a vast amount of drudgery that calls for a skill not many women are cursed with. The compilation and editing of an invitation list is in itself a formidable task, especially when, as has become the practice in New York in recent years, those lists total eight hundred or a thousand names. Moreover when they grow that long they cease to include only those persons a hostess knows, and embrace many she merely thinks she ought to know. When the list exceeds a few hundred its synthesis calls for a social chemist, who can say with something like authority, "These elements may be compounded on the same ballroom floor."

It is in that field that these women are working. They are not leaders of society. They are employes of society, even though they are of society.

When Mrs. Astor was alive and the recognized leader of New York society, an invitation to an Astor ball was cogent proof of the recipient's membership in the most fashionable circle of New York society. Persons who wished to remain closely identified with that group were careful, generally speaking, to limit their social activities to the entertainments given by the people they met at Mrs. Astor's home, and Mrs. Astor, seemingly, was in agreement with Ward McAllister, who held that it was impossible for a hostess to entertain effectively more than four hundred persons. What was in their minds was not that there were only four hundred persons in society worthy of her recognition, but that the inclusion of many more than that number detracted from the quality of an entertainment. There were thousands and thousands of others in the United States—many of them in New York—with an ancestral background as good or better than those whose names were pompously called out by the Astor butler. There were many who had, in addition to membership in old families, purses of adequate depth and content, but Mrs. Astor could not entertain all of them, nor did she try. The men who were invited to her home belonged for the most part to the same clubs, usually the Union or Knickerbocker. The women had a precious fabric of common memories of schooldays spent in one another's company. They had, men and women, a community of interests. They were as closely woven by blood and business and play as the people of any small town, but as for those qualities of refinement that should come from the breeding of successive generations of humanity striving in turn to uphold family traditions, they were no richer than any similar group of people in any other of the older American cities.

New York's Social Diplomat

They had the deep-seated suspicion of strangers that has existed in the most primitive states of society. Mingling with them came to be regarded as a noteworthy achievement, and because the per-capita wealth of these people was greater than that of the similar groups in other cities their entertainments attracted more attention, seemed more desirable than similar affairs elsewhere, so that all over America ambitious women, and especially rich women, responded to the news of their activities as to a challenge. There were plenty of men who were likewise affected. They were the crashers of their day, but they had to work with more finesse.

Campaigns to which as much cold calculation was devoted as Bonaparte gave to his battle plans were devised and made, and where there was beauty, wit and wealth with which to wage them these campaigns were frequently successful. The game of being fashionable, of going only with fashionable people, grew more complicated, and that was where Miss Maria de Barril found her field.

A dictatorial, precise spinster of commanding presence with large gray eyes that could flash black anger, cold contempt or charming friendliness, a woman who knew much, she called herself a social diplomat; and for more than a quarter of a century she strove to keep New York society huddled together as a collie dog herds sheep, with a nip here and a nuzzle there and ceaseless vigilance for marauding wolves. As an adjutant of New York society she dared to set her will against the imperious Col. John Jacob Astor, and when she did, it was this son of the Mrs. Astor who bowed submissively.

His surrender was complete, for Miss de Barril had him on the hip.

It was after the divorce of Colonel Astor and his first wife, who had been regarded as the heiress of that leadership exercised by her proud mother-in-law. Colonel Astor, remarried, wished to present his second wife to his mother's circle of friends. He thought a large dinner would be the most

(Continued on Page 209)

Why I recommend*
MASON TIRES

Long Miles are *Comfortable* Miles When You Travel on Mason Tires

It's the tires you ride on that help make or mar your driving enjoyment. It's your tires that largely determine whether you jolt or bump along when the going is rough, or whether you sail along in comfort. Mason Balloon and Regular Tires make *long* miles *comfortable* miles.

Mason Tires are so strong, sturdy and have such great flexing qualities that you can enjoy the comfort of reasonably low air pressures if you keep them evenly inflated.

Mason Cord The Basis of Mason Quality

Mason cord fabric gives Mason Tires this sturdiness and these great flexing qualities. Mason spins its own cord fabric from carefully selected cotton which, in addition to great tensile (lengthwise pull) strength, is so tough, sinewy and pliable that it ruggedly endures the severe crosswise strain caused by road shocks.

Mason Tires Are Always Uniform in Quality

Because of this control over raw material and manufacture, Mason is enabled to produce a uniform and unvarying cord—a cord of great tensile strength and lasting flexibility—a cord that gives to Mason Tires their extra sturdiness and capacity for long mileage with low air pressures.

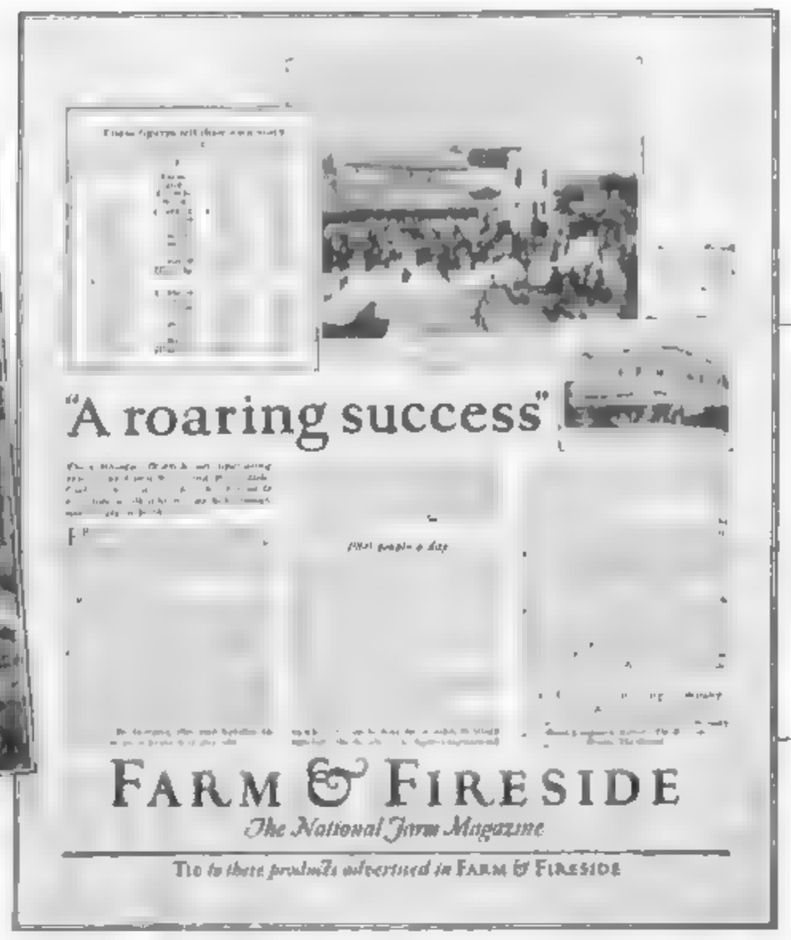
Greater Comfort and *Longer* Life— These are the *Twin* Advantages of

MASON TIRES

* *Buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building a permanent business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.*

MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO., KENT, OHIO

Farm & Fireside advertised products were prominently displayed in both stores



This coupon for merchants only

Retail Sales Director, Suite 2A
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send your new book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, without cost to me.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Business . . . . . .

The advertisement reproduced at the left featured Rhodes & McKean's profitable Farm & Fireside week of last year

Opportunity knocked *twice* at these stores!

How a retail firm found a plan for winning farm trade so profitable they used it again—with even better success

LAST year the Farm & Fireside plan for winning more farm trade brought thousands of dollars of extra business to Rhodes & McKean, operating stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California.

They wrote us at that time: "We have announced that this will be an annual event. It will always be known as Farm & Fireside Week with us."

For they saw that this plan was so basically sound that it would work in their stores year after year—just as it has worked in hundreds of other stores the country over—just as it will work in *your* store.

Nor was their confidence misplaced. Their second Farm & Fireside Exhibition, held recently, was even more successful than the first!

It brought a 30% increase in business over the corresponding week of last year—an 85% gain over the previous week—and bigger sales day for day than their first Farm & Fireside event. More than 2000 people visited their two stores each day—although Caruthers is a town of only 134 people, and Riverdale of 250.

Their real volume of sales came from the neighboring farmers. Here, just as around your town, the farm families represent a big, rich market. A market which you, and every merchant, can reach easily.

A sure way to win this trade

You can get this extra business with the Farm & Fireside plan. A plan so simple, so practical, that any merchant can profit by it.

This plan puts at work for *you* the tremendous selling influence of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. This great magazine is read in more than 1,000,000 homes—many of them in your community. And these readers of Farm & Fireside represent a selected list of the best farm buyers in every locality where it circulates.

Because of this, because these families look upon Farm & Fireside as a guide to better farming methods and better living, a Farm & Fireside Week will pay in your town. It will pay *you*, just as it has paid Rhodes & McKean and progressive merchants in every section of the country.

The secret of its success

What makes the Farm & Fireside plan so effective is the fact that Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, influences the purchases of more than 1,000,000 families

This plan directs them to the stores of merchants who handle Farm & Fireside advertised products

The Farm & Fireside plan is a tested plan that brings these buyers into your store—to examine, and purchase, the goods they have become familiar with through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

This book tells how you can use the plan

Our new 36-page book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, tells how to win this extra business.

It shows you definitely the results hundreds of other merchants have secured with the Farm & Fireside plan—and how you can equal them.

We will gladly send this book free to any responsible merchant.

Just mail the coupon above, or write us on your business letter-head, saying you would like to get your share of this extra profit.

Please address your letter to The Retail Sales Director at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine · Read in more than a million homes

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Aermotor Company (Auto-Oiled Windmills)
[illegible]
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
[illegible]
Bag Balm
Base Stoves and Ovens
[illegible]
Boston Blue Jackets
[illegible]
[illegible]
Business Studies
[illegible]
Canadian Government (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Congoleum Rugs
Conn Band Instruments
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio
Dandelion Butter Color
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Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
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Dr. Clark - Family Medicines
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Durham Duplex Razor Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffer
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Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Federal Farm Loan Bonds
Ford Automobiles and Trucks
Fordson Tractors
General Electric Company
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Glover's Mange Remedies
[illegible] & Co., Inc. (Collars, [illegible])
[illegible]
Hires Root Beer & Extracts
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hudson Cars
[illegible]
[illegible]
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly Springfield Tires
Landers, Frary & Clark (Universal)
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Master Radio Company (Miraco)
[illegible]
Mechanical Brake Lining
Multibestos Clutch Lining
Multibestos Transmission Lining
Natco Hollow Tile Silos & Farm Buildings
National Fence
New Perfect Oil Cook Stove
[illegible] Royal Granite Enamel Ware
[illegible]
[illegible] Overalls
[illegible]
Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Postum Cereal
Quaker Oats Company (Oats)
Radiola
Remington Arms Co. Inc. (Firearms Ammunition and Cutlery)
[illegible]
[illegible]
Savage Firearms
Schwarze Motor Horns
[illegible]
Stark Bro's Fruit Trees
Stearns Electric Paste and Roach Exterminator
Stevens' Firearms
Sun Maid Raisins
Swift Products
United States Fence
United States Tires
[illegible] Underwear
[illegible] Tacking Machines
Whiting Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape
Zonite

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appropriate method, and so he sent for Miss de Barril, and was informed that Miss de Barril never went to see anyone except as a guest. If Colonel Astor wished to discuss with her an arrangement for retaining her services he could call on her. So Colonel Astor called, but he was in something of a temper about it.

Together they compiled an invitation list. Probably it was a masterpiece, for there were many fine shades of feeling to be considered, notably some of the friends of the divorced wife who might be glad of an opportunity to humiliate her successor. It had, though, to include enough of those friends of Colonel Astor's mother to make it unmistakably clear that the new young wife of the middle-aged society man was going to be received.

The invitations, addressed in the evenly formed handwriting of Miss de Barril, were posted.

Then the acceptances began to come in; and among them, of course, were some formal statements that this or that one regretted extremely that a previous engagement deprived them of the pleasure of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Astor's polite invitation to dinner.

One of the young women who worked for Miss de Barril was sent to his Fifth Avenue home to get the acceptances and regrets so that Miss de Barril could proceed in her customary, orderly way with the preparations for the affair. For some inscrutable reason—possibly he was still annoyed with Miss de Barril—Colonel Astor explosively refused to permit the young woman to carry away the letters sent in response to his invitations.

"You may copy what information you require from the letters," he told her; and he had her taken to an upstairs room and given pen and ink and paper.

Submissively she set to work. For a time there was nothing to be heard in her vicinity but the scratch of her pen, and then Colonel Astor appeared again, somewhat subdued.

"Miss de Barril wants you at the telephone," he said. "And, she seems rather impatient at your being kept here. Perhaps it would be best if you took everything down to her apartment."

Miss de Barril's Attic

There was a complete surrender. A threat by Miss de Barril to wash her hands of the impending dinner party had carried the day. Colonel Astor knew he could not manage without her, and so, too, did many other hosts and hostesses whose retainers she accepted in the manner of one conferring a favor.

"I promised my mother," Miss de Barril told a friend one time, "that I would never go into any house in New York or Newport except as a guest."

In accord with her smiling characterization of herself as a social diplomat the stationery of this lady of hidalgo blood bore as a blue imprint at the top of the sheets of white paper the title of "The Embassy." But when callers saw her there she received them with a Spanish courtesy that impelled her to belittle her home.

"So good of you," she would say, "to come to my little attic."

Her little attic was an apartment in the old Stratford in East Thirty-second Street, and later in the Hotel Touraine. She shared it with her mother, a woman proud of her antecedents, of her birthplace in Seville, who never accustomed herself to what she regarded as the descent of her daughter. In Spain a lady could not work and remain a lady. She who had been Señorita Manuela Laberrerrie could not see how it could be otherwise in America.

Miss de Barril had been reared in luxury. Her father, John Joseph de Barril, also was Spanish born. The De Barrils established their home in the Oranges, in New Jersey, but always were in close touch with the society of New York, where they had a house in Nineteenth Street. An uncle of Miss De Barril, Frederic Barreda, was immensely wealthy, and also was the Peruvian minister to the United States. His home, Beaulieu, at Newport, was just the setting for the girl her friends called Inca. That name was in recognition of a Peruvian strain in the family, of an ancestor in whose veins coursed the blood of those highly civilized Indians whose destruction was one of the shameful blots on the pages of Spanish history. Sometimes Miss de Barril signed that name at the bottom of her carefully written notes, but when she did so it was spelled Y-n-c-a. Beaulieu was one of the show places of Newport, and anyone who lived there was a person of consequence in the shore resort.

In the first years of Grover Cleveland's second administration Miss de Barril was one of the prominent members of the younger circle of Newport society. Then, with what seemed like abruptness, there came a change in the family fortunes. Beaulieu passed into the possession of Baron Waldorf Astor, American expatriate.

The Social Secretary-at-Large

It was one of the wealthiest of Miss de Barril's women friends who first proposed that she turn to profit her intimate knowledge of the people of society and their ways. This matron suggested that the young woman become her social secretary, but Miss de Barril, feeling that the offer was prompted by pity, declined to accept such a post.

"Well then," persuaded this friend, "why not become a sort of social secretary for all of New York society?" She outlined her idea, and it was one that Miss de Barril saw she could carry out without too greatly compromising her family pride, even though this was about the time Jacob Coxey was rallying his army for a march on Washington, a time when most well-bred girls felt that they had only two vocational fields open to them—matrimony and teaching.

It did not take the methodical and tactful Miss de Barril long to convince the important hostesses of New York that she was competent to preserve them from much of the drudgery of entertaining, and practically all the humiliation that often resulted from carelessly made invitation lists. Those devised by Miss de Barril never were carelessly prepared.

Most of the hostesses who sought the advice and physical aid of Miss de Barril desired lists made of two or three hundred names, and during the first years of her work Miss de Barril painstakingly addressed these invitations with her own slender fingers that were crowded with diamonds. If it was an evening reception for some one of her clients, Miss de Barril made out the list, and when it had been submitted and approved, addressed and mailed the invitations. Then as the acceptances and regrets came in she wrote after the name, if an acceptance, in blue ink "acc"; if a regret, in red ink, "re."

Blue, incidentally, was a color of which she seemed extremely fond. The velvet hangings in her apartment and the upholstery were in tones of blue, and to liven it there was a great deal of silver. Her tea service, a large and complicated instrument of her daily activity, was of silver. On the walls, on tables and taborets were innumerable signed photographs of notables she knew and admired.

Her library was a collection of books covered with heavy paper mottled with blue, and among them were many loose-leaf notebooks filled with data about society. There were copies of the Social Register in orderly array outwardly, but with their insides edited, annotated, underscored and otherwise marked with symbols until they presented New York society as Miss de Barril understood the term. There was a separate list of names, her own blue book, and in her own handwriting, alphabetically arranged so that the names read, "Astor, Astor, Astor, Auchincloss," and so on.

Your teeth affect your whole appearance. Keep them shining and sound with Pebeco.

Your White Teeth - do you know how to keep them safe?

Only active mouth glands can protect them from decay

WHITE, shining teeth, a wonderful smile—thousands of men and women possess this real charm today.

Yet few of them are escaping tooth decay.

Dentists say an abnormal mouth condition is the underlying cause.

Modern foods, too soft, too quickly swallowed, no longer give the mouth glands enough exercise. Gradually their alkaline fluids cease to flow. And in your Dry Mouth your teeth, unprotected, are inevitably eaten by the acids of decay.

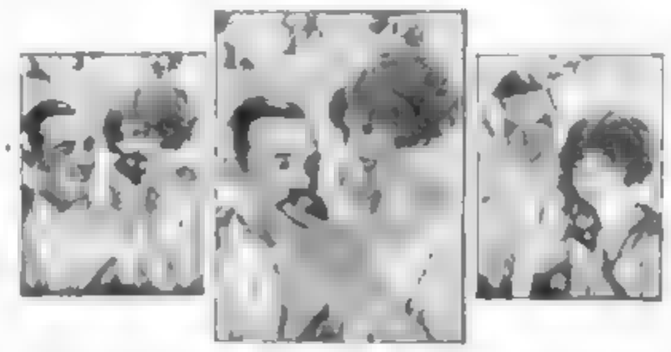
No amount of brushing and polishing can correct this curious condition. It must be reached through the mouth glands themselves. And recently a way has been found to stimulate the mouth glands successfully.

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. And the acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe*

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. All druggists'.



UNSUSPECTED—*Dry Mouth is the real cause of tooth decay. To protect your teeth use the tooth paste that increases the action of your mouth glands.*

Free Offer!

Send coupon for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. F-27
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name

Street

City State

Walk-Over

SHOES *for Men and Women*

$7 $8.50 $10

are the leading prices

Walk-Over on every shoe

Stand up— and rest your feet!

YOU find in this shoe the comfort you look for in a pair of soft old slippers. This is a gently styled, well-made shoe for men who are particular about their appearance—but concealed in it is the Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch.

That is a specially designed and patented piece of tool steel, tempered by hand to a hardness that will give your feet feather-bed comfort. See in this diagram how it reaches across from heel to ball like a bridge across a stream.

When your feet are normal, you don't know that the Main Spring* Arch is there; but when muscles tire, and before they begin to ache, the Main Spring* Arch reaches up like a big comforting hand to give support to feet that need support.

Main Spring* Arch, found only in Walk-Over shoes. This diagram shows the arched and slotted construction, and the rubber pad that gives feather-bed comfort to your feet.

All Walk-Over shoes are good-looking and smartly styled. All of them are made with the exclusive *pear-shaped heel* that makes Walk-Overs fit at the heel. All of them are made with half-century old Walk-Over quality. Many smart styles are made with this new, exclusive and comfortable Main Spring* Arch. Ask the Walk-Over dealer in your community to show you the Walk-Over shoe that will give you smart style, with a personal, comfortable, Walk-Over fit.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1925, G. E. K. Co.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

That list is in existence today. Dying in 1919, Miss de Barril gave it with other mementos to the lady who had been her secretary through most of the years she had slaved for society. This lady she had encouraged to adopt her style of handwriting until, after practice, it would have taken an expert to say which invitations had been addressed by Miss de Barril and which by the secretary. This lady still carries on that work in New York. She has almost no direct contact with hostesses, but does a great deal of addressing for Miss de Barril's successors, and so it is that every so often something like ghostly reminders of Maria de Barril are dropped into the New York post office—invitations that bring to her old friends a pang of sorrow and a pleasant memory of this stern but kindly priestess of society.

If men were not in such great demand in Miss de Barril's time, at least there was always a greater demand for men than for women, for no hostess cared to be distressed by the sight of a woman guest seated in ghastly solitude along her drawing-room wall. So it was that in her list of eligibles were the names of six or seven hundred men, bachelors with the right sort of background and a correct understanding of their obligations, all of whom met the standard she had in mind when she said "gentlemen." There was a list of two or three hundred unattached women who had been introduced into society, and besides these there were four or five hundred couples. That was all, but if you had asked Maria de Barril how many persons there were in New York society she would have counted the names in those lists that came to be her principal stock in trade.

Consequently during her administration, while, of course, uncounted hundreds of persons who were not listed in Miss de Barril's blue book went to fashionable affairs, they did not go to as many by far as those persons who were listed there. The reason for this was that almost all Miss de Barril's clients permitted her to supply the extra men and women they needed to fill in. There was a constant flow of invitations to dinners, balls, weddings, receptions, and the smaller intimate affairs, for those whose names were in that little-known record book. That mechanism represented by Miss de Barril was in itself a powerful factor in herding society back upon itself and tending to eliminate the social mavericks.

Not to be Bribed

Time and time again enterprising aspirants for high social place in New York drove in their carriages, and later in automobiles, to the hotel where she lived and worked, and besought assistance and dangled rewards. Would Miss de Barril help them? She dealt with them with an independence of character, sometimes with a scorn that was hard for rich women to swallow. There were many she refused to deal with at all. She had to make and codify her own ethics.

One day an automobile salesman drove a new and shiny vehicle to the door of her hotel. He informed her, when he was admitted to her presence, that it belonged to her, a gift from his company.

"And why?" inquired Miss de Barril.

The salesman stammered an explanation that he hoped was tactful. Miss de Barril was so influential, if she rode in this make of car it would stimulate sales.

"Impossible," she ruled with finality, and the automobile was driven back to its showroom by a puzzled, crestfallen salesman.

There were all sorts of like offers from modistes, from wine agents, from caterers, but if Miss de Barril ever receded from her position that the acceptance of such gifts would have been a breach of trust and beneath a lady, those closest to her never found it out. They would tell you flatly that she would no more have accepted such favors than she would have taken pay for striving to introduce ineligibles into the inner shrines of society. To the last this woman attended practically all the parties and other entertainments she supervised, and they were her life.

A few Spanish girls, a few from Latin America found their life in New York made easier, the way into exclusive society simplified, because of some claim on Miss de Barril

Women were far more scrupulous in Miss de Barril's day about responding to invitations, but even she had difficulty with the men, and their laxity about such trifles annoyed her tremendously. She finally evolved a system of double postcards that were sent as reminders to delinquents. This system reduced their trouble to a minimum. All they had to do was to detach that half of the card which was addressed to her, and mark it with as little trouble as if they were voting on a constitutional amendment.

With Miss de Barril advising all the hostesses of the truly smart functions there were few instances of conflict between important affairs. In contrast with that neatness there were times during this last winter in New York when several hostesses had to admit the most crushing kind of social defeat and order the closing of the doors of a ballroom because none of those they had invited had come. They were faced with the choice of closing the doors or permitting the orchestra to play and the waiters to serve a scattering of people they did not know at all. Their mistake had been in giving their parties on the same night and in competition with other hostesses.

Better Dressing Required

It is the fear of suffering that kind of humiliation that has caused some of them to act complaisantly toward crashers. A hostess desperate for masculine reserves to hold the center of her ballroom floor is not going to be too inquisitive about the antecedents of a well-groomed man who arrives in her hour of need. If he should be a nice medical student, well and good; if he should be a burglar—well, boys will be boys. At that, a burglar who wore correct evening dress instead of the slipshod, soft-shirted dinner costume, in which many men have been arraying themselves since the war, might expect an ardent welcome from his hostess, no matter if he presented for her inspection his police record. By one of those subtle grapevinings of fashion the word seems to have gone forth during this last winter that, after all, since the war is over, there is no good reason why the men should continue to appear any less carefully dressed than was essential before the war began. There is one concession: they are not required under any circumstances to wear white kid gloves. Those evidences of culture have become as obsolete as wooden ships of war. They have gone with the formal bows which a male was obliged to execute in the ballrooms of 1900 upon asking a lady to honor him with the next dance. Now, instead, he merely gives her a gentle shove.

There remain in New York a few institutions which enable the society editors, at least, to score the prestige of those names that are press-agent borne into their offices. One of these is the Junior Assembly. When it was founded about the close of the last century, it was called the Junior Cotillion. In a few seasons it had grown into the most popular of the organizations designed to provide entertainment for the sons and daughters of New York society. It became customary to have three dances a season, on the first Fridays of December, January and February.

The parents or guardians of a girl who is to be presented to society send her name to the committee, and if she is selected the persons presenting her name become subscribers for that year to the Junior Assembly, the girl goes to the dances and is made thereby, presumably, deliriously happy. Incidentally each girl who wins this honor is given three cards which she is privileged to present to suitable young men.

In its beginnings there were about fifty debutantes chosen each year; but with

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Mother's Day—Next Sunday

In memory of the child you used to be—
give mother flowers this Mother's Day.
For flowers are the perfect gift for her

"Say it with Flowers"

Your florist can telegraph flowers anywhere

On your birthday send mother flowers. Your florist can telegraph cut flowers or beautiful growing plants ANYWHERE *for you.*

We have with us tonight~

two friends who need no introduction. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and Clicquot Club Pale Dry—both dispensers of joyous refreshment. ¶ Suit your taste. Regular Clicquot Club tingles with zest and vigor. Pale Dry is mild and subtle. And don't forget that it was Clicquot Club that first taught America what real ginger ale tastes like. ¶ No other ginger ale can quite match the Clicquot pace, for no one else can mix ginger and sugar, fruit flavors and pure sparkling water with *forty years of knowing how to make good drinks the Clicquot Club way.* ¶ Clicquot Club will always be the pre-eminent ginger ale, with all its goodness sealed up in full-size pint bottles. The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 210)

every desire in the world to hold it down to reasonable proportions, in recent years it has been found necessary to include about one hundred and fifty girls, girls who neglected to marry during their first year being given another year in this delightful company, but none gets more than two years, for at the end of that time they are dropped automatically.

This is perhaps the only institution left in New York that seems to establish beyond question the right of a girl to lay claim to social standing. If she is accepted as a member of the Junior Assembly she is fairly sure of being received everywhere. This year there were six hundred applications, and a haggard committee probably is looking forward with dread to another year when they will have to dodge a thousand hostile mothers with eligible daughters.

Well, there at least would seem to be a promising nucleus each year for a social clique cast in the same mold as that in which society hardened when Mrs. Astor ruled. The only trouble is that even if some way could be devised to say "This is New York society," due solely to the normal tendency of humanity to reproduce itself, within a few decades society again would do what it has done in recent years, and outgrow itself so that all of it could not be housed at a single entertainment.

Just fancy a parade up Fifth Avenue of all the women who have been admitted to the Junior Assemblies of the last ten years, plus all their kinfolk, fathers, mothers, grandparents, children and out-of-town visitors, and try to figure how long it would take for them to pass a given point if they hurried.

Prohibition was a great blow to society, as it was in the nineties because of its destructive influence on club life in New York. Then there were two clubs in New York membership in which was the equivalent of membership in that group which thought of itself as the essence of all that was rare and worth while in America. Those clubs voted on new members with a solemnity and an amount of thought that merited some more important act. There have been times in the world's history when the fate of nations had less consideration.

Altered Club Life

It was in those days the custom for the men of New York to head uptown at the cocktail hour. There was a good reason for that—a pretty good reason, that is. The men who were in what for convenience may be called Wall Street rarely stopped working in the middle of the day to eat luncheon, and in the late afternoon they headed for their clubs with ravenous appetites and a compelling hunger for bracers.

Around the bar of every club would be grouped something like a quorum of the membership and an army of guests. Pencils to sign checks were worn to a mere stub in a single session there. Bartenders developed muscles not to be found in ordinary arms through their exertions in shaking together fragrant fluids from the labyrinthine maze of bottles behind the bar.

With that sort of thing going on daily a club could afford to be exclusive and limit its membership; but not any more. Even before prohibition some of them for reasons of finance had been forced to amplify their membership. A few exclusive clubs in New York took in scores of members at a time, and the men they accepted were not New York men, but rich men who had come to New York with fortunes. One club, for example, took in practically all the conspicuous members of a certain industry, and doing so, managed to survive as an institution if not as a club.

An old gentleman who was bemoaning the changed conditions in the clubs of New York said recently that with the passing of the bars practically all of them had been compelled to raise the price of food in their restaurants, although formerly they made no attempt to show a profit on the food served, and, indeed, in the bars it was as free as it was in any Third Avenue saloon.

"It costs as much to eat in a club nowadays," he complained, "as it does in the first-class hotels; and personally I prefer, when the price is equal, to eat in the hotels, for there I may hear music and see strange women instead of strange men as in my club. That is a great trouble with our clubs today. The only interest the men have in common is their membership. When I was younger we all knew each other, we knew each other's families. The clubs, like society, have outgrown themselves. Our old privacy has been swept away by rich barbarians from who knows where.

"The men of society in my youth were clubmen, but today I see many men in my club that I do not know well enough to bring into my own home, let alone into the home of a friend. New York is befogged with people. You can't know everyone and you don't want to anyway."

The New Rulers of Society

This old gentleman said some other things that he had time to think out while sitting in the wide plate-glass window of his club, watching the wheeled traffic of the Avenue roll past in waves controlled by red and green and yellow lights in bronze signal towers. Sitting there he has seen the horses—enough of them to mount divisions of cavalry—disappear with their carriages and be replaced by automobiles.

His feeling was that it is a good thing for America that there is no longer a tight little group that may be regarded as the target of every social climber in the land. The one redeeming thing, as he sees it, is a growing respect for ancestry in the country. He thinks that is more important for America than having a rich clique or combination of cliques, the individuals of which leave the raising of their children to chauffeurs and female servants, while they scheme to get themselves into a still more exclusive clique.

Not so many years ago if one cared to go to the opera, society might have been seen glittering in the splendor of its jewels and chattering with its own gossip there in the horseshoe of boxes of the parterre. The people who sit there now glitter all right, but not so many of them bear names that are to be found in the carefully edited list of Miss Maria de Barril. Nevertheless, they have inherited power in New York.

"The old families no longer have the money to compete with these outsiders," said one woman whose name was in the De Barril list. "Our families have been pushed to the wall by these people who have taken over New York in recent years. We are trying to hold our lines, but there are so many of them and they have so much money—and we lack a leader."

Reviewing it all, the conclusion is almost unescapable, that belonging to New York society in 1925 is pretty much like belonging to the white race, and not the white Nordic race, either.

DELIGHT *in the New* WONDERLAND

a playground
-unique
-fascinating
-beautiful

FLOAT LIKE A CORK, ON WATER 23% SALT IN THE GREAT SALT LAKE

When you buy your railroad ticket, ask for the FREE STOPOVER in

Salt Lake City

"Center of Scenic America"

Stay at least 3 days-10 if you can—You'll enjoy every minute!

AN indescribable magic awaits you in this *new wonderland*, where the romance of the old west yet lingers, and where *a vacation is still an adventure.*

Here, in the peaks of the Rockies, *in the city of seven canyons*, you'll revel in the charm of every summer pastime in the high, pure invigorating air nearly a mile above sea level. *It's different!*

Float in the Great Salt Lake; visit the largest open cut copper mine in the world, see the Mormon Temple and Tabernacle—only a few of the points of interest here.

Salt Lake City is the gateway to Yellowstone, Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon and north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and to 57 other national parks and monuments.

Utah's resources are enormous. It is one of the leading canning states in America, was first in silver production in 1924, third in copper, third in lead and sixth in gold, and led the metal mining states with an output valued at nearly 66 million dollars. The world's largest smelting center is located in Salt Lake valley, treating ore valued at $93,000,000 in 1924

Chamber of Commerce
Salt Lake City

Chamber of Commerce, Salt Lake City, Utah. Dept. P-t

I intend to visit Salt Lake City and am interested in a stopover. Please send me a pictorial booklet. (Check the one you desire.)

☐ "Scenic Salt Lake City".
☐ "— Days in and Around Salt Lake City".

(For information on specific subjects, write the Chamber of Commerce for any of the following booklets: Agriculture and Livestock, Mining, Industrial, Statistical.)

Name

Street No.

City and State

"What *delicious* candy!" *she said.* "Nan, what *is* it?"

"Why, it's that new candy, Oh Henry!" answered Nan. "You *slice* it, you know. Don't you just love the novelty of it?"

Slicing Oh Henry! *is* a novelty in candy . . . a delightful one, too. And since Chicago women started slicing Oh Henry! a year or so ago, for teas, bridge games, Mah-Jongg and the family's use, the novelty of this new way of serving candy has taken Oh Henry! into many, many homes.

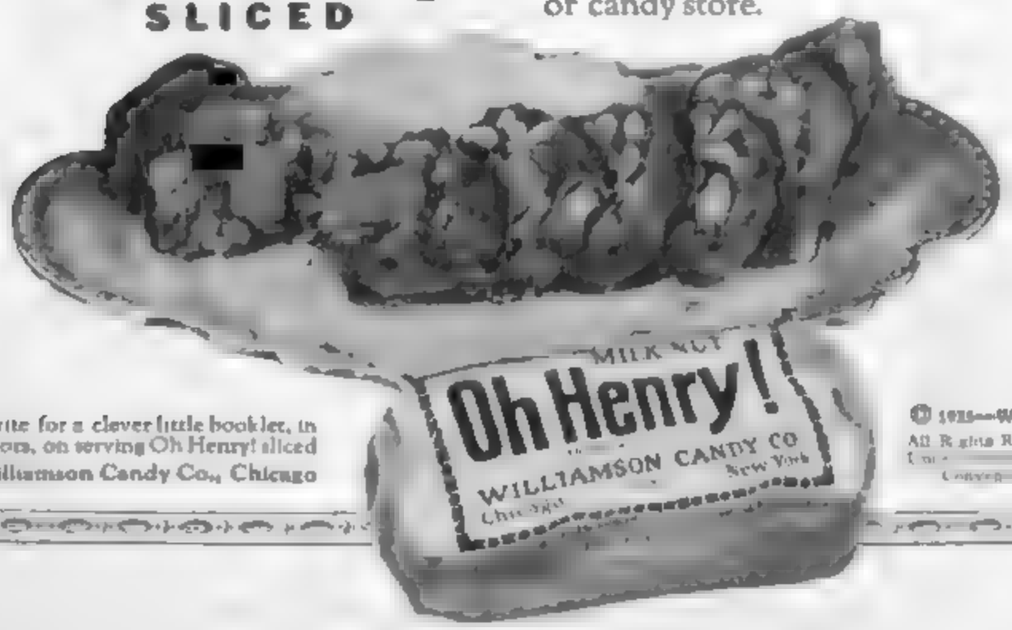
But there is more than mere novelty to sliced Oh Henry! It's one of the most delicious candies you ever tasted. Imagine a rich butter cream dipped in a luscious, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats, and then thickly coated with the mellowest milk chocolate!

Doesn't that sound *good?* Well, that's Oh Henry! Do you wonder that people eat more Oh Henry! than any other one candy? Or that in many homes, Oh Henry! is as welcome as chocolates?

Telephone for a few bars of Oh Henry! Try this new way of serving candy. You'll like the convenience of having a few bars in the pantry to slice whenever candy is wanted. And it isn't expensive . . . a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal . . . and *delicious* . . . slices. At your grocery, drug or candy store.

Oh Henry!

SLICED



Write for a clever little booklet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced
Williamson Candy Co., Chicago

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A MILLION DOLLARS WANTED

(Continued from Page 9)

It was marvelous how his attitude was caught by the town. The idea that a town of their size should raise a nice round sum like a million turned into a sporting proposition. Getting over the top became the event of the day, and while at times the object was forgotten in the race, not only the million but an extra two hundred thousand was raised—to the glory of the young manhood of the city, and the paid manager of the campaign.

The first active work, then, is putting a manager in charge, whether the assignment is to get twenty-five million for a national movement or fifty thousand for a hospital in Nova Scotia. It is he who decides what method shall be used for raising the money. Among the methods in general use are the quiet solicitation of good prospects over a long period of time; benefits, such as fairs, balls, and their like; the drive method the mobilization of friends of the cause into an organization, the rapid comprehensive asking for contributions, and the great blast of publicity in the daily papers.

The drive method is the most popular and the most dramatic. Its intensive methods have been developed over a period of years by the man who is called the father of the drive, prominent in the great appeals for funds during the war. According to him his intensive method means that instead of getting one or two men to spend years working up interest, he takes an organization, interests the whole community in it, and raises the money in a week. It is easier to hold the interest of the community for a short time, the solicitors as well as the solicitees. A business man, for instance, would feel that he could take time off, leave his business to others for a week, under the stimulation of putting something over. If the same man were asked to give half a day a week over the period of a year, his disgust would amount to rudeness in turning down the request.

The manager appointed by the fund-raising company, and the organization heads, having agreed, as is nowadays almost invariable, on the drive method, must pick out a time for the campaign. This presupposes an encyclopedic knowledge, on the part of the manager, of country-wide economic conditions, and intimate cooperation with the other drive shops, as they are familiarly called.

For their mutual advantage it is necessary that the drive shops work together. If one firm is handling the yearly call for help of a large organization, it would be obviously unfortunate to have the campaign take place the same week as a drive for some great building fund. Most drives are scheduled so far ahead, however, that conflicts can be foreseen.

The Hidden Mechanism of Drives

In local work the pockets of the citizens must be given time to fill up between financial drainings. The big drive concerns must even adjust their own campaigns to opportunity. One important manager told me the other day that he had been waiting more than a year to put on a campaign that had been ordered for the Y. W. C. A. in a certain Eastern city. It seems that there is a hospital drive which must come off first—of which he is also the manager—and until that is out of the way the young women must wait impatiently for their funds.

A few weeks, a few months, before the first public appeal, the drive-shopper begins to get his volunteer workers organized. His own equipment of stenographers and publicity experts is, of course, a permanent force, ready to be called at any time.

The most striking and important fact about fund raising is that the paid manager is never anything more than an unseen power behind the throne. The attention of the donors must be concentrated on the charity, not on the mechanism. There is never so much as a credit line to the firm on the campaign literature. When the wreaths and the bays are distributed at the conclusion of a successful drive the manager is not among those who are laurel crowned. He is usually a quiet, well-dressed and competently mannered person. He attends all the meetings, confers inconspicuously, but is usually engaged in fading out of the picture. No one but the leaders know who he is, for to most of the volunteer solicitors, as to the public, a drive springs, like Venus, full-blown from the sea.

Since there are perhaps twenty of these drives going on at once in the larger offices, there would be no time to bind laurel wreaths around managerial brows, even were they awarded. Each drive shop has a staff of these managers, varying in number with the volume of business, and making up to twenty thousand dollars a year in salary. A busy man, a manager, who may be off for California the day after a drive—or England or France! At least one firm has so many calls from London and Paris for applications of its method of getting money from reluctant pockets that it now keeps a head man in each of those cities.

Taxation Talk

Managers must bring much more to their business of fund raising than social knowledge and the ability to make volunteers work—two vital accomplishments I shall speak of a little later. They must link up their purposes with all the economic factors of the day. Perhaps the outstanding example of this is the way they utilize the income-tax reduction for charity, in their arguments. Special cards and booklets are distributed, and they almost blackjack people into going the limit on their income-tax exemption.

They emphasize the 15 per cent deduction for charity allowed by the Government, and show a man how he can give ten thousand dollars to charity and have it cost him only six thousand. This, of course, is in the case of a large income where the tax is 40 per cent

"If you didn't give us the ten thousand dollars you'd have to pay four of it to the Government in taxes anyway," say they. "So why not help a cause at not too much cost?"

The man is apt to feel that he is slipping one over on the Government, and the check is signed. Of course the Government made the law to encourage charity, but it looks like money found, for all that.

Another innovation in fund raising in the last few years—an innovation that is still in its empirical stage—is used by clever managers in college-endowment drives. They will induce a group of alumni to take out group insurance which can be obtained without an examination. The risk is spread over the group and the premiums are the individual contributions. It here becomes a nice point of loyalty—would you die for your college?

In managing college drives the fund raisers bring out unknown activities of the college, with the coöperation of the various local newspapers.

The psychology of the giver is a big study and one that is thoroughly attended to. The sort of canvassers that get the largest donations is also a subject of research. It is said that women are of more use in collecting money than men are, and not because they have more time, for it is more difficult for a woman to leave her household than for a man to say to his secretary, "I won't be back this afternoon." Women will do more; men, according to a manager who has raised more than a hundred million dollars by brain and brawn, make you sign a contract that they won't have to work, just contribute. The women will take their work seriously, and do small menial jobs with graceful willingness.

(Continued on Page 217)

Specially Priced NOW!

Illustration is actual size. Capacity 1 quart

"Wear-Ever" Pudding Pan For Better Baking

It is a handy utensil for other purposes, too—ideal in shape and depth for stewing, storing cold foods and covering hot dishes.

This full-size, one-quart **"Wear-Ever"** Pudding Pan is made of hard, thick, heat-absorbing and heat-retaining aluminum.

Look for the **"Wear-Ever"** trade mark on the bottom.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co. New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada: Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

WEAR-EVER TAC ALUMINUM UCO TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT OFF

A Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Utensils Now in Use

1925 25th Anniversary of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

FIELD MAN

HOME OFFICE BUILDINGS

MAIL MESSENGER

CLERK

STENOGRAPHER

Practising what we preach

More than 23,000 Prudential employees in the agency, clerical and operating forces enjoy the benefits of life insurance at extremely low cost.

Each employee pays the same rate per $1000 regardless of age. No medical examination is required. The way is thus opened for many who could not otherwise have obtained protection.

The plan is the latest method devised by our Group Insurance Department. It is on the cooperative basis, the company providing part of the premium.

On the very day the policy began one of our co-workers died. Each claim gives new proof of the helpfulness of this modern form of life insurance.

WATCHMAN

SUPERINTENDENT

We are ready to serve other groups

The Prudential has insured hundreds of groups in all lines of business and industry. It has developed a special staff to serve their needs. This organization is ready to recommend the one best plan for each particular requirement. Prudential service is furnished at cost. Net premiums have been brought down to rock-bottom by simplified accounting and low overhead.

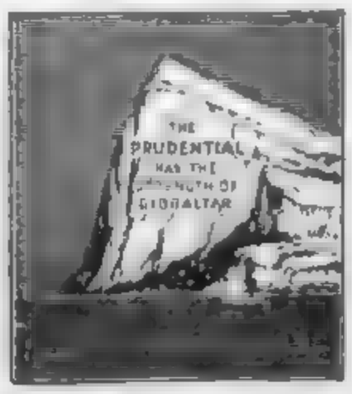
TYPESETTER

MECHANIC

Read up on this live subject

Write the Manager, Group Insurance Department, for our new booklet—"Practising What We Preach." Give him some points about the group of workers in whom you are interested. Tell him (a) Name of concern, (b) Kind of business, (c) Number of employees and (d) Your position with the firm.

JANITRESS



OFFICE BOY

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

(Continued from Page 214)

The methods used to get money during the Liberty Loan drives are not considered necessary now. It is felt that going into factories or disturbing people at their work is not quite square—this statement from a firm that has raised more than four hundred million dollars for various organizations since the war.

The ambition of the professional fund raiser is not, as is generally supposed, to make his drive news. It is to get the good will, organize the good will, of the friends of the organization. Bagging the big name for the general chairmanship of the drive is this gentleman's favorite sport. The publicity value and the appeal to workers of association with the importance of the big name are vital. This is the first sign of using the instinct for social climbing, which is as inherent in fund raising as it is in the human race.

There is terrific competition for these magic labels of financial and social supremacy. Hair flies and teeth are spattered about in the struggle. The office of the general chairmanship is usually a nominal one. Frequently the chairman doesn't even see the literature that is sent out over his name, although there have been cases of chairmen who startled even blasé drive managers into awe by their willingness to work and the efficiency of their ideas and direction. In most cases the manager counts the way well won if he gets permission to use the distinguished combination of letters which is recognized in the community or the nation as a symbol of power. Of course he is always glad to accept a check worthy of the name.

Aside from the competition, many of the best names shun publicity, and the fancied responsibility. The most delicate arts of persuasion are often necessary. One woman who was charming as well as important was much wanted as the head of a drive her alma mater was making for funds. She couldn't do it, she explained to the fund raisers, for numerous reasons, all of which were good. They were almost in despair. It seemed to them that the success of the whole thing lay in getting her name. Finally one bright young manager went to her home.

"You realize, don't you, Mrs. A, how important it is for your college to get this money, all of it?"

"Yes," she answered politely but wearily, "but I've said so many times I'd be glad to give most generously, but I just can't ——"

"Well," interrupted the manager, "we estimate that the value of your services to the drive would be five hundred thousand dollars. Now you're not going to be able to give that much, are you?"

Effective Publicity

She couldn't resist that. Her name went on the propaganda material and the drive went over with what is so succinctly known as a wow.

The big name in the trophy bag, the manager is ready to turn to the important printed matter which is so integral a part of every campaign. This, it must be understood, is distinct from the newspaper stories, which are also handled from the same office, but by a regular publicity man.

The slogan, the initial literary composition, is naturally used in the papers too. You've noticed them, those crisp little sentences or phrases which seem to stick so easily in your mind, but which have been selected only after infinite labor:

Buy a Brick;
Save a Child;
Build a Wing for the Hospital;
Buy a Bandage;
Professors Must Eat.

Their very simplicity is an indication of the pain their birth has cost, and the sigh of relief that goes up in the drive shop the day that the slogan is finally O.K.'d and sent to the printer is a mighty one.

The next problem is the literature of the drive. Aside from extra cards, pamphlets, and so on, four pieces of printed matter are almost inevitable. First comes the general descriptive booklet of the whole work—so handsomely gotten up that it is almost a souvenir, so attractive that people will hesitate before throwing it into the wastebasket. Every booklet allowed to lie on a library table is an inch toward the goal. It has expensive pictures, often loose cuts pasted on heavy, creamy, ragged-edged paper. The type is large and says little, but says it well. This is mailed out to a large list of prospects. Each charitable institution has a master list of such names.

Follows the job of telling the amateur speaker how to speak. A handbook is written for him, containing material, statistics, hard-and-fast facts, and the best ways of presenting them. It tells him how to be humorous and instructs him in the art of interspersing human-interest stories. The tale of the plumber who made twice as much as the college professor whose bathtub he fixed is the cornerstone of every college drive for funds, and gives even the timidest speaker something to put his teeth into.

Number Three is the canvasser's handbook. This most fascinating bit of literature you'll hear more of in time. It is full of instructions to the volunteers whom the manager is so soon to lead into battle. It is filled with the psychology of salesmanship; the bright and snappy sales methods so ridiculed and yet so effective.

The Opening Gun

Fourth is a form letter, mimeographed and broadcast, probably the first of a series of bulletins. It is signed by the treasured big name who is the chairman. There is so much variety in this, depending on the cause, that it is hard to go into details. One thing it usually mentions, though, is that the names of the donors will be published.

While this has been going on, the manager has also been arranging lists of possible solicitors, with the aid of someone who knows the friends of the cause—those who have any reason to take an active interest in touching the goal. If the drive is a national one the whole fund-raising organization has probably been at work for some time deciding the quota for San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland and Kewanee. New York City is counted on to give the lion's share, and is expected to contribute from two to fifteen times as much in these campaigns as the rest of the country. If a smaller drive center is important enough a manager is sent there.

The procedure in different cities differs only in scale, and one drive, with allowable variations, is conducted much like another. We can get a good bird's-eye view of the whole mechanism of fund raising by reviewing the New York City section of a recent national drive, which must necessarily go unnamed in this article.

The intensive, actual cash-asking work of this drive was scheduled to take ten days. As a matter of fact it opened a week before with a luncheon at the great house of a woman who sits most comfortably on a pinnacle of society. Mostly women happened to be concerned here, and there were many of them who volunteered for what is really arduous service, for the sole privilege of attending this meeting, of being able to say to their friends, "When I was in Mrs. Z's house the other day." It lasted from twelve to three, and was known as an organization conference. Flowers from the hothouses of the hostess there were, liveried menservants, and the buzzing excitement of re-meeting and new meeting. Reporters from every newspaper in the city smiling cynically in the background; a contained, quiet man in a dark suit going about saying certain things to certain women concerning tables, teams, cards—the man from the drive shop.

Then a week later the first great public luncheon for the workers, given at a big hotel. And "given" is right. The solicitors receive six daily luncheons and a dinner for nothing. A much-discussed

The FLORSHEIM Feeture Arch

$11

In this specially constructed shoe there is added comfort—relief—easy traveling. The built in steel arch is firm under your weight yet flexible when you walk. A regular FLORSHEIM style with re-inforced shank.

Combination No. 14 - Style M 173

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

ATWATER KENT

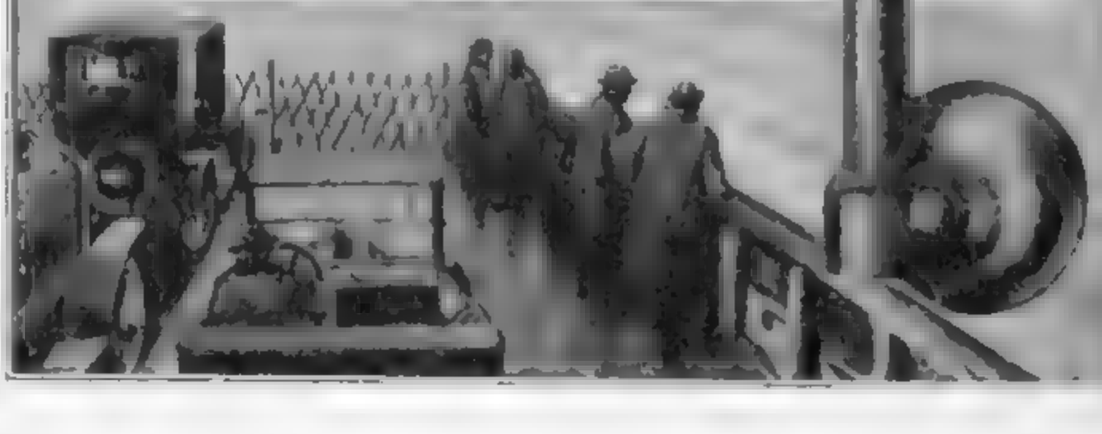
NEITHER slow starting nor that long hill ahead will hold any dread for you if your Ford is ATWATER KENT equipped.

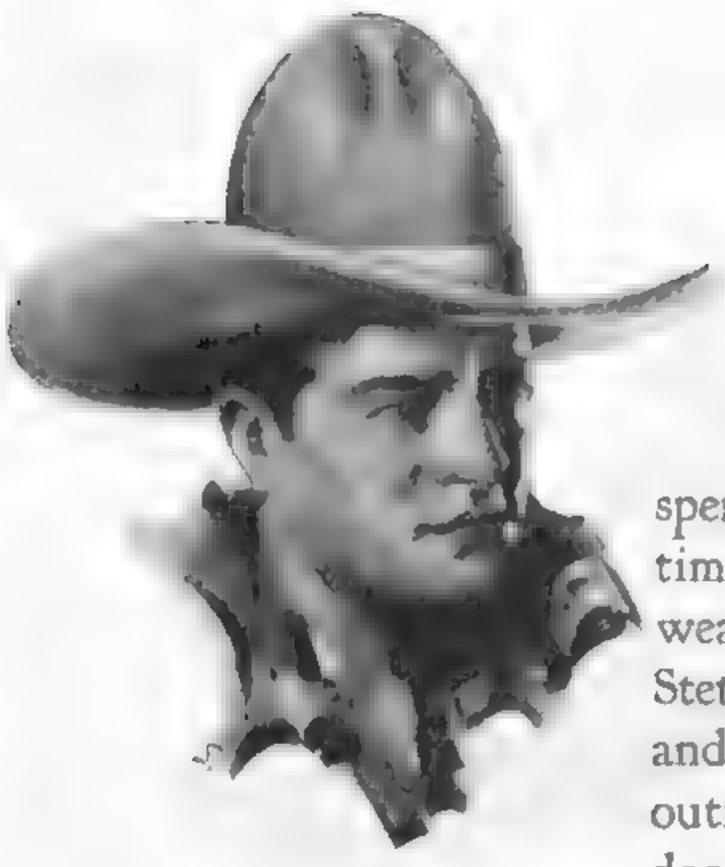
Whether your car is old or new, this dependable system will keep it running its best at all times. Its perfectly timed spark and automatic control will give you instant starting, faster pick-up, and a new source of power.

Have the ATWATER KENT dealer near you show you how quickly he can put new life into your motor. Easily installed without removing your radiator.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave., Phila., Pa

$10.80
Including cables and fittings





RANCHERS and cowboys, campers and all those rugged men who spend most of their time out of doors wear wide-brimmed Stetson hats. Men and women who are outfitting for outdoor life should follow the example of the old-timers who never forgot their Stetsons.

STETSON HATS

Styles for all occasions

point, this. In every campaign someone arises with a great complaining "Why? Why are workers given a daily lunch of fruit cocktail, soup, chicken patty, ice cream and coffee? Why shouldn't the amount these lunches lump into be given outright to the fund?"

The drive manager makes the answer to this very clear. The unifying and social fact of these daily meetings—and here enters the truism that people will do anything, go any place, for free food—makes people work who wouldn't or couldn't put in a week or ten days of soliciting effort if they were doing it alone. What the lunches mean is that the drive manager—or, in other words, the cause—gets free work that he would have to pay at the lowest twenty dollars a week for if there were no social stimulus. Say the lunch costs a dollar a person. That's seven dollars for work that would cost thirty, leaving out all other obvious considerations.

The Master List

The hotel luncheon, handsomely staged and supplied with hundreds of canvassers, none of them paid, opens with a bang of stimulating talk. Everyone, from the head of the drive to the head waiter of the hotel, has done his best to make it an attractive picture. The speakers' table, slightly raised, runs lengthwise of the room so that all can see. Beneath it are the tables of six, the women colorful in their better if not their best clothes.

It is interesting and convenient, the way the seating arrangement also serves as a grouping for the entire campaign. Each table develops a competitive spirit of its own as well as working for the glory of its team. Back of the speakers' table and around the room are banners. At one end is one of those thermometer-like arrangements, showing the rising tide of cash, without which it seems impossible to conduct a campaign. At the other end of the room is a great board on which are listed thousands of names. This is priceless beyond rubies and sables and even blank checks, for the names are the names of the prospects, and the working basis for all canvassing.

The manager can look with pardonable pride on this great list which has taken so much effort to compile, since every name on it is supposed to be a live one. Friends of friends, and friends of friends of friends of the organization, people who will give to anything, people who won't but might give to this, have been ferreted out. The best giving prospects of the city are here, on what is called the master list. At the campaign headquarters are cards for each of these names. The canvassers are expected to go up to the list, check the names they know and would be apt to receive donations from, and then get the card of the prospect. The theory is that each prospect is to be solicited by only one canvasser, so of course there is much arrangement and maneuvering necessary among the canvassers in settling their names.

The procedure is no haphazard affair. There is a booklet of Ten Commandments—oh, so carefully prepared by the drive shop—which is a fascinating document.

"A large number of prospect pledge cards," it begins formally, "have been prepared for this campaign, which are believed to be among the best giving prospects of the city."

It goes on to say that members of the teams are expected to average twenty-five cards each. The drive shop encourages exchange of cards with other tables if good reasons can be shown, for—and this is the law of the Medes and the Persians, of the Seven Tribes, and of the Jungle—the basic principle of successful soliciting is that the right solicitor call upon the right prospect; and the right solicitor is he who can get the largest subscription.

"On many cards in the right-hand corner box," the booklet advises, "is a penciled letter representing a key to the committee's suggestion as to the amount you should ask prospect to consider giving. This is referred to as an evaluation. Never refer to this amount as an assessment. It is not that, but merely a suggested asking. Nearly every person sincerely interested in contributing will ask for guidance in the matter of amount. Your opportunity will come when he does so. It is not advisable to let prospect know that he has been evaluated, and we recommend the practice of erasing the key before facing the prospect."

Competition for the rich or the socially prominent names is naturally keen and often amusing. The theory is that the canvassers are supposed to pick out people with whom they would have a good chance of being successful. At this drive there was one woman from the South who had gone in for purely social purposes. She was sure that this was the door through which she might slip in among the blue-blooded elect. When it was announced that the canvassers were to check prospects from the list, she fairly ran up to the board and marked off twenty-five of the Social Register's fairest flowers before anyone else even got near enough to sniff their fragrance.

Retribution was so swift that it was hardly dramatic. She simply couldn't collect a cent. Each day her table mates would await her coming with catty eagerness. "How much today?" they would inquire with a veneer of friendliness. She would crumple before their eyes. There was some reason for their anger because someone else could probably have gotten subscriptions from her names without difficulty. As it was, the prospects had to be somewhat awkwardly reapproached. However, it was hardly necessary for her campaign mates to eye her pitifully elaborate clothes with scorn and cause her to leave the table in tears three days out of five, all in the name of charity. But so things go.

The table grouping of six is the smallest unit of the canvassers' organization. Under the general chairman come five divisions, each with a division leader. A division is subdivided into three teams with team captains; six tables, six at a table, with a chairman chosen from their number, belong to each team. The rivalry grows simply and literally furious, for the struggle between the various groups is deadly earnest—each table must lead in collections.

Rivalry Capitalized

A rich man and his wife were listed on the board together. One woman checked off his wife; another canvasser right afterward cannily took the husband. In her new spring coat, with a great orchid pinned at her shoulder, she called on him at his office, and got the subscription. When the wife was approached she was haughty indeed in her refusal. She had planned to do the contributing herself.

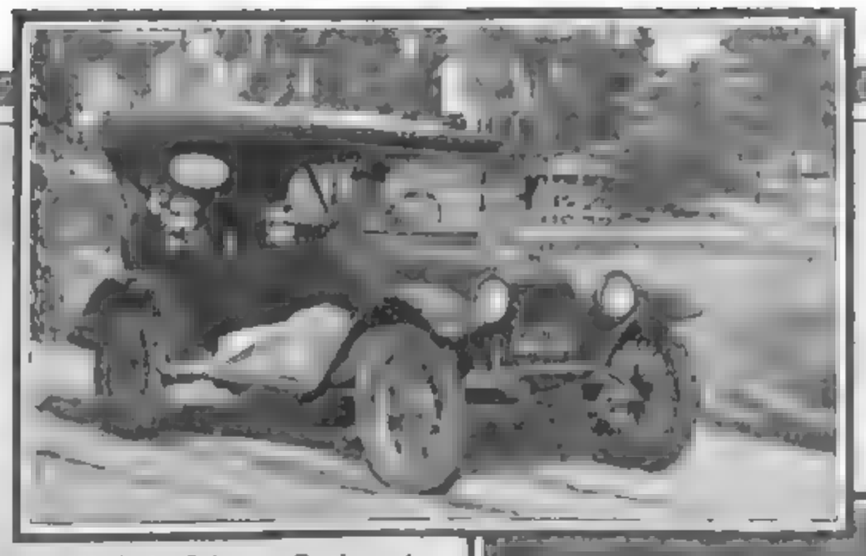
Any personal contact is important; a pinch of intimacy is worth more than a barrel of oratory.

One drive manager told me that he bases most of his hope for success in collecting cash on the competitive instinct of the solicitors. People will do the most amazingly arduous and lengthy work for the brass medal of supremacy over their friends.

The first luncheon ends just before the solicitors are overcome by the hot-food-laden and perfumed air and the maze of instructions. They are dismissed to meet again after three days' work, a brilliant move on the part of the organizers, who insist on that interval between the first and the second luncheons. They know that the start is slow and that no reports mean black discouragement. As the women go out they are given the following list of Suggestions to Solicitors to mull over at their leisure:

"1. EACH TEAM member is expected to attend the report meeting and report to her Captain the results of the day's work. Do not fail to attend these meetings. The attendance of every team member is most important to the success of the campaign.

(Continued on Page 221)



With the Johnson Outboard Motor in its canvas carrying base 'clamped' on the running board of the car, any family within 50 miles of boating water can run out to the shore, and then—

— park the car, lift off the Johnson Motor (it weighs only 35 pounds, an easy one-hand carry), and then—

— quickly attach it to any boat (their own or rented) by tightening just two wing screws, and then—

— enjoy a day on the water, where there are no crowds and no dust, where the air is clear, fresh and invigorating—and plenty of ideal picnic spots along the shore.

Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Out on the water away from the crowds

NO more dust and gasoline fumes on over-crowded highways for the family with a car and a Johnson Outboard Motor.

Theirs is the joy and sport of motor boating—where there are no roads to restrict, no crowds, no sign boards between them and the scenery.

The Johnson Motor makes it possible—for the Johnson is a *really portable* outboard motor.

It weighs only 35 pounds—*complete and ready to run*. No batteries, no coils, no rudder, no tiller ropes—an easy one-hand carry.

The Johnson is the *dependable* outboard motor. Dependability was L. J. Johnson's first consideration when he designed it. *Absolute dependability*—not "pretty dependable" or "usually dependable" or even simply "more dependable than others."

The Johnson makes a motor boat out of any boat or canoe. Boat livery men don't mind your using the Johnson on rented boats because they know it cannot injure them. It can be attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering any of them.

More Johnson Motors were sold in 1924 than any other make

If you want to know what real sport is *get into the boat and see for yourself*. Any Johnson dealer will give you a free demonstration.

If you don't know the Johnson dealer write us for FREE catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
882 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.
Eastern Distributor and Export: New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.
4 West 61st Street, New York City, N. Y.
Canadian Distributors Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario

1925 Model
Better than Ever

Power increased 25 to 30%.

* * *

Drives rowboat 7 to 9 miles per hour, canoe 9 to 12 miles.

* * *

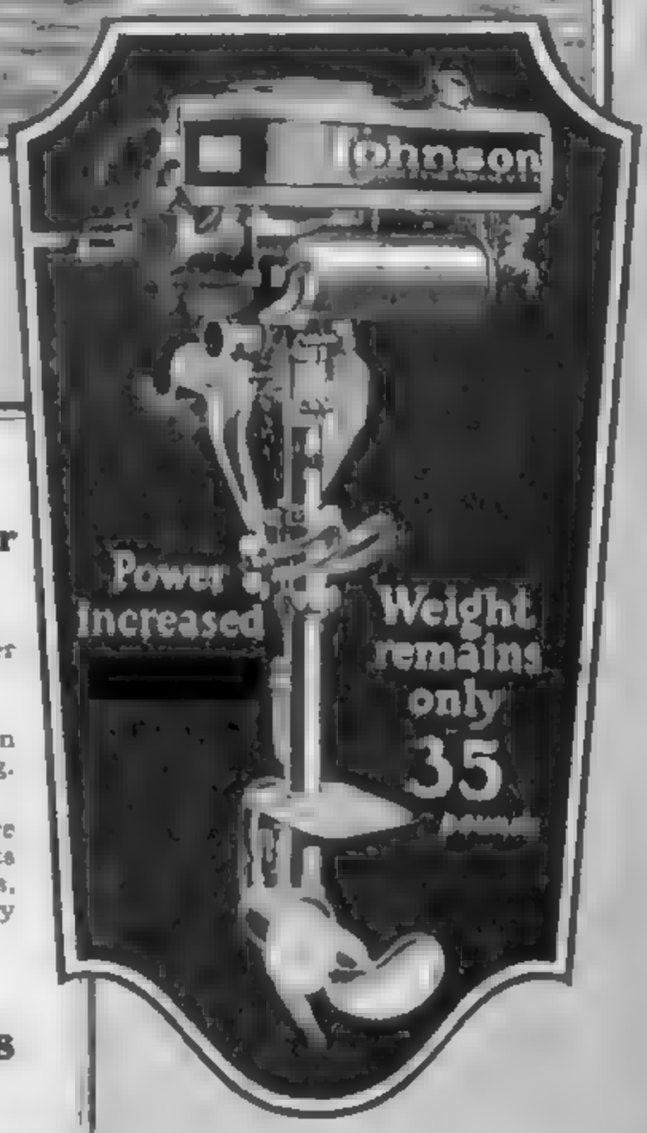
Improved Super-quick Action Magneto gives even easier starting.

* * *

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive is standard equipment—permits running over submerged rocks, logs, sand-bars, etc., without injury to propeller or motor.

* * *

Weight Remains
Only 35 Pounds



MALLORY STRAWS

The Hats Of Unexampled Smartness

The Mallory "Flex-Ease" Soft Band Straw
(PATENTED)

¶ It cushions your hat and comforts your head where they meet, retaining softness and springiness and preventing loss of original shape.

The Mallory "Cravenette" Straw
(EXCLUSIVE)

¶ It protects your hat against wear and weather without detracting from the clearness and lustre of the braid. Both the body and band are proofed

HOW TO TELL THE BEST FROM THE REST

CUSTOM and coolness compel you to change to a Straw Hat in summer. How are you going to tell the best from the rest? By the unmistakable style-lines and the unvarying comfort; by the unrivaled shape-keep and the unmeasured wear of a Hand-Made Mallory Straw. You can't buy more in a Straw Hat. You get all four in a Mallory.

Where to Buy—*MALLORY Straw Hats are on sale at better Hat Shops throughout the United States. See newspapers for announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats and ask for them by name.*

Find the Label—*MALLORY Straw Hats always bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweat-leather. It is important that you find the Mallory Label in the Straw Hat you buy.*

MALLORY STRAWS ARE HAND-MADE

The Mallory Hat Company, 234 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from Page 218)

"2. SOLICIT IN PAIRS. You will thus secure larger subscriptions, as the presence of an associate greatly strengthens the presentation.

"3. BE SURE TO SEE every person whose name is assigned to you. If not at home on the first call, try again. Do not write or telephone for contributions and never leave a card with the prospect while he thinks it over. He will ask you to do this— Here is evident the light hand of the manager, who knows from experience just the tactics of the gun-shy prospect —will assure you he will mail it to headquarters for you—*but it never comes.*

"4. DO NOT SOLICIT persons whose cards have not been assigned to you, as this would interfere with other solicitors. If you desire to solicit such a person, get a card from the Campaign office

"5. TAKE SPECIAL PAINS with all persons able to give large subscriptions. Do not fail to call upon members of the Executive Committee, or other in the campaign, for needed assistance.

"6. TACTFULLY SUGGEST the amount you hope to get, before the prospect has an opportunity to name an amount. Emphasize the magnitude of the undertaking, which requires large subscriptions from public-spirited people.

"7. MAKE EVERY DAY count to the utmost. Good reports on the opening days will make the rest of the campaign easier.

"8. THIS APPEAL has the hearty approval of all intelligent citizens. You can make your appeal with the utmost confidence. It is not a begging proposition. You are offering your fellow citizens the privilege of taking a part in this good-citizenship movement."

These suggestions are vital, as teaching the solicitors to solicit is one of the hardest of the tasks confronting the fund-raising firm and is of course their responsibility. Cold terror comes on people when they think of going out to ask for money, and it needs deftness and oratory and publicity and group consciousness to carry them through.

"We get everything we can out of volunteers," said a leading fund raiser to me the other day, "but we have to do a large part of it ourself."

Hungry Solicitors

Ideas count as much as encouragement One manager found himself ten thousand dollars short of the amount set for a goal on the evening of what was to be the final triumphal banquet. More than that, quite a large sum had been promised by a man on condition that the whole sum was completed –and many donors of that sort welcome any chance to drop out.

So the fertile manager arranged things with the hotel where the banquet was to be held. When the soup had been served he rapped for order. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have had your soup. We are ten thousand dollars short of our goal. Bring that back with you at ten o'clock and we'll eat the rest of the dinner."

They got the money.

If the opening luncheon of the drive is on, say, Friday, the first of the daily report luncheons will be on Monday. From that time on, there is a luncheon every day for a week until the drive winds up in a burst of what is almost hysteria, and a victory dinner.

All contributions are reported, from the biggest to the smallest, and up they go on the great blackboard. Each team must have credit for its work down to the finest point. Pleasantries creep in among the announcements.

The Victory Dinner

"Five thousand dollars from Mr. X, the banker," says one team captain.

"One dollar from a chiropodist," says another.

"Make a footnote of it," contributes the amiable chairman.

Various spurs goad the workers on. A bonus is offered to teams if all their members are present at every luncheon. There is also a bonus for all gifts collected before the intensive week of the drive begins. These bonuses are, of course, purely in terms of credit on the board, not actual cash. The team is ahead, and that is glory enough for any man. The brass medal shining brightly again.

The week goes on. Workers become adept in extracting money, take a pride in their ability at it. A society woman accepts an invitation to tea from a climber, the understanding being that a check of no mean proportions will follow. The problem of getting money from women whose husbands hold the purse strings must be met. It is said that the real campaign is conducted by thousands of individuals in their own homes, according to their own methods, developed over a number of years.

In drives for women's colleges this is particularly true. The woman promises lavishly and the husband must come through. Likely enough he has his own university to consider, and he will bargain with his wife—so much to Harvard and so much to Smith. One couple I know compromised by not giving anything to either alma mater.

Finally the great victory dinner itself is over. The demi-tasses are cold and the tables are a ruin of cigarette ashes and wilted maidenhair ferns. The goal has been attained—somehow it almost always is attained—and the tired volunteers are restored to their families. The sweet wind of finality has cooled the heated brow of everyone—except the manager. All he has to do is to get up early the next morning and start work on another drive!

He sits in his office, probably high in a great skyscraper, a modern ministering angel listening to the clicking of typewriters instead of the shushing of wings—ministering to the sick and poor and needy all over the country—and incidentally making a very good living at it.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

The Florsheim crest on the sole means value for what you pay—fine style —best quality—long service—your assurance of money well invested.

The Rugby ~ Style M-169

Most Styles $10 Styles of the Time" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

"Is It New or Simonized?

The boys who drive those new old-looking cars are in for a surprise.

We'll show them the difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of their cars, *and incidentally you know their owners will be as proud of them as I am of you.*"

"Yes, nothing equals Simoniz for Lacquer, Paint and Varnish Finishes."

Motorists wise—

SIMONIZ

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

The Simoniz Company, 2116 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill

70th Street and West End Ave., New York City ~ London ~ Paris

Brake-Juice—Stops Squeaking—Makes Brakes Hold.

The Automatic
Rapid Electric
Fireless Range

Simply Wonderful—
Every Home Should Have One!

Wm. Campbell
The Original Fireless Cooker Man

Here is just what you have always wanted—a complete combination electric range and fireless cooker! Gives you all the advantages of electricity plus the economy and convenience of fireless cooking! Automatic Control Box shuts off electricity at the right time and cooking or roasting continues on fireless cooking principle. Fuel-saving, work-saving, time-saving and wonderful in better cooked, more delicious meals.

Here's What It Will Do For You

Roasts all kinds of meats—fowls and fish. Uses electricity only about 1-3 of the usual time. *Cooks all vegetables*—eight medium sized potatoes use electricity 8 to 12 minutes. *Does all baking*. A cake uses electricity about 12 to 15 minutes. A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Cooks a boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes.

Fries, Toasts, Stews, makes coffee, boils tea kettle—no other stove needed. Will do anything any range will do.

With this range you can do all your cooking under the perfect heat control of electricity and yet at a cost that is only one-third of what it would be if a regular electric cook stove were used.

Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 17 inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment. Oven big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Slow, fast, or medium heat.

Entire range lined with aluminum—rust proof and easy to keep clean. ***No special wiring necessary.*** Attach to any lamp socket or wall plug. On casters, move anywhere. All complete, ready to use when you receive it.

Special Low Factory Price And 30 Day Trial Offer

Write today for big illustrated catalog and my introductory offer, special low price for a limited time only. My price will amaze you. Selling direct gives you big savings! Cash or easy payments.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 1015 Union Ave., Alliance, O.
Canadian Address: Georgetown, Ontario

NATIONAL
BATTERIES

$14.95
Ford, Chevrolet, Star, Overland, etc.

Mystery Out—Prices Down

Why not save money on your next battery? There is no mystery about good battery construction. In a NATIONAL Battery you get the benefits of quantity production with low overhead, efficient manufacturing methods with low factory costs. Result—the highest possible quality with a money saving price. Why pay more? Write for the name of your nearest NATIONAL Dealer.

Full Service Guaranteed 18 Months Without Further Cost to You.
(Ford, 12 Months)

Dealers: Write for details about the NATIONAL Franchise. No freaks or frills. Just sound values and a reputation building proposition.

NATIONAL LEAD BATTERY CO.
General Offices: St. Paul, Minn. *Factories:* St. Paul Chicago Kansas City
Branches: New York City Dallas Oakland Atlanta Portland, Ore Los Angeles

ELDERLY ATHLETES

(Continued from Page 15)

to England and took away their amateur championship, too. Last summer Ward came within one hole of winning the amateur championship of Long Island.

In February he determined to go shooting in Georgia for rest and recreation. One can see the busy lawyer holding consultations, writing letters, deferring some appointments, hurrying others, doing the thousand and one things necessary to clear his desk before hastening to the joys of the hunt. At last the happy day came. He took his train, arrived at camp, put on his hunting togs and tramped the woods all day, gun in hand. It was a great day. Only one drawback: the brisk, wiry lawyer with the sandy mustache and the gray temples had picked up a cold somewhere. He could not get up next day—pneumonia. The next day was his sixty-fifth birthday. He was worse. That evening he died.

Thousands of men in the New York Athletic Club and amateurs in every part of the country remember Eugene Giannini, admired for his strength and beloved for his character from ocean to ocean. I have worked with him in the boat and in the handball court and the gymnasium, and he was by far the strongest, quickest, toughest-fibered man I ever knew. What a long siege the governors had to persuade Gene to give up business and become athletic director of the club! But they won at last, and for twenty years under him the club won more victories with crews and track teams than they had ever had before. Then some old Yale rowing men after much coaxing got him to undertake the coaching of the crews at New Haven. A stranger was put in above him, and Giannini in disgust threw up the contract and went home to enter the insurance business.

The Father of Amateur Athletics

After thirty years of constant athletics, he now changed to the opposite extreme; gave up exercise, spent the day at his desk, not without business worries, walked as little as possible, went about in his car. A few years of this sedentary life put a burden of flesh on his rugged frame. This was not to be tolerated by a good man. He went up to the club and, following old habits, put on flannels and sweaters and started to jog a mile or so on the indoor track. Perfectly easy that would have been thirty years earlier—but he forgot he was fifty-seven years old. Giannini felt dizzy after he had run half a mile; so dizzy that he sat down on the track—nearly fell over. Two doctors left the hand-tennis court to take care of Gene. They examined him with care, told him his heart was a little strained and he'd better go easy a while. His family physician next day confirmed the diagnosis. So he took things easy, although he went down to his office every day. About a week later he complained after dinner that his collar felt too tight; threw it off, stretched out on a lounge, and, as he was drawing a pillow under his head, breathed his last.

The picture of honor in the New York Athletic Club is the portrait of William B. Curtis, universally acclaimed as the father of American amateur athletics and the originator of the New York Athletic Club. Young Curtis, Harry Buermeyer and a few other lads just out of the Union Army started the club soon after the Civil War by hiring a room in Sixth Avenue in which they could lift heavy bells and do stunts on the bars and in the rosin-sprinkled ring. Harry Buermeyer became amateur heavyweight boxing champion of America, but gave it up because the man he knocked out in the final stayed unconscious all night and Harry feared that if he kept on boxing he might seriously hurt someone. But he always sparred a little, and put the shot, and swam a lot down at Bensonhurst, though as the years came on he modified his program; and he lasted well into the eighties.

Bill Curtis was different. The pace could never be too hot for him. He beat all comers for years on the horizontal and parallel bars, in weight lifting and in throwing the fifty-six. He was a fine sprinter and a champion mile walker, and he held the Diamond Sculls as the best amateur sculler on the Harlem, and rowed in champion crews. There is not room enough here to tell of all the difficult things that Curtis did in perfection. He never seemed conscious of his strength. He was referee of a set of games at Madison Square Garden in which the mile walk was a feature. The principal ways of cheating are by skipping along in a sort of shambling trot that looks like walking, and by having a friend trotting close inside the curb, ostensibly to give advice but really to make pace—that is, tow the walker along—not physically, of course, but with a sort of psychic towrope.

A walker had a friend doing this so adroitly that he escaped the eye of the judge of walking; but Curtis saw him and warned him out of the infield. The man slipped along, cut across the west end of the field and began again to tow his friend. Curtis again warned him to stop or he'd be put out. "Not by any black-whiskered andsoforth!" exclaimed the transgressor, sadly deceived by the soft and luxurious appearance of the Curtis beard. Without a word Father Bill Curtis took a handful of the man's coat just below the shoulder blades and put him as he would put the shot. I saw it with reverent joy. The transgressor flew through the air in a perfect parabola, a foot ricocheting now and then, crashed through the Madison Avenue fence and took a splintered panel with him; then continued on a brisk run the length of the lobby and darted out into the world without so much as a last mocking nod to Father Bill. Ah, what happiness it is to contemplate a faultless work of art!

Father Bill established the Fresh Air Club. On Sundays and holidays the members—Curtis being the official pathfinder—would journey miles into the country and pick out a mountain top far, far away. To it they would walk, never on the road when they could avoid the road, but over swamps, through acres of brush, skipping over a stone wall now and then, or leaping or fording a stream, but never diverging by one degree from the straight line to their destination. My friend, the fastest half-mile runner in the world, went with the club one Sunday. His perfectly trained running legs bucked as he was stepping high over tangled weeds on a down grade. The others rubbed his legs back into some sort of shape, but he was stiff and lame for a week. That's the kind of path the pathfinder found, and the kind of pace he set. On week days he had his fifty-pound bells at the club and in his office for diversion at odd moments.

His Last Hike

An unpredicted blizzard surprised Father Bill Curtis and a friend on top of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, one day in June. They had already climbed several miles, and they were lightly clad. Father Bill compelled his friend—a youth in his thirties—to wait in a shelter hut while he went for help. Late that day they found Father Bill's body frozen in the snow. His heart had stopped. He was sixty-one.

Instances like these could be set down to the extent of many columns; but enough has been told to demonstrate how the failure to observe the law of moderation has hastened the end of men of unusual strength. The tragedy of it is heightened by the fact that they were doing a useful work in the world besides being teachers and inspirers of the best kind of athletic training and scrupulous honor. I happened to be well acquainted with all but one of these men, and I know that they were all of fine, courageous, honorable character with a charm

(Continued on Page 225)

—"mother will never know"

—for the wall is finished with MELLO-GLOSS—a wonderful finish for walls and ceilings—easily applied, beautiful, washable, durable and inexpensive—for new or old walls, previously painted or papered.

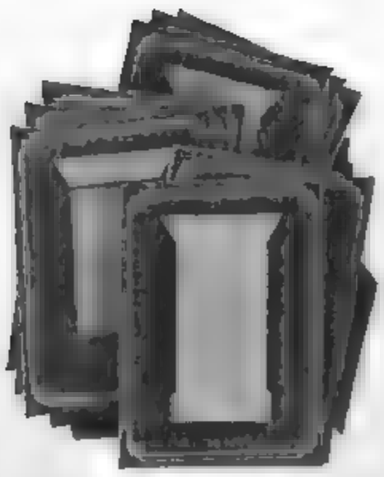
MELLO-GLOSS, an oil paint, dries with a gloss which in a few weeks changes to a permanent satiny sheen. It comes in a wide choice of softly radiant colors. Each will produce an exquisite effect, charming in its subdued tone.

But best of all is the ease with which MELLO-GLOSS can be kept clean and attractive with just soap and water.

The Lowe Brothers dealer in your town can supply you with MELLO-GLOSS. *Consult him whenever you have any painting to do. He not only carries Lowe Brothers products, noted for their excellence for over half a century, but he is qualified to give expert advice that will save you time and money.*

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY

Factories: Dayton, Ohio; Toronto, Canada • • • • • *Branches in All Principal Cities*



Free Decorative Service

The service of our Decorative Department is offered to assist you in planning color combinations and treatment for the decorating of your entire house or only part of it. If you are interested in doing a beautifully attractive job write us and our color artists and decorative designers will submit color schemes and harmonies free of charge.

Lowe H·S Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

MUNSING Wear

UNION SUITS *and* HOSIERY

is now obtainable in Hosiery as well as in Union Suits

The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same fine quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all undergarments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

(Continued from Page 222)

and magnetism of manner that won friends wherever they went.

In contrast with their untimely ending there is a lesson in the lives of athletes of high achievement in strenuous competition who have lived to a great age. The case of Harry Buermeyer has been mentioned here. John H. Abeel, Frank S. Church, the eminent painter, Doctor Kelly, and many others of long continued athletic prowess followed by years of moderation and easy work, all enjoyed life well on in the eighties. Perhaps the most conspicuous example in the New York Athletic Club was Mike Donovan, boxing master, who retired from the ring in the early eighties, undefeated middleweight champion, after a fighting career that began at the age of fifteen, when he was a soldier in McClellan's army.

When he was seventy the board of governors formally appointed Mike professor emeritus of boxing—they knew it would break his heart to retire him. He dropped in often at the club, and any man who could lay a glove on him knew he had speed of the highest; for old Mike was lively as a grasshopper and he still carried a punch that would drop any heavyweight. When we entered the World War he tried his best to get into the Army. The doctors admitted that he was physically perfect, but the age rule barred him from the service. Then he tried to go to France with the ambulance corps, and was turned down again.

But nothing could daunt Mike. Because boxing furnished the essential training of eye, hand and foot for bayonet work, he began to teach recruits that art. He boxed with them, all heights and weights, by the hundreds. He went to one armory in the morning, another in the afternoon, and sometimes to a third armory in the evening, teaching, boxing, encouraging the boys. He caught a cold when he was very tired, and in three days he paid with his life for his devotion to his country. Pneumonia. He was in his seventy-fifth year.

The most illustrious old athlete in America today is Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, whose ninety-first birthday was celebrated last March. He is still one of the most potent forces for true enlightenment in this country. Since boyhood he has been a constant follower of exercise in the open, especially of rowing. He was a member of his college racing crew while an undergraduate, and in all the years since he has kept in practice at the oars. Moderation and regularity have been his constant rule. He has never ceased to do some work out of doors every day, but he has always been careful not to tax his energies too far.

Proxy's Winning Stroke

This does not mean that he loafed on the exercise job; he simply kept at it steadily and vigorously, though not to excess. It was amusing to hear a dozen years ago of the experience of an ambitious young reporter who tried to row him down on a hot day. The youth was in a great hurry to get a story from him, missed him at the post office where he had just called for his mail, and arrived at the landing a few moments after he had pushed off in his working boat for his summer home on an island two miles off shore. Hartley was an accomplished sculler in his club, and he thought he would soon overtake the white-haired gentleman.

"He had only one hundred yards' start on me," the sculler explained to his friends in the city room next day, "but he kept drawing away from me, no matter how hard I spurted. I was ashamed to yell after him. I did my darnedest, but he beat me to his island by a quarter of a mile—and the worst of it was that every time I turned to look at him he seemed to be just paddling!"

That steady habit of just paddling has carried the venerable teacher a long way—will carry any of us a long way, barring accident.

Another marvelous old athlete is William Muldoon, who was champion wrestler of the world half a century ago, and shows no sign of age today as he nears eighty—unless one notes the whiteness of his hair. But his eye is as clear and his step as springy as ever, and he leads the clients in his health-building institute as briskly as ever over the roads and up the hills, whether afoot or a-horseback. His superb condition is the result of a careful system which he has lived up to during a busy and hard-worked but methodically regulated life. For years chairman and always the most interesting member of the New York State Athletic Commission, he has by force of his character and courage done more than any other man to help raise boxing from its lowly state of a dozen years ago to its present high plane in the amusement world.

Keeping the fighting men and their wily managers up to the mark, a task which would exhaust the nervous energy of almost any man, is a mere incident in the life of Mr. Muldoon. He is devoted to clean sport, and he gives his time to superintending it in his home state as a contribution to its best interests. Besides, bossing fighters is a sort of habit with him. It began years ago, when he prepared the only John L. Sullivan for his battle with Kilrain. John L. had his own manager, sparring partners, road companions, and so on, but he was living at the Muldoon place, at White Plains, pledged to carry out the Muldoon program of conditioning.

Muldoon and John L.

The climax of that period of conditioning gave rise to one of the most tantalizing myths in the world of athletics thirty-odd years ago. Some said it happened because John L. indulged his appetite with too much ale; others, that he flared up when Muldoon hit him hard in a friendly bout with the gloves. But out of the cloud of stories that gathered about the said climax, certain facts appeared—namely, that Muldoon and Sullivan went into the gymnasium alone to settle it; that Muldoon flew at the destroyer of men, put a hammer lock on him—that is, twisted his arm up behind his back, so that he forced John L. to the floor—rolled him over on his back and knelt on him until he promised to be good. Neither man would ever talk about it, though those who were closest to the locked door agreed that it was something fierce.

Certainly John L. behaved himself after the clash; behaved so well that he went into the ring at Richburg, Mississippi, in the best condition he had been in since he was a boy, fought seventy-five rounds under sun so hot that poor Kilrain's back was one great blister after the battle, while Sullivan came out of the contest very little the worse for wear. If he had not been in the pink, that probably would have been his last day.

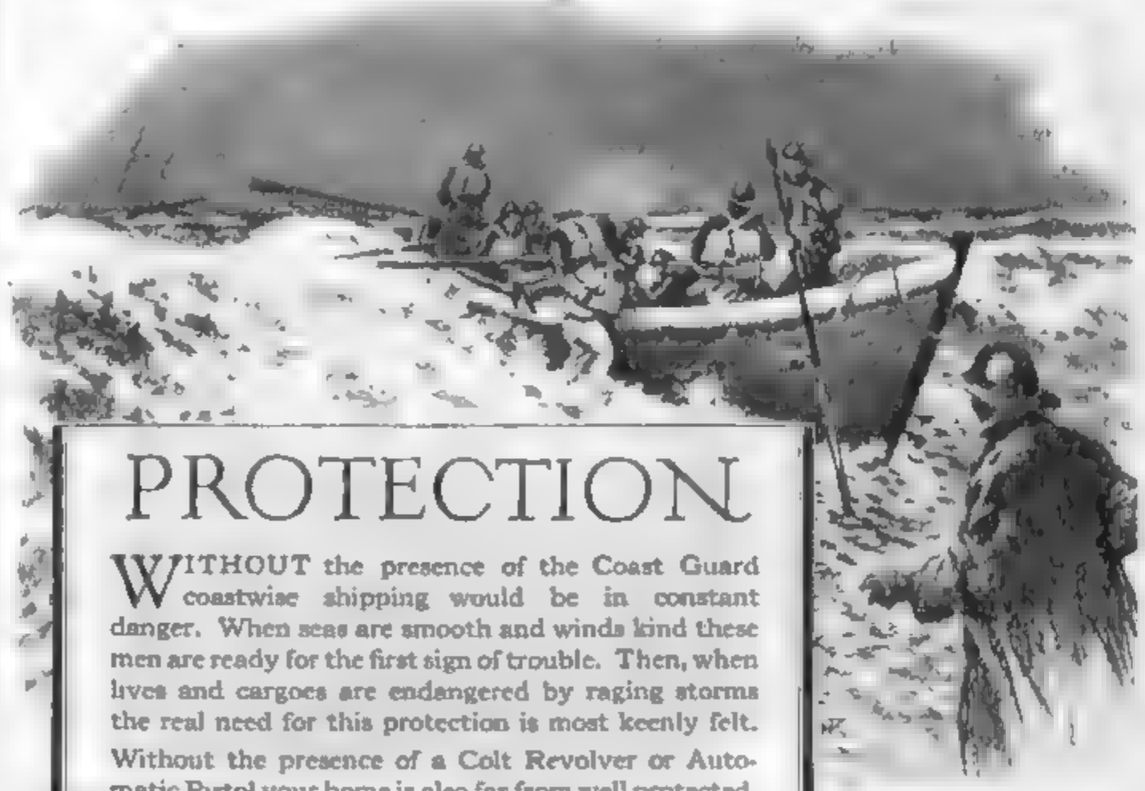
The secret of Mr. Muldoon's own preservation in such remarkably fine condition of mental and physical health during nearly eight decades is the good old rule of moderation—which everybody admires and few obey. Every man who has been through his health institute knows he is a martinet, who exacts implicit obedience to all his orders and sends a fellow home if he does not follow the prescribed program to the last detail. But what most of them don't know is that he is a martinet to himself first of all. Even in his days of hardest training and competition he was not a heavy eater; and as for drinking, a glass of ale or of claret with the principal meal was all he took. He smoked a few cigars a day when not preparing for a match; he smokes more now; but as for cigarettes—well, just puff cigarette smoke around him, and you'll soon find out just how fast you can run.

Perhaps the reason why I'm writing this article now is that a few years ago I came near going out of this world like the men mentioned in the early paragraphs. From boyhood I had practiced all the sports except polo, rowed in several winning crews—losing some races, too, which was more exhausting!—and having a lot of fun with the gloves, handball, sailing, swimming races and golf. I thought I was an iron man: Lord forgive me! At a little past fifty years

EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOTTO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

The distinguishing feature of the KNOX "*Comfit*"* straw hat is the extra rows of flexible braid next the crown —not to mention *the* KNOX *label*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Knox "Comfit" has the unique feature of conforming to the exact shape of every head.



PROTECTION

WITHOUT the presence of the Coast Guard coastwise shipping would be in constant danger. When seas are smooth and winds kind these men are ready for the first sign of trouble. Then, when lives and cargoes are endangered by raging storms the real need for this protection is most keenly felt.

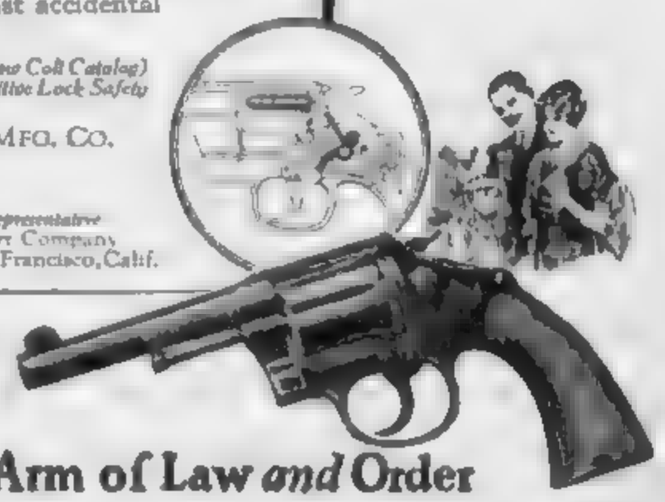
Without the presence of a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol your home is also far from well protected. A Colt in the house gives a constant sense of security. But it is when your property is endangered that the readiness and dependability of your Colt are most appreciated.

The Colt Positive Lock is as reliable as the arm itself and makes the Colt safe against accidental discharge.

Any Colt Dealer (or the new Colt Catalog) will explain this Colt Positive Lock Safety

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative
Phil B Bekeart Company
717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.



COLT'S
The Arm of Law *and* Order

Adding a NEW Meaning To a Time-Honored Name

FOR over two-score years millions of men have recognized in the name, W. L. Douglas, stamped with the retail price on the sole of the shoe, a pledge of dependable quality, high-grade workmanship and honest value.

Now, to these time-honored meanings we add another:

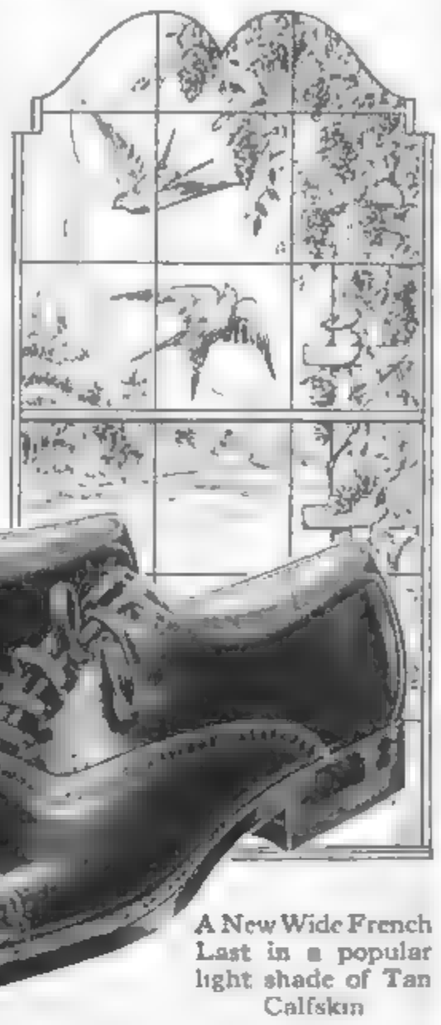
Up-to-the-Minute Style

Pictured below is one of the many new Spring and Summer models in

W. L. Douglas Shoes

$6.00 $7.00 $7.50

which give visible expression to the new meaning.



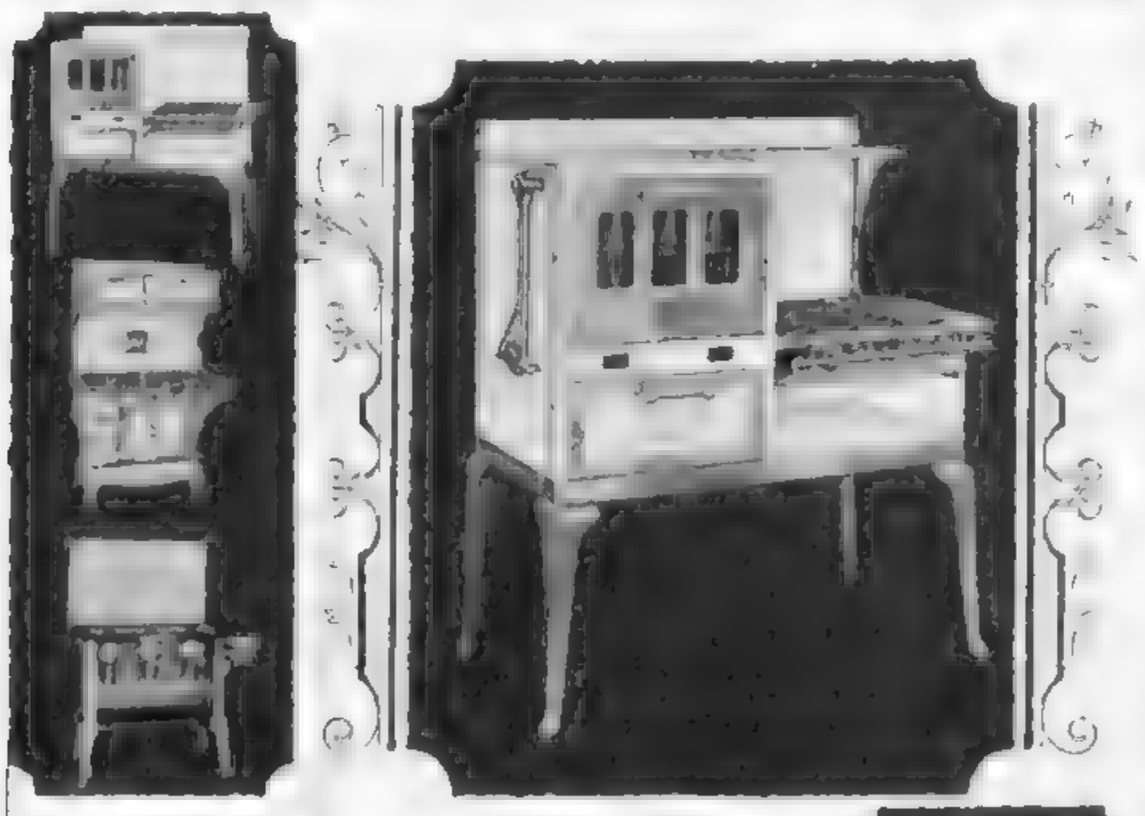
A New Wide French Last in a popular light shade of Tan Calfskin

Smart styles for Women at reasonable prices.

Our Boys' Shoes look well, fit well and wear well.
$4.00 & $5.00

The Name and retail price stamped on each pair at the factory

W·L·DOUGLAS SHOE CO. Brockton Mass



Make Your Kitchen Cheerful with an Alcazar Range!

The beauty of an Alcazar is a daily joy to every housewife who owns one; and its even, steady heat insures the perfect cooking that wins praise for her skill.

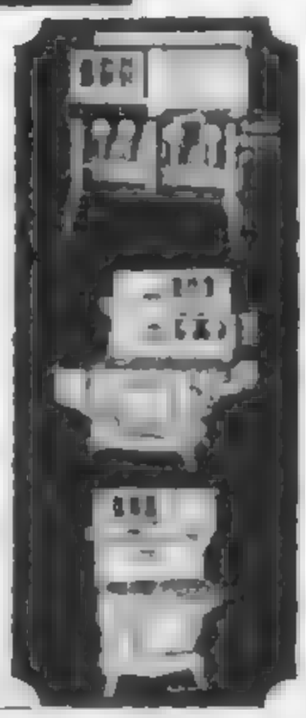
You can get an Alcazar for any fuel you want to use. One type is for gas alone. Another uses gas and coal or wood, either singly or together, and change can be made instantly from one fuel to the other. Then there is an Alcazar particularly suitable for farm homes—one using kerosene oil, the other (the Oil-Duplex) for wood or coal and kerosene, singly or together.

A splendid assortment of styles to choose from. There is one especially adapted to your needs. See an Alcazar dealer or write to us.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
436 Cleveland Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Alcazar

Quality Kitchen Ranges
Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel



of age I took on three young fellows at handball, one at a time, and won two games out of the three, after one hour and twenty minutes of intense and incessant activity. Finished strong, too.

But the appetite for dinner was poor, and next day I ate hardly anything and noticed a queer difficulty in breathing; kept reaching down for that long, deep, satisfying breath but couldn't fetch it because I felt as if I had swallowed a football. After the day's work downtown I went to an authority on the heart. He felt the pulse and said I might as well take off my shirt. Then he put the cold steel disk of the stethoscope on my reluctant skin, and took it off and put it on again in a dozen places.

"What the dickens have you been doing?" he asked. "Your heart is dilated like an old accordion, pulled away out to here." He put an accusing finger well aft on the left side. Not to annoy the gentle reader with too much detail, let me say that he prescribed digitalis twice a day and kept it up for several months, ordered exercise cut down to walking and a little golf and very little swimming. Did I obey? Put yourself in my place, and see whether you'd obey. I'm obeying yet, after half a dozen years, and I'm hoping that all elderly athletes who read this will absorb the principles the doctor laid down, and obey them with me. They are about like this:

The young man who has trained and competed in athletics builds up inside of him a mighty machine. If when he goes into business or professional life he fails to give this machine regular exercise, he invites trouble. Fat may grow not only on him but in him, the latter especially dangerous to the interior economy, with possible fatty infiltration of the heart, which is most hazardous.

Exceptional Men

If the ex-athlete goes to the opposite extreme and keeps on exercising as much as he did at school or college, he runs another kind of risk: He not only burns out his energy at the work which earns his living but when he has depleted himself at that he goes to field or river or gymnasium and exhausts his small remnant of strength. This won't result in an immediate breakdown, but if kept up long enough it means collapse, perhaps death.

Then how is it that Bob Fitzsimmons fought in the ring at fifty, and Mike Donovan boxed fast as ever at seventy-four? Because they were exceptional men, to begin with, but chiefly because they lived and worked on one plane, the physiological. The business man or professional man who exercises lives on two planes, the intellectual and the physiological. By extreme exertion in mental and physical work on the same day he is able to consume energy to a degree that he could hardly approach by working on one plane alone. If he persists in doing his utmost in both directions, he will soon be bankrupt in health and lucky if he keeps on living. His only safe rule is moderation: and whenever business emergency drives him to long hours and worry and strain, let him cut his exercise down to a mere stroll in the sunlight when occasion offers. Indeed, the safest practice for the old athlete-business man on vacation is to loaf for a few days, preferably a week, at the beginning, then to take up his golf, riding, and so on, a little at a time. It pays.

When to Stop

Probably the greatest source of danger to the ex-athlete is the high degree to which his courage and persistence have been trained at college or in athletic competition generally. On track or river there is only one disgrace—to quit. Every coach and trainer and captain burns this thought into his men: When you're dizzy and blind and the breath rasps the throat like hot coals, remember the other fellow is feeling worse than you are—and go get him. That spirit is all very well for the young athlete, fortified by many months of rigorous training; but it is a short cut to suicide at middle age, when the physical machine has been rusting in idleness or is worn down by business strain.

The thing to do is to stop any and all sport or exercise short of fatigue. That is not quite so easy to do as to say; yet the man who applies his mind to a study of just how he feels before he begins to falter will soon find himself able to pick out just the right time to stop—even if it costs him a set of tennis or the last three or four holes of the eighteen.

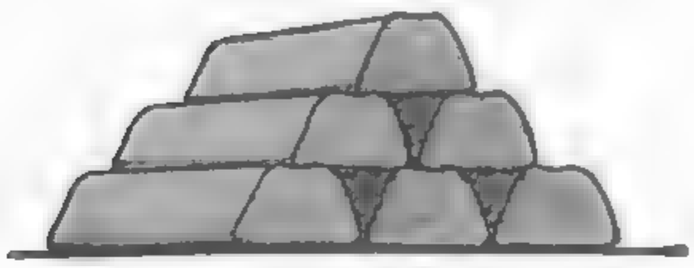
The middle-aged or elderly athlete and playboy must undo the effect of his early battle training and learn how to quit. He must bear in mind that the heart and all the rest of the interior mechanism are not so resilient now as they were in youth. They must never be driven so hard, and rested a great deal more. If you would live out your days with comfort, just imagine, whenever you're tempted to speed up in a game, that you hear the voice of the doctor, warning:

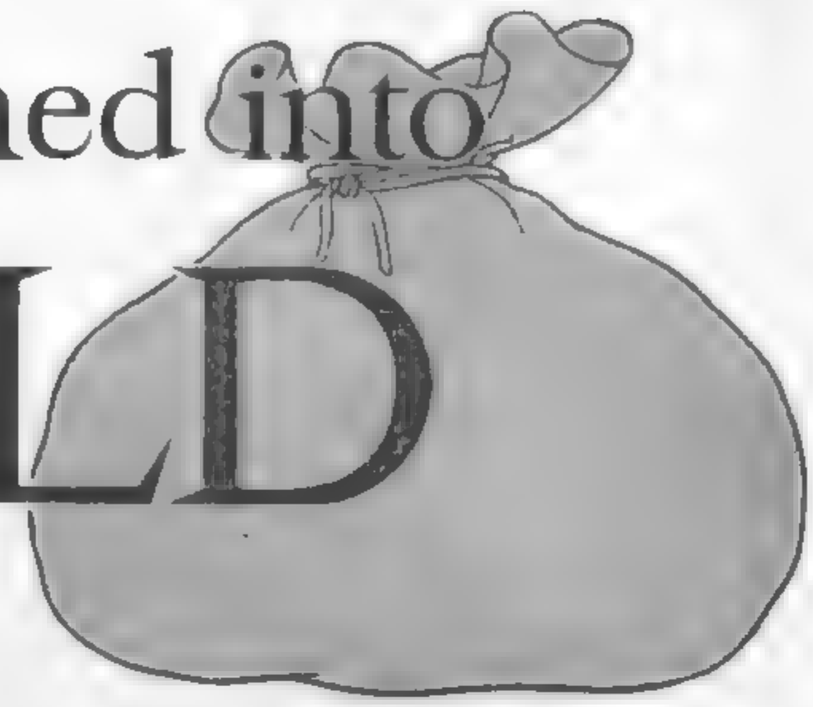
"Remember, you're not a 1925 model!"

EATING OUT

She—"It's So Beastly Annoying to Have to Go Out to Eat in This Weather"

HOW LEAD can be turned into GOLD VIA GASOLINE





LAST year the American people paid nearly $2,000,000,000 for the power produced by 8,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline.

Had this gasoline been treated with a relatively small amount of tetraethyl lead (one of the constituents of Ethyl Brand Anti-Knock Compound) and used in high compression motors, it would have produced twice the power —$4,000,000,000 worth.

Thus, lead would have been turned into gold; modern science's realization of the ancient alchemist's dream.

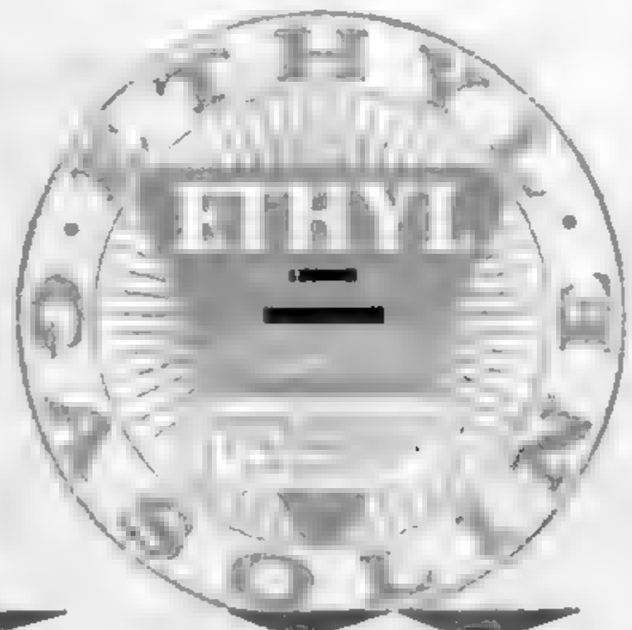
Behind these surprising figures is a long story of scientific research by General Motors Corporation and Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has resulted in their joining forces to form the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

When Ethyl Gasoline can be produced in sufficient quantities to be nationally distributed, then high compression motors will be practicable and the great savings mentioned above will become a reality.

Meanwhile this new motor fuel is proving its superiority for the present types of motors and is providing added satisfaction to thousands of motor car and truck owners.

But the interest of General Motors and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is essentially in the future developments. These will require time, but they are tremendously important. The nation's supply of petroleum is limited, and whatever contributes to conservation performs a national service.

NOTE: *This advertisement is published not to increase sales—since production is still far behind demand—but merely to explain the aim and purpose of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation. Another announcement will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post. Watch for it.*



ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

TRIMO

More householders, more mechanics, more farmers and more industries use *Trimo* Pipe Wrenches than any similar tool. *Trimo* is nearing its 40th year of undisputed leadership and Time is surely the most exacting tester of quality. Still made by the original makers and preferred by the vast majority for these vital reasons:

1. The INSERT jaw in the handle, renewable when worn, enables you to extend the life of your TRIMO almost indefinitely. In the matter of *final* economy TRIMO has absolutely no equal.
2. TRIMO'S rugged steel frame *will not break* —its strength guarantees safety. The sharp, deep-milled teeth of the jaws have a brutal grip, yet this wrench releases readily and will not lock on the pipe.
3. NUT GUARDS—special TRIMO feature—keep this wrench in perfect adjustment. An ideal tool for close-quarter work.

Sold at all Hardware, Plumbing and Mill Supply Stores. Insist on TRIMO—*accept no other*

TRIMONT MFG. CO., ROXBURY, MASS.

10 inch WOOD handle one for household use. Also made in sizes 6, 8 and 14 inches.

STEEL handles in eight sizes: 6, 8, 10, 14, 18, 24, 36 and 48 inches.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE LAND

(Continued from Page 11)

The speech she made from our front porch accepting the nomination certainly was a lulu.

"Has Lem Gridley ever been a mother?" she asked, and the papers all over the state took it up.

It seems that there was some agitation in the state for new child-labor laws, and that was the issue of the campaign. Mother had started the scrap. When she gets her dander up, there's nothing mother likes better than a good scrap. A lot of the papers said mother's program was too idealistic. We do a lot of manufacturing in our state and some of the biggest factories are owned by what mother, in her speeches, called "soulless corporations that turn deaf ears to the rights of the little ones." They were dead against her, of course, and they fought her, hammer and tongs. Their newspapers printed in big type, "No petticoats in the capitol." But I said to mother "Why not put in your papers, 'If petticoats are good enough for the home they are good enough for the governor's mansion'?" She did it too. I guess that sort of flabbergasted them.

At first it looked as if mother didn't have the chance of a snowball in the bad place. Lem Gridley made no speeches. He never did. It was said he hadn't spoken above a whisper in years. His long suit was getting people jobs and doing what the bosses told him to do. But mother made speeches. And they were daisies, I'll tell you. We had to get a new sedan. I wore out the old one carting mother from place to place. She challenged Lem Gridley to a public debate. He didn't take her up, so mother staged the debate herself in the biggest hall in Clinton City, and she packed it to the rafters too. She presented Lem Gridley's case as she knew he would have presented it if he had had the nerve to show up, and a darn sight better too; and then she sailed into him and lambasted the everlasting daylights out of his arguments and out of him.

"How can this man, who has never been a mother, know the problems of children?" she asked.

I guess Lem Gridley couldn't think up an answer for that one, and he said nothing. That cooked his goose. Mother was elected by 1953 votes, in one of the closest races in the history of the state.

I brought home the news myself. I was down at the Herald office watching the returns. Mother was home, resting, for she was all in, and I guess she had a right to be.

It was half past one in the morning, or to be exact, twenty to two, when I came in, and mother opened her eyes, and I said, "Well, Governor Davis!" and kissed her. She certainly was tickled.

"We'll have to move to the governor's mansion in the capital now," she said.

I sort of gasped. I hadn't thought of that, somehow.

"Well, I can't go," I said. "I can't leave my business."

"I'm afraid," mother said, "you'll have to retire—for two years, anyhow. I think there's a law against the governor's husband engaging in business. Anyway, it wouldn't look right. Besides, we've got plenty laid by, and there's my salary as governor."

"Stop, mother," I said. "Do you think I could live on a woman's earnings?"

"Why not?" said mother. "Haven't I lived on yours for some twenty-five years?"

Well, she had me there. I was sort of nonplused for a minute or two. Then I said, "But you're a woman."

"Well, why not?" said mother. "After all, has work a gender?" Mother is very outspoken sometimes.

"No matter," I said; "I have; and I don't intend to set foot in the governor's mansion, and that settles it."

Mother was inaugurated, and we moved into the governor's mansion on New Year's Day. It certainly was a fine house. They'd decorated it over especially for mother, and our room upstairs was one of the biggest you ever saw, with all solid mahogany furniture, beds, chairs, everything, and just about the swellest bathroom I ever laid eyes on.

I put away my shirts and things and came down into the drawing-room, which was about seven times as big as our living room back at 144 South Hamilton Street, Penderton, and had gilt chairs, tapestries, mirrors and what not everywhere. Mother had gone out; down to her office, I guess.

A newspaper was lying there and I picked it up. I got a turn, I'll tell you. Did you ever pick up a newspaper and see a great big picture of yourself looking out of it? Well, that's what happened to me. Of course I'd had my picture in the paper before, especially during the campaign, when mother had a family group made showing me and her and the three children; but this picture in the paper was just me, the one mother made me have Selig down in Penderton take, and not a bad picture, either, a lot of people said. I know a man ought not to care a hang about how he looks; it isn't exactly manly, somehow, maybe, but mother always kept saying I was the best-looking man in Penderton and that was the reason she married me, which is one of her little jokes, because, of course, it was me that married her. But mother has a sense of humor, a thing very few women have. Well, anyhow, there was my picture, large as life, covering three columns, and underneath it, not my name, but just in big letters,

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN
OF THE LAND

I hardly knew how to take it at first. I had been so busy getting moved in and putting things in apple-pie order that I hadn't had much chance to think about myself. Well, I read what the paper said about me, and I guess the newspaper boys wanted to please mother, for it said a whole lot of things about me that weren't so, being pretty flattering, and which I guess I won't repeat, like, "The first gentleman of the land was prominent in fire-insurance circles. He was known as the best-dressed man in Penderton, is a charming host, and has a keen wit." And then they went on to tell a story I was supposed to have told about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, which I never heard in my life, let alone told; but it wasn't a bad story, at that.

The paper went on to say that I was an outdoor man and an enthusiastic golfer—"rotten" would have been nearer the truth—and that I was passionately fond of animals, which was laying it on a bit thick, although I did have a fox terrier once when we were living in that brick house at 55 Cannon Street. I got rid of him because he kept biting the iceman, and I hadn't cared much about having a dog from that day. It was a nice article about me, though, taken by and large.

I guess some people believe everything they see in the papers, because the very next day two different persons sent me dogs. One of them was a fine collie. I never did know what the other was; he was a big hairy brute that bit a senator that first afternoon, so mother said I'd better get rid of him. I didn't want to be bothered with the collie, either, but mother said I'd better keep him, so I compromised and kept him.

"People like people who like dogs," mother said. "Besides, it's good publicity."

It certainly was. I guess I must have had my picture in the paper a hundred times with that collie. He never cared much for me, I guess; the only times he ever stopped growling at me was when we

As perfect a fit as your street shoes

SERVUS SPORT SHOES

The Servus
Ralph Jones Professional
Ideal for all sports. Actual moulded suction sole. Extra heavy scuffer toe. Cushion heel. Non-heat insole. Full double foxing reinforcement. Light weight. Long wearing.

FIT
Specially narrow cushioned heel prevents rubbing and absorbs shocks.

FIT
Scientific last gives extra support to instep bones and muscles.

FIT
Scientific cut keeps foot from sliding forward and jamming into toe of shoe.

Sport Shoes that Fit

IN designing Servus Sport Shoes to swiften your game—to give an extra spring to your jumps and cushioning to your landings—

In moulding their soles to hug slippery basketball floors or trout stream rocks as tenaciously as a leech clings to a wet log—

In endowing them with the same comfort you get from an old pair of slippers—

Servus Sport Shoe makers have never been allowed to forget for one minute the cardinal principle of the Servus Rubber Company—*Servus Sport Shoes must give as perfect a fit as the highest priced leather shoe made. No other sport shoes are like them.*

If you don't know the Servus dealer in your neighborhood, ask us today

We have an interesting proposition for dealers, athletic coaches and camp directors. Write for full information.

THE SERVUS RUBBER COMPANY
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

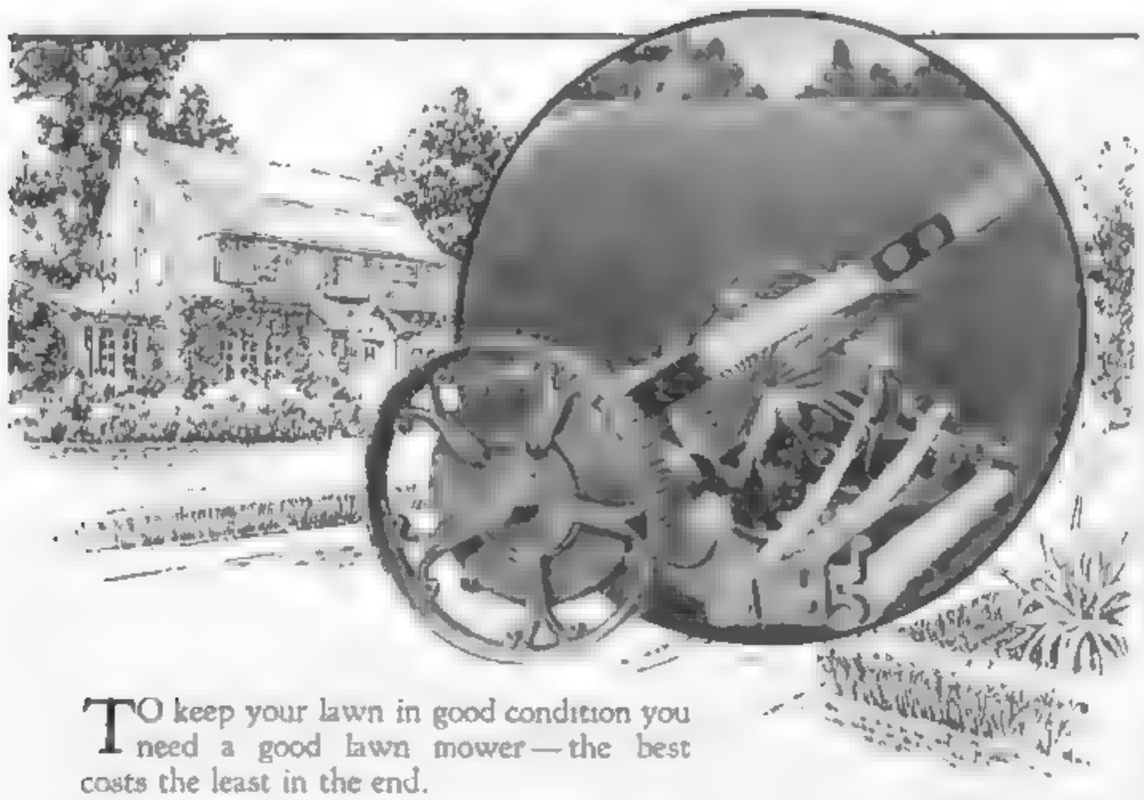
BY careful buying you are aiding in a general economic saving in removing the temptation which leads dealers into unsound practices that undermine business.

There is more involved than the simple transaction of a purchase of garters. Get full fifty cents value—not part of it, by insisting on Bostons when you ask for Bostons.

Made in wide web, narrow web (as shown above), single or double grip, in a great variety of attractive colors.

Buy Knicker Bostons—for Sports Wear. They come in heather mixtures or plain colors to match sport stockings—in sizes and widths appropriate for men and women, boys and girls

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children
In Canada—Glasgford Bros., Limited, Montreal



TO keep your lawn in good condition you need a good lawn mower—the best costs the least in the end.

A PENNSYLVANIA Quality Lawn Mower will do clean-cut work year after year—not just when it is new—without the expense of sharpening or repairs. The tool steel knife and blades are self sharpening.

You can identify any PENNSYLVANIA Quality Mower by the new STAYTITE Handle—"The Mark of a Good Mower."

At Hardware and Seed Stores

Send for booklet
"How to Have a Fine Lawn"

Pennsylvania Lawn Mower Works
1621 North 23rd Street, Philadelphia

PENNSYLVANIA
Quality
LAWN MOWERS

The new STAYTITE Handle identifies "P. Q" quality

Whitney PLAYMORE
TRADE MARK

The Super-Sport Shirt

For its novelty alone you'd want PLAYMORE—the new Whitney shirt *without tails*. A wide, springy, pure-wool belt holds it snug at the waist. With belt worn *inside*—it's the smartest street shirt. Worn *outside*—it's a stunning Sport Shirt for every outdoor use. It stays in place no matter how much you twist or bend—and keeps your mind on the game.

Sold at the better stores. Send for illustrated folder

WACHUSETT SHIRT COMPANY, DEPT. C, Leominster, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shirts and Pajamas.

were having our pictures taken. Junior has him now—that's my son in the auto-parts game in Terre Haute.

I didn't know what I'd let myself in for. It seems it's a sort of custom in our state to make a lot of fuss about a new governor and his wife, or her husband, as the case may be. It seems, too, that mother was the first woman ever elected governor of a state, in our part of the country, anyhow, and there were write-ups in the papers all over the country, even in New York City, and pictures, too, showing mother at her big desk down in the Capitol Building, and me leaning against a tree in the backyard of the governor's mansion, looking at the collie. Under my picture it said "The First Gentleman of the Land is an Outdoor Man." I guess they must have got that idea from the suit of knickerbockers mother made me buy. Mother got it into her head, somehow, that I had to keep dressed up, and although I kicked like blazes at first, I finally gave in and bought an outfit of cutaway coats, a top hat and what not. Mother said she certainly was proud of the figure I cut, and I guess I didn't look so bad, for I've taken pretty good care of myself, and I never have let myself run to paunch like Jake Carpenter and some others I could mention.

Well, for the first couple of weeks I was so busy getting things straightened out that I didn't know where I was at. But once I got my bearings, and got used to having a lot of servants around, I began to feel a little funny. I'd been a pretty busy fellow for a good many years, always getting down to the office on the dot of nine and keeping on the jump all day, for let me tell you, the fire-insurance game is no bed of roses, no matter what cracks the life-insurance fellows may make to the contrary. I guess probably the most miserable cuss in the world is a retired business man.

It was sort of fun at first giving interviews to the newspaper boys and posing for my picture with the collie, but I began to get a little sick of it, so one day I said to mother, "Mother, I'm beginning to get a little sick of this. I and the collie have posed five times this morning, four times for some newspapermen, and once for a party of school-teachers from Leggettville."

"Well," mother said, "I guess you'll find something to do when the legislature opens next week. I'm going to be awful busy myself, and I guess I'll have to ask you to look after the society end of things."

That didn't make me feel so good. I'm what you might call a home-body and never did care much about gadding around in society.

"Don't expect me to do a lot of this society stuff," I said to mother.

I don't know why it is, but just because a fellow happens to be the husband of the governor they think he's got nothing better to do than shake hands all day. The capital is a fairly dull place when the legislature's not in session, but as soon as the session starts, the town begins to liven up and the hotels get so full of senators, assemblymen and their families, and this, that and the other, that for weeks you can't get a bed in town for love or money. Of course they all feel that they have to come round and pay their respects to the new governor, and as mother was too busy most of the time with her work she passed them along to me. I guess I must have shaken hands with close to three hundred people in the course of a morning, and it certainly kept me busy trying to think up things to say to them. I'm not much of a mixer myself; I always say to mother that she is the mixer of our family. But I'm a systematic fellow—you have to be to get anywhere in the fire-insurance game—so I worked out two or three good things to say, and I'd use first one and then the next one, and then the next. Mother said that for a while there I talked in my sleep, and she claims I said: "It's a great pleasure to welcome you folks on behalf of the governor. She's in an important conference now and I know she will regret that she didn't see you personally." That's what mother claims I said in my sleep, and I shouldn't wonder, because I had to say it a couple of hundred times a day, but of course mother may have been kidding. Mother is a great little kidder sometimes.

I guess I got sort of hardened to the glad-hand end of the business after a while. I got so I hardly minded it at all. A fellow could get used to hanging if it didn't kill him, as the Irishman said. The thing, though, that made me feel queer sometimes was the way people gave me presents. I don't know what they took me for. Mother used to say to never mind because it was a sort of custom to give things to the first lady of the land or the first gentleman, as the case might be, and that people gave me things to show that their hearts were in the right place and that they were for the administration. So I got so, pretty soon, that if a fellow had come up to me and said "Will you do me the honor to accept this live polar bear?" I wouldn't have batted an eyelash, but would have said, "That is indeed very kind of you and I assure you that the governor and I deeply appreciate your generosity." Nobody did give me a polar bear, but first and last they gave me darn near everything else.

In the second week in March alone I got four ships that fellows had carved inside of bottles, though what in time anybody can do with ships carved in bottles I'll be hanged if I know. That same week a lady from somewhere in Spooner County—or maybe it was Jackson County, I forget which—sent me a purple silk sofa cushion with my picture knitted or tatted on it in yellow silk. I can't say that the picture flattered me. Some fellow sent me a life-size statue of that collie of mine molded in soap, although how he expected me to get it all into the bathtub with me and wash with it I never did find out. I think we've got two of the legs and part of the tail in the attic to this day.

Just to tease mother I kept a list of the things that various people in various parts of the state brought or sent me that week. Here it is: Two silver loving cups; a watch charm made of braided horsehair; a peach pit carved to look like Abraham Lincoln; a book of poems about spring or something; a stuffed wildcat, said to be the largest ever shot in Tolliver County; two stuffed owls, that burst during the hot spell in July and gave mother a nasty scare; a basket of pickerel [spoiled]; a three-legged chicken; a custard pie that won the first prize at a W. C. T. U. bazaar in Nutting Corners; a dozen neckties made by some inmates of an institution for the feeble-minded, and they must have been the worst cases, I guess; a pin with the Lord's Prayer carved on the head of it; fourteen loaves of homemade bread; another stuffed wildcat; and so many cans of preserves, embroidered face towels, and pieces of fancywork that I couldn't keep track of them.

But the thing that upset me was the way people kept sending me flowers. Not that I don't like flowers in their proper place, at a wedding or a funeral or what not, but when a man gets to be my age he hardly expects to get flowers sent to him, at least in our part of the country.

Mother was right. Once the ice was broken, I certainly had enough to do. All sorts of associations, organizations and committees began to get after me to serve as honorary president or chairman or something. I guess in our state when a fellow has a screw loose and time on his hands, the first thing he does is to organize a committee or organization or something and elect as chairman the first lady, or gentleman, of the land, as the case may be. Of course a lot of the organizations were strictly O. K. and I got a kick out of seeing my name on their letterheads. It was mother who suggested that I become an honorary scout master in the Boy Scouts, and I didn't mind much, although I certainly did feel foolish that day they made me put on little khaki pants and rub sticks together to make a fire. I certainly was glad that Ed Brophy, Ray Williams and

(Continued on Page 233)

Los Angeles Harbor not only ranks second largest in amount of ocean tonnage in the U. S., but is the fastest growing harbor in the world

Summer *Especially Invites You to* California

"Beside the faded wall the crimson rose
With lazy grace and wild
And in the court where builders chanted psalms
An Amen rustles from the fronded palms

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Los Angeles is the largest city west of St. Louis with an estimated population of 1,100,000.

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And the latest published United States Government figures show that *Southern California's greatest harbor has become AMERICA'S SECOND SEAPORT.*

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Los Angeles Harbor now ranks second among ocean harbors of the United States in amount of tonnage. New York is first with 27,615,448 tons; Los Angeles, second with 11,495,456 tons; Baltimore, third with 8,341,435 tons; New Orleans, fourth with 8,290,530; Philadelphia, fifth with 7,870,339 tons. (These figures are exclusive of coastwise traffic.)

The port of Los Angeles has increased its total tonnage, including coastwise traffic, from 2,380,622 in 1919 to 26 190,464 tons in 1924. (These are 1924 figures.)

Los Angeles Harbor is one of the nearest U. S. Ports of Call after leaving the Panama Canal. Due to its accessibility, it puts Southern California on a parity with Buffalo in entering the New York market, and on a parity with Pittsburgh in entering the markets of Philadelphia. This is due to the low transportation charges by water.

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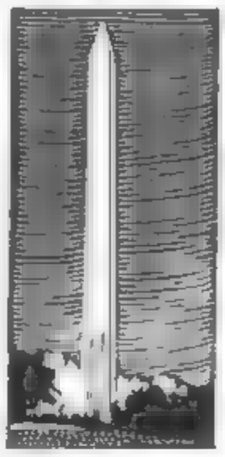

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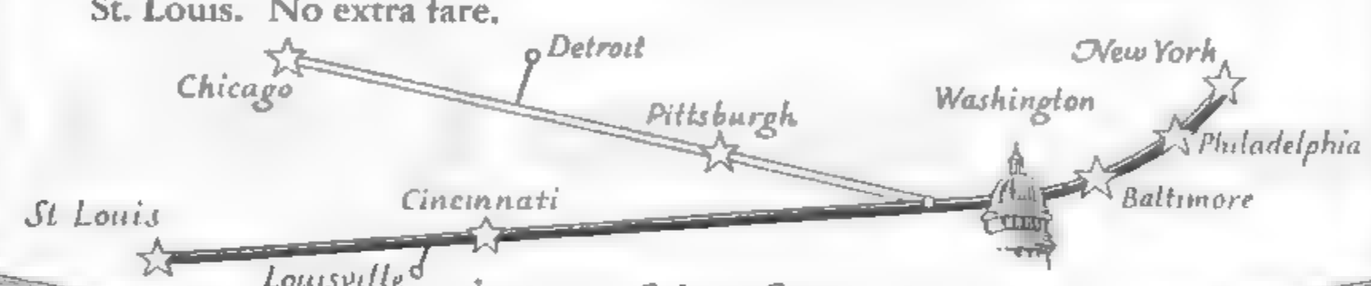

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to and from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore
DINING CARS

(Continued from Page 230)

some of the other boys back in the office didn't see me that day. I guess they'd have nearly kidded the life out of me.

But after a couple of months I must admit I began to get restless. After all, rubbing sticks together and being presented with lilies of the valley and ships in bottles isn't much of an occupation for a man who has been an A No. 1 fire-insurance man and a hustler all his days. But I stuck at the hand shaking. Mother was busy, too; and she began to look worried.

I said to her, one day at lunch, "Mother, you look a little peaked and run down. Is anything wrong?" Of course mother had consulted me about all her important bills, and whether she should veto them or not. I guess she had gotten in the habit of coming to me for advice.

"Well," mother said, "I've certainly hit a snag. My child-labor bill is blocked in the Senate and I haven't enough votes to push it through. I certainly am peeved."

"What seems to be the trouble, mother?" I asked.

"It's that wretched, miserable, upstate cat, Clara Rooney," said mother. "You know that blond hussy—at least she tries to pass for a blonde—well, she went into politics up in Daniel Boone County a year after I did, and somehow she got to be quite a power up there in the other party. How she did it, heaven only knows, for she has nothing but a baby-doll face, and I don't believe the creature has a brain in her head. She's become a boss and controls just enough votes in the Senate to block me and my pet bill. And, oh, Walt, my whole administration will stand or fall on whether I can put that bill through. Clara Rooney is against it partly because her party is against it, but mostly, I guess, because she wants to throw a monkey wrench into my administration. Talk about men being stubborn and willful—you ought to see Clara Rooney!"

"I have seen her," I said. "Met her, in fact."

"Well, what did you think of her?"

"I must say I thought she was a pretty handsome woman, and she had on a red dress that day that I thought was pretty slick."

"Oh, so you noticed the color of her dress, did you?" said mother, giving me a look.

"I couldn't help it," I said.

"Well, they say she has a way with the men. Her suite down at the Hotel Apollo is always full of them—the fools," said mother, giving me another look.

"Oh, I don't know," I said; "you can't blame men for being human."

"Humph!" said mother, in a meaning way.

Well, sir, that riled me a little; it wasn't so much what she said but the way she said it. I guess I was sort of edgy, anyhow, because I'd been shaking hands all morning with a delegation of visiting firemen, so I came right back at mother.

"Humph!" I said. "I can't spend all my time shaking hands, can I?"

"No," said mother, and she was a little edgy herself. "But that's no reason for making eyes at big blond minxes in red dresses, Walt Davis."

I almost flew off the handle then, but I counted ten, and then said in a quiet way, "Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, that's so," said mother in a sharp sort of way. "I just won't have it, Walt Davis."

"I suppose," I said in a low calm voice, "that the next thing I know you'll be wanting to wear the pants in this family."

"Well, I might as well," said mother.

I'm a pretty even-tempered fellow, as anybody in the fire-insurance game will tell you, but this last remark mother passed made me hot under the collar.

"Mother, you listen to me," I said. "Have I ever made any insinuations when you and Jake Carpenter have sat up gabbing till one-two o'clock in the morning?"

"No, and you'd better not!" snapped mother. "What if I have? Jake Carpenter is helping me in my fight for my child-labor bill. I guess," said mother, and she looked very pointedly at me, "that I've got to have somebody who can help me with it."

"Yes, and a fat lot of help he's been, I must say," I said, and I guess maybe I sneered a little.

"At least," said mother, and for her she certainly looked pretty sore, "he has tried to help me with my bill."

"Well," I said, drawing myself up, "he doesn't have to spend the whole day shaking hands with firemen, like some people I could mention."

"Humph!" said mother, and stumped out of the room.

She looked as sore as a boil, and it wasn't at all like mother to be so touchy. I sat there a long time, sort of mulling things over. Then I went upstairs to my room and got all dressed up like a plush horse. I put on my cutaway coat and my high hat. A servant came to say that a fellow from one of the Sunday papers had come to ask me to pose in my knickerbockers with the collie, so he could have a picture to go with a story to be called Why the First Gentleman of the Land is an Outdoor Man.

"Tell him to please come back at ten tomorrow morning. I'll be engaged in an important conference all afternoon," I said. And with that I sent for the sedan and went out.

As soon as mother came in to dinner that night I could see that something was up. She marched in and gave me a stiff nod, and began to eat her soup without saying a word. That wasn't like mother.

"What's up, mother?" I said.

"You know perfectly well what's up," mother came back. I didn't say anything. I just ate my soup. "Where were you all afternoon?" mother said.

"Oh, around," I said.

"Around where?"

"Oh, just around," I said.

Mother gave me a look.

"You were around Clara Rooney, that's where you were, Walt Davis," she said.

"Oh, was I?" I said.

"Yes, you was I," said mother.

"You seem to keep pretty close tabs on me, Mrs. Governor Davis"

"Well," said mother, very huffy, "another time you might pick out a less public place than the tea room of the Hotel Apollo."

"I think," I said, keeping cool, "that I'm entitled to an afternoon off, now and then."

"I hope," said mother, very sarcastic, "that you had a pleasant time."

"Thank you. I did," I replied.

I didn't see mother at lunch the next day, because she was down at the office working like a beaver. Her child-labor bill was coming up for a final vote in a week or so. She was late for dinner and she came in looking pretty cross.

"Hello, mother," I said.

I was feeling pretty chipper, myself. Mother glared at me.

"You've got your nerve with you, speaking to me, Walt Davis," mother said, "after what happened today."

"Today?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"Don't try to look innocent, Walt Davis. Do you think you can go driving all over town in a sedan with a woman in a red dress without the whole city knowing about it?"

"But, mother ——" I began.

"Don't you dare to speak to me, Walt Davis! There's no fool like an old fool," she said. "I should think at your age ——"

"A fellow's as old as he feels," I said.

I wore my glad rags so often during the next few days that I almost got used to them. And I discovered something too. There's no better way for a fellow to feel young than to act young. I didn't see much of mother those days. She was still in a tantrum, I suppose. One day I was coming out of a florist's with some roses in my hand, just as mother was passing in the governor's car. I was afraid something had come over mother. She gave me a look like she hardly knew me at all, and didn't tell the chauffeur to stop, either. That wasn't a

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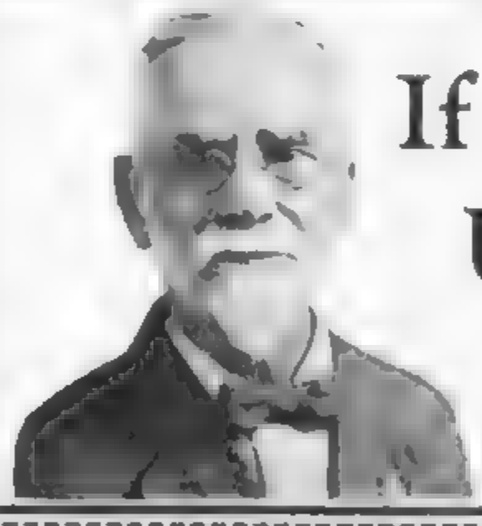

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bit like mother. I walked on down to the Hotel Apollo, and all the way I tried to figure out what ailed mother.

At dinner that night all mother said to me was, "Well, it's a wonder you don't move down to the Apollo, you're there so much."

They certainly do gossip in a state capital.

I'll never forget the day mother's child-labor bill came up in the Senate. It was a clear cold day, with a southwest breeze. I didn't go down to the Senate Chamber myself; I was too nervous. I just waited around the house for mother to come home with the news. Well, she finally did come home, and I took one look at her face and I saw that she felt all busted up.

"Mother," I said, "I sure am sorry they didn't pass your bill."

"But," said mother, "they did pass it, almost unanimously. The bloc that has been fighting me voted for it to a man."

"They did?" I said.

"Yes, they did; and there was only one reason why they could have done it, too," mother said.

"What?" I said.

"Because Clara Rooney wanted them to," said mother.

"Well, they did do it," I put in, "so why do you look so sort of sad, mother? Your bill is through, isn't it?"

"Yes," said mother. "But it isn't the bill I'm thinking about."

"Then what is it?"

"It's you," said mother, "and that Rooney woman."

"For pity's sakes, mother," I said, "what do you mean?"

"Do you think I'm blind, Walt Davis?" said mother.

Well, sir, the way she said it made me realize something all of a sudden.

"But, mother," I said, "don't you see I did it to help you? You don't think I give a hang about Clara Rooney, do you?"

"You certainly have been acting that way," said mother.

"Of course I have," I said. "I guess a fellow learns a thing or two about salesmanship in thirty years in the fire-insurance game."

"Then it was you," said mother, not looking at me, "that brought Clara Rooney around to my side?"

"I don't like to throw bouquets at myself ——" I began.

Well, sir, mother got up from her chair and came round and kissed me just as she used to do in the little yellow house down on Clover Street, the year Junior came.

"And you did it for me?" said mother.

"Well," I said, "you don't think I did it for the collie, do you?" Mother had to laugh and kiss me again.

"But say, Walt," she said, "how on earth did you do it?"

"I guess," I said, and maybe I blushed a little, "I must have used what you might call, well—gender appeal."

Well, they've just offered mother the nomination for a second term as governor. I've advised her to take it. She's up in her room now writing a letter to say that she guesses she won't.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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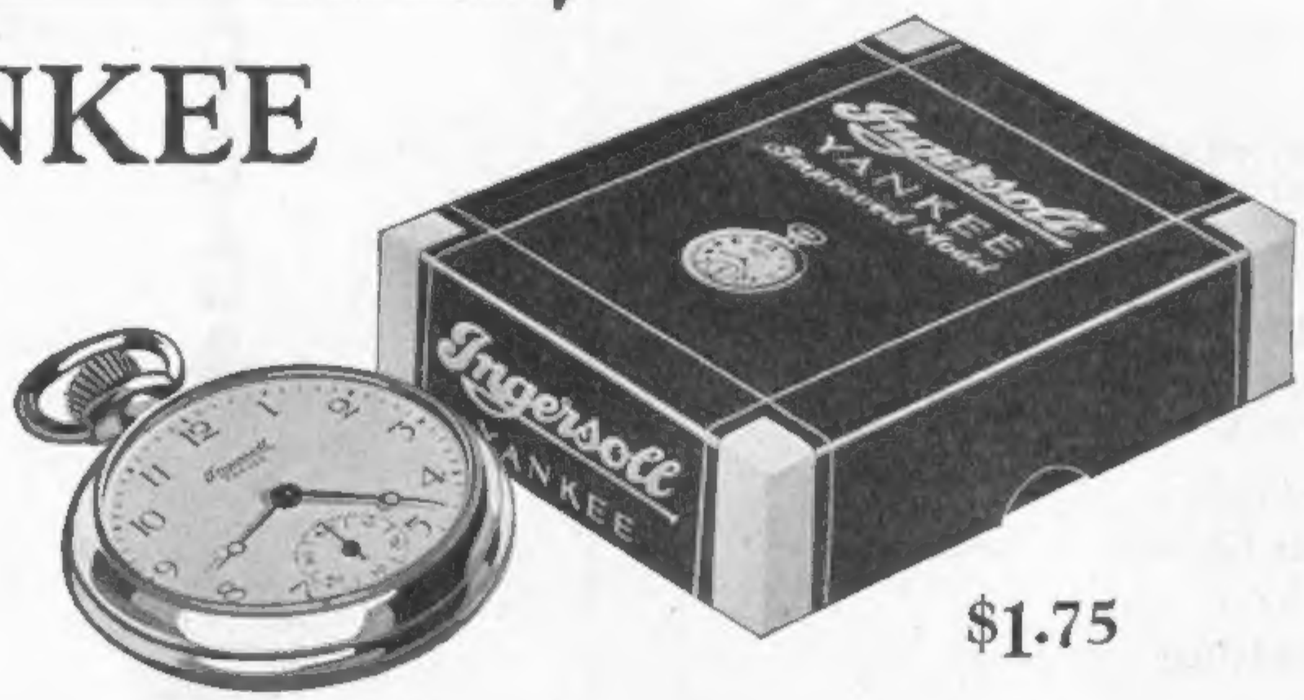

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Your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies sells Sheetrock. Only the United States Gypsum Company makes it. Our illustrated booklet—"Walls of Worth"—pictures its many economical uses in new construction, alterations and repairs. Write for a free copy and a sample of Sheetrock to UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY. *General Offices:* 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

SHEETROCK

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

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You know that impurities in the refrigerator are unhealthful because they so easily contaminate food. You want to safeguard against this for health's sake.

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Old Dutch contains no hard, scratchy grit. Its efficiency is due to distinctive quality and character. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They make complete contact with the surface, erasing all impurities without leaving scratches which easily collect and hold dirt. This natural detergent makes Old Dutch Cleanser extraordinary for thoroughness, ease, and quickness, and above all, it assures *healthful cleanliness*. Old Dutch too saves you money because it goes farther—lasts longer.

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